

Summer 6-22-1978

Teresa Galvin, Soprano

Pittsburg State University

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Pittsburg State University

Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Graduate Recital

TERESA GALVIN, Soprano

Assisted by

Keith Lemmons, Clarinetist

Carol Sue Maxwell, Pianist

Thursday, June 22, 1978

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

I

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen F. Schubert
When from the highest mountain top I sing, the valley below echoes my song. Ah, my sweetheart lives so far from me, but Spring is coming and he will soon return!

II

Deux Melodies L. Boulanger

Au pied de mon lit

At the foot of my bed a virgin Negress says Mass for my mother. And I love that Virgin. Virgo Lauretana, standing on a bed of gold which makes me think of a thousand fruits of the sea that they sell on the quay, where not a breath of air disturbs the shacks so heavily sleeping. Virgo Lauretana, you know the hours I did not feel worthy of her love. It is you whose perfume refreshes my heart.

Demain fera un an

Tomorrow will be a year that at Audaux I picked the flowers from the damp prairie. Today is Easter. I had thrust myself into the azure of the land, across woods, across meadows, across fields. My heart, why are you not dead? My heart, again I give you the torture of revisiting that village where I suffered so...the roses which bled before the vicarage...the lilacs in the sad flowerbeds. I remember my old distress. Nothing, I have nothing left. I can remember nothing. Why was I born? I would like to place on your calm knees the fatigue which tears my soul, which lodges as a beggar-woman in the ditch by the road.

III

- Eterno amore è fe G. Donizetti
*I swear eternal love and faithfulness to you...
 I will live and die only for you!*
- Lu trademiente G. Donizetti
Betrayed by you, I weep and suffer!
- L'Orgia G. Rossini
*Let us love, let us sing, to women, to wine!
 Life with Bacchus and Venus is sublime! In
 loving, carousing, drinking wine, I escape
 boredom and sadness. Let us sing: life is ful-
 filled by wine and love!*
- L'Invito G. Rossini
*Come, oh Roger, your Eloise cannot bear to be
 separated from you; respond to my tears, hear
 my plea!*

IV

- Three Songs R. Faith
Remember me! (Christina Rossetti)
*Remember me when I am gone away, gone far away
 into the silent land,
 When you can no more hold me by the hand.
 Remember me when no more day by day you tell me
 of our future that you planned.
 Only remember me! Remember me when I am gone
 away!*
- She weeps over Ragoon (James Joyce)
*Rain on Ragoon falls softly, soft falling
 Where my dark lover lies.
 Sad is his voice that calls me, sad-calling at
 grey noon-tide.
 Love, hear thou how soft how sad his voice is
 ever calling,
 Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling, Then
 as now.
 Dark too, our heart, o love, shall lie and cold
 as his sad heart has lain
 Under the moon-grey nettles the black mould, and
 the muttering rain
 Rain on Ragoon falls softly.*

The Owl and the Pussycat (Edward Lear)

The owl and the pussycat went to sea in a beautiful peagreen boat

They took some honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a five-pount note

The owl looked up to the stars above and sang to a small guitar:

O lovely pussy, O pussy my love, what a beautiful pussy you are, you are, you are, what a beautiful pussy you are.

Pussy said to the owl, you elegant fowl, how charmingly sweet you sing.

O let us be married, too long we have tarried, but what shall we do for a ring?

They sailed away for a year and a day to the land where the bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood a piggywig stood with a ring at the end of his nose, his nose, his nose, with a ring at the end of his nose.

Dear pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling your ring?

Said the piggy: I will. So they took it away and were married next day by the turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince which they ate with a runcible spoon,
and hand in hand on the edge of the sand they danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon,

They danced by the light of the moon, the moon.

V

The Jewel Song (FAUST) C. Gounod

Faust and Mephistopheles have placed a casket of jewels on Marguerite's threshold. Marguerite finds the jewels, ornaments herself with them, and sings her delight: "Ah, it cannot be I..No, surely an enchantment has bewitched me! When I look into the mirror, I see some king's daughter. All bow before me! If he could but see me, as a royal lady he would adore me!