

Pittsburg State University

Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Faculty Recital

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. Warily, 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 breast.

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 our-
selves 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 femi-
nine 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?*