

Pittsburg State University

Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Faculty Recital

BURTON PARKER, Baritone

Assisted by

Carol Sue Maxwell, Pianist

Sunday, September 16, 1979

McCray Auditorium

3:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98, Nos. 1-6 ----- Ludwig van Beethoven
(Poem by Aloys Jeitteles)

Mélodies passagères ----- Samuel Barber
(From the "Poèmes français" of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Puisque tout passe

Un cygne

Tombeau dans un parc

Le clocher chante

Départ

Gambler, don't you lose your place ----- John Jacob Niles
Gambler's Song of the big Sandy River (Words and Music)

3 American Folk Songs ----- Aaron Copland

The Boatman's Dance

Long Time Ago

Simple Gifts

General William Booth Enters Heaven ----- Charles Ives
(Poem by Vachel Lindsay)

PROGRAM NOTES

Burton Parker

An die ferne Geliebte ----- Beethoven

1. On the hill I sit, gazing
into the blue haze,
towards the far meadows
where, beloved, I found you.

Far am I parted from you,
mountain and valley intervene
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see the look
that hastens so warm your way,
and sighs--they are lost
in the separating space.

Will then nothing reach you any more,
be messenger of love?
I shall sing, sing songs,
to pour out my pain to you!

For at sound of song,
time and space recede,
and a loving heart is reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

2. Where the mountains so blue,
from the misty grey,
look hither,
where the sun's glow fades,
where sky clouds over,
there would I be!

There, in the peaceful valley,
pain and torment cease.

Where, in the rock,
the pensive primrose is,
and the wind blows so soft,
there would I be!

Away to the thoughtful wood
am I driven by force of love,
by inner pain.

Ah, I would not be drawn from here,
could I, beloved, but be with you
eternally!

3. Light sailing clouds on high,
and you, small brook,
if you can spy my love--
a thousand greetings to her.

If, clouds, you then see her walk,
thoughtful in the quiet valley,
make me appear to her
in heaven's airy hall.

If she be standing by bushes,
autumn yellow now and bare,
pour out to her my fate,
pour out, birds, my torment.

Quiet westwinds, carry
to my true-love
my sighs which fade
as the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,
let her, small brooklet,
truly see in your ripples,
my never-ending tears!

4. These clouds on high,
this cheerful flight of birds
will see you, O fairest.
Take me lightly winging too.

These westwinds playfully
will waft on cheek and breast,
will ruffle your silken tresses,
Would I might share that joy!

To you from those hills
this busy brook hurries.
Should she be mirrored in you,
flow forthwith back to me.

5. May returns, the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
The brooks run chattering.
The swallow returns to the hospitable roof,
roof,
builds eagerly her bridal
chamber,
wherein love shall dwell.
From here, from there busily she
brings
many soft bits for the bridal
bed,
many warm bits for the little
ones.

Now the pair live together so
true.

What winter has parted, May has
joined.

All who love he can unite.
May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
I alone cannot journey from here.
When spring is uniting all who love,
for our love alone does no spring
appear,
and tears are its only gain.

6. Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
sing them again at evening
to the lute's sweet sound.

As evening red draws
toward the calm blue lake,
and its last ray fades
behind that mountain height;

and you sing what I sang
from a full heart
without art or show,
aware only of longing;

then, at these songs, shall
what parts us so far, recede,
and a loving heart be reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

Mélodies passagères

Puisque tout passe (Since All Things Pass)

Since all things pass,
let's make a passing melody;
the one to quench our thirst
will be the one to win us.

What leaves us, let us sing
with love and art;
and swifter let us be
than the swift departure.

Un cygne (A Swan)

A swan moves over the water
surrounded by itself,
like a painting that glides;
thus, at times,
a being one loves
is a whole moving space.

And draws near, doubled,
like the moving swan,
on our troubled soul...
which to that being adds
the trembling image
of happiness and doubt.

Tombeau dans un parc (Grave In A Park)

At the end of the avenue, sleep,
tender child, beneath the stone;
around your interval we'll sing
the song of summer.

If a white dome
flies overhead,
I will lay upon your grave
only its shadow that falls.

Le clocher chante (The Bell Tower Sings)

Better warmed than a secular tower,
to ripen my carillon am I.
May it be sweet, may it be good
for the girls of Valais.

Every Sunday, tone by tone,
I throw them out my manna;
may it be good, my carillon,
for the girls of Valais.

May it be sweet, may it be good;
into their beers on Saturday nights,
drop by drop, falls my carillon
for the boys of the girls of Valais.

Départ (Departure)

My sweet, I must go away.
Would you like to see
the place on the map?
It's a black point.
In me, it will be
if the thing succeeds,
a rose-red point
in a green land.