**Burton Parker, Baritone**

Assisted by

**Carol Sue Maxwell, Piano**

Thursday, April 20, 1978
McCray Auditorium
8:00 p.m.

**PROGRAM**

Schumann ------------ Five Songs from The "Liederkreis, Opus 24" (1810-1856)

**Morgens steh' ich auf und frage**

I arise each morning, asking, "Will my dear one come today?" At night I lie grieving and sleepless -- by day, I wander as though in a dream.

**Es treibt mich hin**

I'm driven hither and yon! Heart, why do you beat so fast! The lazy hours creep yawningly along their way, mocking lovers' haste.

**Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen**

I wandered amid the trees, alone with my grief. The sly little birds remind me of my love and awaken my pain anew. Now I trust no-one.

**Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen**

Dear one, lay your hand upon my heart; do you hear the knocking within? It's the wicked carpenter hammering day and night on my coffin so that I may soon rest.

**Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden**

Farewell, cradle of my sorrows. Lovely city, I now must leave thee. Farewell, lovely threshold where my loved one used to walk and where I first beheld her. Wearily, I stumble onward into a cool and distant grave.

Brahms ------------------------------- **Dein Blaues Auge** (1833-1897)

Your blue eyes hold so still that I glance away. You ask me what I see? I see my life made new. Your glowing eyes burn me, my feeling for you is painful. But your feeling is like the sea, so clear and cool.

Brahms -------------------------- **Wehe, so willst du mich wieder**

Alas, you still wish to enslave me with hampering chains! I must be free. My soul, in tumultuous song draws me to the fragrance of nature. Let the wind cooling your cheek blow against you. Greet the heaven with joy. Let your feeling succumb to the immeasurable, breathing the enemy out of the best.
Poulenc -------------- CHANSONS GAILLARDES (Gay Songs) (1899-1963)

The Fickle Mistress
My mistress is fickle, my rival is happy; but if he thinks he was her first lover--!

Drinking Song
The kings of Egypt and of Syria wished their bodies to be embalmed so that they would last a long time dead. What folly! Let us drink now and embalm ourselves while we live.

Madrigal
You are beautiful as an angel, sweet as a little lamb. For you all is fair in love, but a maid without feminine charm is like a partridge without the flavor of the oranges.

Invocation to the Fates
I swear, as long as I shall live, to love you, Sylvia. O Fates, who hold in your hands the throat of our life, lengthen mine as much as you can, I pray.

Convivial Verses
As long as the day lasts, I am sad and merry by turns. When I see a decanter without wine, I am sad; when it is full, I am merry.

L'Offrande
To the God of Love, a virgin once offered a candle to obtain a lover. The God smiled at her and gave her some cryptic advice.

Serenade
With this beautiful hand I shall handle your caresses and wipe away your tears.

La Belle Jeunesse
It is necessary to make love and scarcely ever to marry. Why do you marry when all the women fly after you?

G. Butterworth ------------ Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad" (1885-1916)

Loveliest of Trees
When I was one-and-twenty
Look not in my Eyes
Think no more, Lad
The Lads in their Hundreds
Is my Team Ploughing?