

PITTSBURG STATE UNIVERSITY
Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

IRELENE SWAIN

Lyric Soprano

HAROLD HEIBERG

Pianist

Sunday, June 3, 1979
McCray Auditorium
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

FÜNF WESENDONCK LIEDER Richard Wagner

Der Engel

In the early days of childhood I often heard tales of angels who exchange the higher joys of Heaven for the sunshine of earth, so that whoever with sorrowing heart languishes hidden from the world, whoever bleeds to silent death, passing away in floods of tears, whoever with fervor prays only for release from life to him the angel descends and gently raises him to Heaven. Yes, an angel came also to me and with his shining golden wings carried, far from every pain, my spirit up towards Heaven!

Stehe Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time, knife-blade of eternity, glowing sphere in distant space closed about the globe of earth; first creation, stop your turning, enough of existence, let me be! Hold back, power of begetting, primal thought, eternal creator! Stop this breathing, still this desire, silence it only a few seconds' time! Swelling impulse, restrain your blow, end the unending day of wanting! So that in sweet and happy forgetting I might measure the worth of joy! When eye drinks in the joy of eye, when soul is sunk in another's soul, when being finds itself in another's being, and we reach the end of all hoping; when lips are dumb in wondering silence, the inner soul will beget no more desire: then man will know the eternal sign and solve thy riddle, holy Nature!

Im Treibhaus

High-arched leafy crowns, canopies of emerald, children of a distant clime, tell me, why do you mourn? Noiselessly your branches bend, shaping gestures in the air, and as silent witness of sorrow there rises upwards a sweet scent. Wide in yearning desire you spread out your arms and embrace the maddening void horror of empty space. Well do I know, poor plants, that we have one destiny, even with light and glass above us our homeland is not here! How gladly does the sun withdraw from the empty light of day to veil him who truly sorrows in the dark of silence. All grows still, a rustling motion fills the darkened space with grief: I see heavy drops suspended on the green edges of the leaves.

Schmerzen

Sun, you weep every evening until your fair eyes are red, when bathing in the sea's mirror you reach your early death; yet you rise with accustomed splendor, glory of the gloomy world, newly awakened at morning as a proud victorious hero! Ah, why should I complain, why my heart, pity you so when the sun himself must despair, when the sun must sink in ruin? Death always gives birth to life, pains always bring forth joys; oh, how thankful I am that Nature has given me such pains!

Träume

Shall I say what wondrous dreams hold my mind in thrall, so that it has not like empty bubbles passed into oblivion? Dreams, that in every hour, every day grow fairer, and with their heavenly message pass through my soul with blessings! Dreams, that like celestial rays penetrate my very soul and paint an unfading picture there of forgetting and remembering! Dreams that, like the sun of spring, draw flowers from snow with a kiss; they are born to unsuspected joy and greet the new day; then they grow, and they bloom, and dreaming give forth their scent; gently they cool upon your breast and then sink into the grave.

II

NUIT D'ETE Hector Berlioz

Villanelle

When the season changes and the cold weather has gone, my love, we will go together to pick lily-of-the valley in the woods... Spring has come, the season for lovers. Come, sit on this mossy bank and talk of love... We'll wander together, then return home in happiness and contentment, our fingers entwined, carrying baskets of wild strawberries.

Le Spectre de la Rose

I am the ghost of the rose which you wore last night at the ball. You were the cause of my death. Night after night my fragrant ghost will dance at your pillow. Do not be afraid. I come from paradise. My destiny is one to be coveted. Many would give their lives to have a fate as beautiful as mine. My tomb is on your breast, and on the marbled whiteness where I rest a poet has written: "Here lies a rose that kings will envy."

L'Absence

Come back, my beloved. Like a flower away from the sun, the flower of my life is closed up away from your smile. Come back, my beloved. What distance lies between our hearts. Oh bitter fate, oh cruel absence. Come back, my beloved. What plains lie between, what towns and villages, what valleys and hills. Come back, my beloved.

L'île inconnue

Tell me, young beauty, where do you want to go? The sails are set. The oar is ivory, the flag of silk, the helm of fine gold. For ballast I have an orange, for sail an angel's wing. For ship's boy a seraph. Tell me, young beauty, where do you want to go? Is it to the Baltic? To the Pacific Ocean? To the Island of Java? Or is it to Norway, to pick the snowflowers, or the flowers of Angsoka? Tell me, young beauty, where do you want to go? Take me, the fair one replies, to the faithful shore where love lasts forever. That shore, my dear, is little known in the country of love.

III

VISSI D'ARTE (TOSCA)Giacomo Puccini

Tosca, after saving her lover, Cavaradossi, with a promise of her own dishonor at the hands of Scarpia, indulges in a passionate exposition of fate's cruelty as the wily police chief watches her, calmly sipping his coffee. She has lived for music and love, never harmed a living thing, always aided the distressed, ever a fervent believer, her prayers offered to the saints with altar-laid flowers - her recompense only sorrow and humiliation. Music soft and quiet at the start but, with the change of key, a forte climax, then a sudden pianissimo with a molto crescendo to a high B flat at the final cry of despair - "Ah, heavenly Father, why forsake me!" which dies away in suppressed anguish.

INTERMISSION

IV

BARCAROLLE, OP. 60Frédéric Chopin

V

PORGY AND BESSGeorge Gershwin

*My Man's Gone Now
Oh, Doctor Jesus
I Loves You, Porgy
Summertime*

VI

GIVE ME, JESUS arr. Johnson
I'M A PO' LIL' ORPHAN arr. Jessye
WIDE, DARK, TROUBLED WATER arr. Niles
HOLD ON arr. Niles