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Alan Peters, Bass-Baritone

Alan Peters Bass-Baritone
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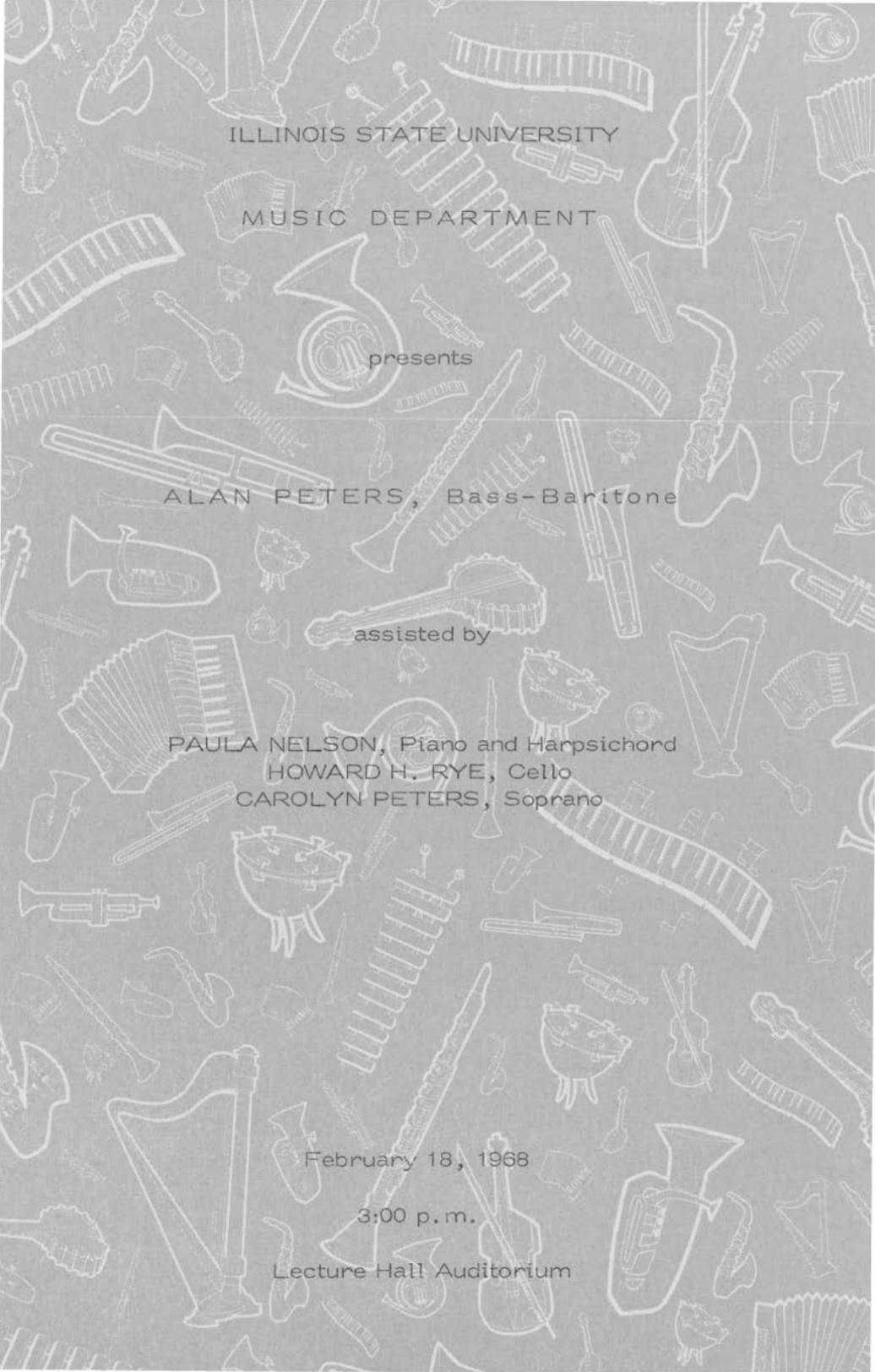


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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

ALAN PETERS, Bass-Baritone

assisted by

PAULA NELSON, Piano and Harpsichord

HOWARD H. RYE, Cello

CAROLYN PETERS, Soprano

February 18, 1968

3:00 p. m.

Lecture Hall Auditorium

PROGRAM

I

Equal misero
Proposed around 1650)

Antonio Cesti (1623-69)
Edited by Alan Peters

This solo cantata is one of fifty known without question to have been composed by Cesti. The manuscripts found in the Biblioteca Estense at Modena, Italy, gave the editor only the vocal line, words, and the bass line. The right hand of the score, labeled "realization," although left to the discretionary art of the performer during Cesti's time, has been given by the editor. The performer today still may add to or delete material according to "the present state of his art." The form of the cantata is an excellent example of the use of the da Capo in the early baroque; i. e., where the beginning musical material reappears as a refrain.

