

Summer 7-16-1957

Judy Lee Burch, Soprano

Kansas State Teachers College

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PROGRAM

KANSAS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Pittsburg, Kansas

Presents

Judy Lee Burch, Soprano

in

Senior Recital

Joseph Dechario, Accompanist

Miss Burch is a candidate for the Bachelor of Music Education Degree.

She is a student of Richard F. Smith

Student Center Ballroom

July 16, 1957

8:15 p.m.

PROGRAM

I

- My Heart Ever Faithful (From The Pentecost Cantata) J. S. Bach
Hear Ye, Israel (From The Elijah) F. Mendelssohn

II

- Chanson Triste H. Duparc

Moonlight fills thy heart
Such as moonbeams flood the soft summer night.
And in order to flee from life's troubles,
I could drown in thy pure light.
My sorrow will pass, my love.
When you cradle my heavy heart and thoughts,
Within the calm love of thine arms.
Thou wilt lay my head some day upon thy knee.
And you will sing one song which seems to speak of us. Then from
your eyes abundant in sadness, my soul kisses thee tenderly.
Then perhaps I shall be whole again.

- Mandoline G. Faure

Gallants fondly serenading, and their ladies all at ease exchange romantic talk beneath the flowering branches. It is Tircis, Aminte, eternal Clitandre and Damis who here repeat poetic tenderness. Their short vests of silk, their long gowns, their elegance and joy, and their soft blue shadows whirl with ecstasy like a rosy and grey moon. And the mandolines chatter on the trembling breezes.

- Après Un Reve G. Faure

Within a dream your image charms me to sleep of magic delight, mirage of rapture. Your eyes appear so soft and your voice so pure. You beam like the sky light at dawn. You speak and I seem to be soaring upward toward the light. The heavens open for us. . . We glimpse a brightness of light divine. Alas!! Alas! Must I awake from dreaming? Give me back, oh night your illusions. Return, oh night mysterious!!

- Fleur Jetee G. Faure

Carry my folly away on the wind, flower so gaily gathered and then throw away my dream. Like a broken flower, love may die. Your hand will no longer be in mine. May the wind that will dry thee, ah pitiable flower, yesterday so fresh and tomorrow without color, may the wind that will tear thee apart, oh flower, as it withers the petals, wither my heart.

III

- Du Ring An Meinem Finger R. Schumann

Oh, ring upon my finger, let me press you to my lips, to my heart. Childhood's lovely dream was over and I found myself alone and lost in a strange place. Then from you, my ring, I learned the meaning and worth of life. Now I can live for him, serve him, belong wholly to him, be transfigured in him. . .

- Ich Grolle Nicht R. Schumann

I bear no grudge, even though my heart should break. Oh, love forever lost, I bear no grudge. Well may you shine, adorned with diamonds; I know too well no ray of light relieves the night of your heart. I bear no grudge, even though my heart should break. I saw you in a dream; I saw the darkness of your heart; I saw the serpent gnawing at it. I saw, my love, how wretched you were. I bear no grudge.

- Der Wanderer F. Schubert

I come here from the mountains, the valley steams, the sea roars. I wander with little joy and always ask sighingly: where? always where? The sun seems cold to me here, the flowers faded, life old, and their speech empty sounding. I am a stranger everywhere. Where art thou my beloved land? sought, felt, and never known. The land so hopefully green where my roses bloom, where my friends go by, where my ancestors rest, where my language is spoken. In the spirit's breath it comes back to me: "There where you are not, there is happiness."

- Der Erl-Konig F. Schubert

A father rides with his child. "My son, what makes your face so pale?" "Father, don't you see the Erl-king with crown and train?" "My Son, it is the mist." "Thou lovely child, come go with me. We will play games and gather flowers on the beach; my mother has beautiful garments for you." "My Father, can't you hear the Erl-king speak?" "Be quiet, my child, it is only the wind." "Come with me and my daughters will rock and dance and sing with thee." "My Father, can't you see the Erl-king's daughters?" "My son, you see only the grey willow trees." "I love thee but if you are not willing, I will take you by force." "My Father, the Erl-king has me in his grasp." The father shudders, rides faster and faster, holding the groaning child in his arms. He reaches home with fear and dread for in his arms—the child is dead!

INTERMISSION

