

Spring 4-23-1963

Robert A Woodward, Baritone and Ed Oathout- Piano

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

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KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG

PITTSBURG, KANSAS

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL

ROBERT A. WOODWARD, BARITONE

ED OATHOUT, *Pianist*

ASSISTED BY

MARGARET NICHOLS, *Violin*

SHERRILL RUSH, *Violin*

KAREN SALSURY, *Viola*

LOIS LEKER, *Cello*

McCRAY AUDITORIUM

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1963

8:15 P.M.

PROGRAM

I

Samuel Barber Dover Beach
(1910-)

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimm'ring and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.
—Matthew Arnold

Mr. Woodward
String Quartet

II

Robert Schumann Dichterliebe
(1810-1856)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
It was in the golden month of May that I told her of my love
and longing.
2. Aus meinen Thraenen
My tears and sighs shall be as the sweet song of the nightin-
gale.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie
The rose, the lily, the sun, the dove, I loved them all once
with a perfect love. I love them no more, now I love only
her, the sweetest, the fairest, the rarest.
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
When I gaze into your eyes, my sorrow dies. When I lean upon
your breast, I seem to rest in Heaven. Yet when you say: "I
love you!" my tears flow bitterly.
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
My song shall tremble like the burning kiss her lovely lips
once gave me.
6. Im Rhein
In the Rhine River, as in a mirror, is reflected Cologne's vast
cathedral. In the cathedral enshrined is a golden parchment
portrait of Our Lady. Her eyes and her features are the re-
flection of my beloved.
7. Ich grolle nicht
I'll not complain for love forever lost. Though you blaze,
amid your bright diamonds, no ray can pierce your spirit's
darkest night. In dreams I saw the viper that devours your
heart, and knew how wretched, love, you are.
8. Und wuessten's die Blumen
If the flowers, nightingales, and stars knew of my heart's
wound, as solace they would weep healing tears. But only
she who has shattered my heart can heal the wound.
9. Das ist ein Floeten and Geigen
The flutes and fiddles are sounding, the trumpets noisily
blare! Oh! how loud the din and the droning of drum and
fife, as now at her wedding to another my beloved dances.
10. Hoer ich das Liedchen klingen
When once again I hear the song she sang to me, my heart
is laden with misery, and I flee to the lonely forest, there to
let the burning tears flow.
11. Ein Juengling liebt ein Maedchen
A youth loves a maiden, but she loves another. The other lad
loves another and with her does wed. The maid, in anger,
marries the first man to come her way. It's always the same
old story, and yet it's always new. But the heart of the youth
to whom its just happened will surely break in two!
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
As I wander silently and mournfully through the garden, the
flowers whisper their consolation.
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
In my dreams I dreamt you were dead, my beloved, and I
wept bitter tears. In my dreams I dreamt you still loved me,
I awakened and still my tears flowed.

14. Allnaechtlich im Traume

In my dreams each night I see you, you look at me in sorrow,
murmur a soft word and give me a cypress branch. But I
awake. There is no cypress and I've forgotten the word you
said.

15. Aus alten Maerchen

From an enchanted world came the songs of fairyland. Oh,
would that I were there, how blest my heart would be!

16. Die alten, boesen Lieder

Bring me a mighty coffin, deep and wide. Bring me twelve
giants to sink it below the sea. Know you why this coffin is
so heavy? I've laid in there all my sorrow and love.

Mr. Woodward

Mr. Oathout

III

Benjamin Britten.....Three Folksongs of the British Isles
(1913-)

1. The Miller of Dee (Hullah's Song-Book)
2. O Waly, Waly (from Somerset)
3. The Plough Boy (Tune by W. Shield)

Mr. Woodward

Mr. Oathout

*This recital partially fulfills performance requirements for
the senior year of the Bachelor of Music Education
degree program for Mr. Woodward*