

Summer 7-19-1976

## Mary Beth Messenger, Soprano

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

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# Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Kansas

## Department of Music

### *Senior Recital*

MARY BETH MESSENGER, *Soprano*

Assisted By

William Vance, *Tenor*

Keith Lemmons, *Clarinetist*

David McMillan, *Oboist*

Don Sieberns, *Violinist*

Linda Vollen, *Violinist*

Janice Sellers, *Violist*

Carla Alleger, *Cellist*

Judy Plumlee, *Harpsichordist*

Kathleen McCollam, *Pianist*

Monday, July 19, 1976

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p.m.

### PROGRAM

I

J. S. Bach ----- Weichet nur, betruebte Schatten (Kantate Nr. 202)  
(1685-1750)

Aria: Weichet nur, betruebte Schatten

Recit: Die Welt wird wieder neu

Aria: Phoebus eilt mit schnellen Pferden

Recit: Drum sucht auch Amor sein Vergnuegen

Aria: Wenn die Fruhlingsluefte streichen

Recit: Und dieses ist das Gluekke

Aria: Sich ueben in Lieben

Recit: So sei das Band der keuschen Liebe

Gavotte: Sehst in Zufriedenheit

Miss Messenger, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Sieberns, Mrs.

Vollen, Miss Sellers, Miss Alleger, Mrs. Plumlee

II

Debussy ----- Voici que le Printemps  
(1862-1918) Paysage sentimental

Romance

Miss Messenger, Miss McCollam

III

G. Jacob ----- THREE SONGS for Soprano Voice and Clarinet  
(1895- )

Miss Messenger, Mr. Lemmons

IV

Verdi ----- Brindisi (LA TRAVIATA)  
(1813-1901)

Miss Messenger, Mr. Vance, Mrs. Plumlee

This recital partially fulfills performance requirements for the senior year of the Bachelor of Music Education degree program for Miss Messenger.

[July 19, 1976]

PROGRAM NOTES  
Mary Beth Messenger

I

Weichet nur, betruete Schatten ----- Bach

The introductory Adagio to the first aria "Weichet nur, betruete Schatten" ("Vanish, gloomy shadows") paints a picture of winter, with mists and frost. The lively middle part describes the wonder of budding flowers, a gift of the goddess Flora. The promised spring has arrived: "Die Welt wird wieder neu" ("The world is new again") sings the soprano in the following recitative. The aria No. 3 "Phoebus eilt mit schnellen Pferden" ("Phoebus hastens with rapid steeds"). A recitative "Drum sucht auch Amor sein Vergnuegen" ("Amor, too, seeks his pleasure") leads into aria No. 5 with solo violin, "Wenn die Fruhlingsluefte streichen" ("When the zephyrs of spring time"): this paints, with richly musical means, a perfect genre picture in the baroque allegorical manner. Another recitative "Und dieses ist das Gluecke" ("And this is happiness") leads into the dancelike aria "Sich ueben im Lieben" ("Learning to love"), with its characteristic oboe theme. This delightful piece concludes, after a short recitative "So sei das Band der keuschen Liebe" ("Thus is the band of chaste love"), with a Gavotte: "Sehet in Zufriedenheit tausend helle Wohlfahrtstage" ("See in contentment a thousand days of bright well-being"). This last wish of the soprano concludes the charming musical wedding piece.

II

Voici que le Printemps (Bourget) ----- Debussy

Here is Spring, this nimble son of April,  
Handsome, in a green doublet embroidered with white roses.  
He appears agile, vivacious, and his fists on his hips,  
Like a prince, acclaimed, returning from a long exile.  
The branches of the green bushes veil  
The road which he follows, dancing like in a frenzy;  
On his left shoulder he carries a nightingale;  
A blackbird perches on his right.  
And the flowers which slept under the moss of the woods,  
Open their eyes where trembles a vague and tender shadow.  
And on their little feet they stretch upwards, to hear  
The two birds, whistling and singing at the same time.  
For the blackbird whistles and the nightingale sings.  
The blackbird whistles a catcall for those who are unloved,  
And for the lovers, languishing and charmed,  
The nightingale spins out a moving song.

