

Winter 12-1-1973

Jeff Angwin, Bass-Baritone

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

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Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Kansas

Department of Music

Graduate Recital

JEFF ANGWIN, Bass-Baritone

ROBERT ENSOR, Piano

Saturday, December 1, 1973

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

- Piango, gemo Vivaldi (ca. 1680-1741)
I weep, I lament, I sigh and I suffer. Oh, the wound
is enclosed in my heart. I only demand, for the peace
of my breast, that a more violent pain may kill me. I
weep, I lament, I sigh, and I suffer, etc.
- Gia il sole dal Gange A. Scarlatti (ca. 1660-1741)
The sun from the Ganges shines brighter and brighter.
It dries the dewdrops, adorns the stems with beautiful
flowers, and paints in the meadow the start of the sky.
- Danza, danza fanciulla Durante (1684-1755)
Dance, dance, gentle maiden, to my song. Swirl lightly,
gracefully to the sound of the waves of the sea. Hear
the gentle murmur of playful breeze, which speaks to
the heart with languid sound, and invites us to dance
evermore.

II

- Dein blaues Auge Brahms (1833-1897)
Your blue eyes keep so still; I look into their depths.
You ask me what I am looking for? I see that I am well
and I am still smarting; but yours are clear as a lake--
and as cool.
- Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen Brahms (1833-1897)
I had decided and swore never more to go to you, and
yet, every evening I go. I want no more to love you, and
yet live for you, with you and never die. Ah, speak one
word, a clear one; give me life or death only by reveal-
ing your genuine feelings to me.
- Blinde Kuh Brahms (1833-1897)
In the twilight I search. My child where have you hidden
yourself? Ah, she always hides herself so that I must
languish. I go in circles. I die for love... I have no
rest. My child, have mercy--come here!

III

- Lydia Fauré (1845-1924)
Lydia, on your rosy cheeks, and on your neck, so fresh and white, flow sparklingly the fluid golden tresses which you loosen. This shining day is the best of all; let us forget the eternal grave, let your kisses of a dove, sing on your blossoming lips. A hidden lily spreads uncessingly a divine fragrance in your breast; numberless delights emanate from you, young goddess, I love you and die, oh my love; kisses have carried away my soul! O, Lydia, give me back life, that I may die, forever die!
- Les berceaux Fauré (1845-1924)
Along the quays, the large ships, rocked silently by the surge, do not heed the cradles which the women rock, but the day of farewells will come. For the women are bound to weep, and the adventuresome men must dare toward horizons that lure them! And on that day the large ships, fleeing from the vanishing port, feel their bulk held back by the soul of the far away cradles.
- Prison Fauré (1845-1924)
The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm... A tree above the roof rocks its palm... The bell, in the sky that one sees, softly rings. A bird, in the tree, plaintively sings... My God, my God! Life over there is simple and quiet! You, what have you done, you, who now weep endlessly. Say, what have you done with your youth?

IV

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée Ravel (1875-1937)

Chanson Romanesque

Were you to tell me that the earth offended you with its turning, speedily would I despatch Panca: you should see it motionless and silent. Were you to tell me that you are weary of the sky too much adorned with stars, destroying the divine order, with one blow I would sweep them from the night. Were you to tell me that space thus made empty does not please you, a god-like Knight, lance in hand, I would stud the passing wind with stars. But were you to tell me that my blood belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady, I would pale beneath the reproach and I would die, blessing you. O, Dulcinée!

Chanson Epique

Good St. Michael, who gives me liberty to see my Lady and to hear her, I pray you descend with St. George upon the altar of the Madonna of the blue mantle. With a beam from heaven bless my sword, in purity and piety . . . modesty and chastity, My Lady. (O great St. George and St. Michael) the angel who watches over my vigil, Madonna of the blue mantel! Amen.

Chanson á boire

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady, who to shame me in your sweet eyes, says that love and old wine will bring misery to my heart, my soul! I drink to joy! . . . A fig for the jealous fool, dark-headed mistress, who whines, who weeps and vows ever to be this pallid lover who waters the wine of his intoxication! I drink to joy! etc.