

Winter 2-20-1982

Jean Baker, Soprano

Pittsburg State University

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Pittsburg State University

Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Senior Recital

MRS. JEAN BAKER, *Soprano*

Saturday, February 20, 1982
McCray Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

L'amero saro costante (aria from "Il re Pastore") - W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Linda Campbell, Flute

Mattinata ----- Ruggiero Leoncavallo
(1858-1919)

Divinites du Styx ----- Cristoph Willibald von Gluck
(Aria from "Alceste") (1714-1787)

Meine Lieder, Op. 106, No. 4 ----- Johannes Brahms
Wie Melodian zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1 (1833-1897)

Nacht Und Träume ----- Franz Schubert
An die Musik (1797-1828)

Three Shakespeare Songs ----- Roger Quilter
"Come Away, Death" (1877-1953)

"O Mistress, Mine"

"Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind"

PROGRAM NOTES
Mrs. Jean Baker

L'amero saro costante

Only one can hold me captured,
Faithful ever, With heart enraptured!
None can sever my love from me,
Life's true blessing is my new treasure,
Love professing I find peace and pleasure.
My Beloved is all my joy.

Mattinata

The dawn in her mantle of whiteness
Has turned shining eyes to the sun,
While roses, reflecting her brightness,
Announce that the day has begun.
A light secret rustle is creeping
Through nature whose long night has flown,
But you through this beauty are sleeping,
and vainly I sing here alone:

Wake with the dawn, radiant in gladness,
Open te portal, I sing for you.
When you are absent light fades in sadness,
when you are near me, love's dream come true.

Divinites du Styx

Ye Gods of endless night,
that wait on death below,
I'll to you ne'er appeal
who know no pity tender.
My spouse I take from you,
from grief and bitter woe.
In his stead I, a fond wife and faithful,
surrender.

Meine Lieder

When my heart begins to ring,
And sets free the wings of sound,
There move before me, to and fro,
Pale delights, never forgotten,
And the shadows of cypresses,
Darkly ring my songs.

Wie Melodien

As melodies, a feeling
steals softly through my mind,
as spring flowers it blooms
and a scent floats away.

But words come and seize it,
bring it before the eye,
as the grey mist it pales,
and vanishes like a breath.

And yet in rhyme reposes,
concealed, a scent,
which gently out of silent bud
is summoned by a moist eye.

Nacht und Träume

Holy night, down you sink;
down too float dreams,
As you moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
To these they hearken, joyful;
crying out, when day awakes:
come again, holy night!
Sweet dreams, come again!

An die Musik

Oh kindly art, in how many a grey hour
when I am caught in life's unruly round,
have you fired my heart with ardent love,
and borne me to better world!

Often, has a sigh from your harp,
a chord, sweet and holy, from you
opened for me a heaven of better times;
O kindly art, for that I thank you!