Paysage Sentimental (Bourget) ----- Debussy

The wintry sky, so gentle, so sad, so sleepy,  
Where the sun wandered among white mists,  
Resembled the gentle, deep feeling  
Which made us melancholy, and yet happy,  
All through this afternoon of kisses under the boughs.  
Dead boughs, not stirred by any breath of air;  
Dark boughs, with a few faded leaves.  
Oh, how your lips surrendered unto mine  
So much more tenderly in this wide silent wood.  
And in this languor of the year's death,  
The death of everything except you, whom I love so much,  
And except happiness, which overflows my heart,  
Happiness, sleeping in the depth of this lonely soul,  
Mysterious, peaceful and cool like the pond,  
Which grew pale in the depth of the pale valley.

Romance (Bourget) ----- Debussy

The fleeting and suffering soul,  
The gentle soul, the fragrant soul,  
Of the divine lilies which I gathered  
In the garden of your thought,  
Whither have the winds driven it,  
This adorable soul of the lilies?  
Is there no fragrance remaining  
Of the heavenly loveliness  
Of the days when you enveloped me  
In a celestial haze,  
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,  
Of beatifude, and of peace?

III

THREE SONGS for Soprano Voice and Clarinet ----- Jacob

Of all the birds that I do know (Anon. 17th Century)

Of all the birds that I do know, Philip my sparrow hath no peer;  
For sit she high, or sit she low, Be she far off or be she near,  
There is no bird so fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of mine;  
For when she once hath felt a fit, Philip will cry out yet, yet, yet.

She never wanders far abroad, But is at home when I do call.  
If I command she lays on load With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, That I believe she hath no peer.  
For when she once hath felt the fit, Philip will cry still: yet, yet, yet.

And to tell the truth he were to blame, Having so fine a bird as she,  
To make him all this goodly game Without suspect or jealousy;  
He were a churl and knew no good Would see her faint for lack of food,  
For when she once hath felt the fit, Philip will cry still: yet, yet, yet.

Flow my tears (John Dowland)

Flow my tears, fall from your springs!  
Exiled for ever let me mourn;  
Where night's blackbird her sad infamy sings,  
There let me live forlorn.  
From the highest spire of contentment my fortune is thrown,  
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts are my hopes since hope is gone.  
Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell;  
Learn to condemn light;  
Happy, happy they that in hell Feel not the world's despite.

Ho, who comes here? (Thomas Morley)

Ho, who comes here along with bag piping and drumming?  
O 'tis the morris dance I see acoming  
Come ladies, out, come quickly, and see about how trim they dance and trickly.  
Hey there again how the bells they shake it  
Hey, Ho, now for our town and take it  
Soft awhile, piper, not away so fast  
They melt them.  
Be hanged, knave, seest thou not the dancers swelt them?  
Stand out awhile you come too far, I say, in,  
There give the hobby horse more room to play in.

IV

Brindisi (Libiamo ne'lieti calici) (LA TRAVIATA) ----- Verdi

**Alfredo:** I drink, yes, I drink to the pleasure of life, to the glorious  
enchantment of beauty. I sing of the passion, the thrill of  
youth when the world is aflame with desire. I drink to life's  
sweet rapture that fills the soul with wonder...to eyes so  
brightly alluring, they set my heart on fire. So join me, dear  
friends, and drink to the glory and power of love!

**Violetta:** Dear friends, my dear friends, let us gladden the night with  
the sound of carousing and laughter. Life is but folly and  
grief, so live for this moment of bliss. Then drink and feast  
so joyously, for life and youth are fleeting, and love itself  
is a flower that fades too quickly and dies. So take what the  
moment of pleasure will grant, for there's nothing, nothing  
but this.

**Together:** We drink to the pleasures of wine and song, to this night of  
carousing and laughter. We'll take what the moment of bliss  
will grant, for there's nothing, nothing but this!