II

Three songs from the "Winterreise" Op. 89
Proposed in 1827)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Die Nacht
Die Wetterfahne
Die Tränen
Die Trübsal
Der Lindenbaum

Wilhelm Müller wrote the texts to both of Schubert's songs, "Die schöne Müllerin" and the "Winterreise." The poems from the "Sturm und Drang" (storm and stress) period of German literature fit exceedingly well with the simple, yet powerful lyricism, pathos, and dramaticism of the sensitive Schubert. The "Winter journey" tells of the innermost thoughts and feelings of a man who, upon losing his lover and place in life, also wishes to lose himself.

Intermission
(five minutes)

E qual misero

And thus is misery a comfort to the existence of a lover while he must in every moment suffer if he is awake and weep if he is asleep. Some in uncivilized chains took liberty into exile by foot and heard forever sighs clamoring around him; and some by their sorrows. But with tears that sleep summons while it locks one's feet in irons in spite of fortune, unchained, then do we see the free footprint stamped upon the father land. Whoever has been imprisoned fears the ire of Asthea upon his head and always has in mind the idea of the revenge of heaven or of fate. And yet in the dreams he has, the quiet of a friendly sleep, he becomes a king, when he finds himself more of a beggar but among pleasures, from such false forms. Flora, if I hold her heart bound, by golden hair, chained, and with strength, then who will there be to call back my living, if in that hour, sleeping, I have the good fortune to dream that I am with the one I adore? It disturbs my face, it denies restoration, even in sleep it calls me to death. Well then, who can return me to so many tortures?

Good Night

As a stranger, I entered,
As a stranger I go out again:
May was kind to me
With many a bunch of flowers.
The maiden spoke of love,
The mother, even of marriage:
But now the world is dreary
The roadway covered with snow.

Why should I remain longer,
Until I am driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
Outside their master's house!
Love likes to travel
From one to another,
God has made it so:
My fine lady-love, goodnight!

I will not disturb you in your dreams:
'Twere pity to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps . . .
Softly, softly I close the door.
As I go out I will write
"goodnight" to you on the gate,
So that you may see
My thoughts were of you.

The Weather Vane

The wind sports with the weather vane
On my fair love's house.
To my crazed senses it seemed
To be mocking the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
The escutcheon mounted over
the house
Then he would have never looked
For a faithful woman inside.

With the hearts indoors the wind plays
As on the roof, only not so loudly.
What do they care for my sorrows?
Their child is a wealthy bride.

Frozen Tears

Frozen tears are falling from my cheeks.
Did I then not notice that I had wept?
O tears, my tears, and are you so utterly lukewarm
That you freeze into ice, like the cool morning dew?
And yet you gush forth, glowing hot, out of my breast,
As though you would melt all Winter's ice!

Numbness

I search in the snow in vain
For a trace of her footsteps,
Where, leaning on my arm,
She roamed over the green sward.

Where shall I find a flower,
Where shall I find green grass?
The flowers are dead
And the turf looks so pale.

I will kiss the ground,
And pierce the ice and snow
With my hot tears
Until I see the soil.

Shall I then take with me
No remembrance from this
place?
When my griefs are silent,
Who then will speak of her
to me?

My heart is as if frozen,
In it her image is cold and stiff;
If my heart ever melts again,
Her image will dissolve too.

The Linden Tree

By the fountain outside the town gate stands a linden tree;
In its shade I dreamt many a sweet dream.

In its bark I cut many a loving word;
I was drawn to it continually in times of joy and pain.

This night, too, I had to go past it, at dead of night,
Dark though it was there, I kept my eyes closed.
And its branches rustled, as though they were calling to me:
"Come to me, my friend; here you will find peace!"

The cold gusts blew straight into my face,
The hat flew off my head, but I did not turn back;
Now I am many hours distant from that place,
And still I hear a rustling: "You would have found peace there!"

III

First act duet from "La forza del destino"
(composed in 1862)

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

This is one of the finer examples from operatic literature of the soprano-bass duet. The story to this point is as follows: Leonora, the soprano, of course, was caught trying to elope with her lover, Alvaro, the tenor, of course. As Alvaro relinquishes his pistol (he throws it to the floor), it discharges and kills Leonora's father. The lovers run away. Leonora's brother, Carlo, swears an oath of revenge upon them both. Leonora is now at the monastery of the Madonna of the Angels seeking refuge and spiritual help from Father Guardano, the bass, of course! He gives her the vestments of a friar and offers seclusion in a cave.

IV

Blitch's Prayer of Repentance
from "Susannah"
(composed in 1955)

Carlyle Floyd (b. 1926)

Blitch, the community preacher, has wronged Susannah in both body and soul. He prays to God "fer forgiveness."

In the Fields
Adam and Eve
I Hear an Army

John Duke (b. 1899)
Ernst Bacon (b. 1898)
Benjamin Britten (b. 1913)