

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG
PITTSBURG, KANSAS

presents

MARY COSTA

Soprano

GERHARD ALBERSHEIM at the Piano

Carney Auditorium

November 2, 1966

8:15 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

Va Godendo (Serse) G. F. Handel

Joyously and graciously ripples
That free-flowing brooklet
And with clear waves it runs
through the grass
Gaily towards the sea.

V'Adoro, Pupille (Giulio Cesare). G. F. Handel

I adore you, eyes, missles of love,
Your spark is welcome to my breast,
My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity,
And whom it always calls its best beloved.

Alleluia! from Motetto "O Qui Coeli Terraeque" Antonio Vivaldi

II

Standchen (Serenade) Richard Strauss

Open very quietly, my child,
Awake no one from his slumber,
The brook hardly murmurs;
There scarcely flutters in the wind
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges;
Quietly, therefore my sweet,
So that nothing is stirred;
Quietly, lay your hand on the door knob.
With steps as gentle as those of elves
About to hop o'er the flowers;
Slip out quietly into the moonlit night,
And fly to me in the garden.
The flowers slumber about the rippling brook
And exhale fragrances in their sleep; only love is awake.
Sit down, here the shadows grow mysteriously dark
Under the linden trees;
The nightingale above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, upon awakening in the morning
Shall glow with the rapture of the night.

Morgen! (Tomorrow) R. Strauss

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow;
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun breathing earth...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend;
Speechless, we shall look into each others eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness

Ich trage meine Minne (I Carry My Love). R. Strauss

To none will I my love e'er discover, nay!
I'll hide it fondly in my heart of hearts alway,
Rejoice that I found thee, darling, my heart's delight;
Thou art my thought in daytime, thou art my dream at night.
And dark tho' the sky and clouded, jet-black the night,
Bright as the sun, my love shall shed golden soft light.
The world with its heavy burden of sin and woe
Must hide its face from thine, sweet, thou art as pure as snow.

Wiegenlied (Lullaby) R. Strauss

Dream, dear, for the earth is darkening,
Dream of Heaven and the flow'rs it brings.
Blossoms quiver there, while hearkening
To the song thy tender mother sings.
Dream, dear, ever since the dawning
Of the day that brought my blossom here..
Since that brightest happy morning,
Thy dear care is all my joy and fear.
Dream, dear, flow of my devotion,
Of that happy of that holy night
When the bud of his devotion
Made my world as Heaven through its light.

Schlagende Herzen (Throbbing Hearts). R. Strauss

A youth was going through meadows and fields
Cling, Clang, his heart did beat;
On his finger shone a golden ring,
Cling, Clang, his heart did beat;
Oh meadows, oh fields, how beautiful you are!
The youth hurried with lively step,
Cling, Clang, his heart did beat;
He took with him a laughing flower,
Cling, Clang, his heart did beat;
Midst meadows and fields a maiden stood,
Cling, Clang, her heart did beat;
To me, to me he is hastening,
Oh! if he only were already with me!
Cling, Clang, Cling, Clang, her heart did beat.

III

Elvira's Recitative and Cavatine from "Ernani" Guiseppe Verdi

How the hateful Silva pursues me forever with his love!
But only Ernani lives in my heart!
Ernani, take me away from his abhorred embrace. I shall follow you wherever you lead me, and it will be Eden for me.
Oh time, quickly bring the moment of my flight!
Any delay means torment for me.

INTERMISSION

IV

L'Invitation au voyage Henri Duparc

Come, my dear, in rapturous delight. Let us go to dream
in that land where all is calm, warm and bright.

Chanson triste Henri Duparc

In your heart sleeps summer's sweet moonlight. Oh, to flee
from sorrows into the calm, loving care of thine arms. From
thine eyes I shall drink of thy love and sweet caresses.
Then my life shall be complete.

From "Ariettes oubliées" Claude Debussy

Chevaux de bois

Turn round and round, good wooden horses, turn a hundred times,
a thousand times. Turn to the tune of the oboes, to the tune
of the victorious trumpet, to the gay tune of the drums--turn.

Green

Here are fruits and flowers, leaves and branches, and also my
heart, which beats only for you. Do not tear it apart with
your two white hands, and may this humble offering seem sweet
to your lovely eyes.

V

At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners Benjamin Britten
from "The Holy Sonnets" of John Donne

Come My Beloved, from "Song of Songs" Lukas Foss

Rhyme, from "A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table" William Walton

VI

Billy Boy Edmunds

The Little Horses) Aaron Copland

Ching a Ring Ching)

VII

Song to the Moon from "Rusalka" Anton Dvorak

Rusalka is a pixie (water sprite) who falls in love
with a handsome prince who comes to bathe in the lake.
The invocation to the moon comes from Act I.

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