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A Fine Arts Festival

Laurel Eldredge Soprano
Illinois State University

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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

A FINE ARTS RECITAL

LAUREL ELDREDGE, soprano

MICHAEL PERSENAIRE, piano

7:30 p.m.

April 17, 1968

Centennial Lecture Hall

PROGRAM

THE CRUCIBLE

by Arthur Miller

The play centers upon the famous witch trials which took place in Salem, Massachusetts, during the early eighteenth century. Abigail Williams, a girl of eighteen, is one of a group of children who are accusing townspeople of witchcraft. She has just accused Elizabeth Proctor, the wife of John Proctor, with whom Abigail has had an affair. It is the night before Elizabeth will stand trial, and John is attempting to dissuade Abigail from condemning his wife.

The part of John Proctor is played by Dr. Calvin Pritner, Associate Professor of Theatre.

Two Songs from Opus 19

Johannes Brahms

Der Schmied
An eine Aeolsharfe

Three Songs from Ecclesiastes

Daniel Pinkham

1. Vanity of vanities
2. Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy
3. To every thing there is a season

-INTERMISSION-

TWO SONGS FROM OPUS 19

Johannes Brahms

"The Smithy"

I hear my sweetheart.
He swings the hammer which clashes and clangs
and resounds in the distance, as church bells
through the streets and square.

At the black forge sits my lover.
Yet, if I go over there,
the bellows roar and the flames rush up
and flare around him.

"To an Aeolian Harp"

Leaning there on the ivied walls of this old terrace,
You, mysterious, stringed instrument of an air borne muse,
begin again your melodious lament!
You come, winds, from afar,
(Ah, from the youth whom I love)
from over fresh green hills.
And on your way you touch lightly
spring blossoms saturated with perfumes.
How sweet you press upon my heart!
And whispering here in these strings,
brought forth by melodious longing,
is the thriving impulse of my longing,
which dies away again.
But suddenly, as the wind jostles them sharply,
a sweet cry of the harp repeats to me
the sweet suffering of my soul's sudden emotion.
And then the ripe rose strews flutteringly
all its petals at my feet.

LES NUITS d'ETE

Hector Berlioz

"Villanelle"

When the new season will come,
When the frosts will have vanished,
We two shall go, my lovely one,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods.
Under our feet, picking the pearls
Which one sees trembling in the morn;
We shall go to hear the blackbirds,
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;
Spring has come, my lovely one;
This is the blessed month for lovers;
And the bird smoothing its wings,
Says a poem on the rim of its nest.
Oh, come then to this mossy bank
To talk of our glorious love,
And tell me with your voice so sweet,
Forever!
Far, far away, straying from our path
Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs
Admiring its bent antlers;
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

Berlioz

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"The Spectre of the Rose"

Open your closed eyelid
Gently touched by a virginal dream!
I am the spectre of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball,
You have taken me still covered yet with the pearls
Of the sprinkler's silvery tears,
And amidst brilliant festivities
You carried me through the night.
O you, who were the cause of my death,
Without your being able to escape him,
My rose-coloured spectre will come
Every night to dance at your bedside,
But have no fear at all: I do not ask
Either a mass or De Profundis.
This fragrant perfume is my soul,
And I am from paradise.
My destiny could be envied
And to have so beautiful a fate,
More than one would have given his life;
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I repose,
A poet wrote with a kiss:
"Here lies a rose
Which all kings might envy".

"Absence"

Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!
What distance between our hearts!
What space between our kisses!
Oh bitter fate, oh cruel absence!
Oh great unappeased desires!
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!
From here to where you are, how wide the country,
How many cities and hamlets,
How many valleys and mountains,
To tire the hoofs of the horses!
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile.

"Unknown Island"

Tell me, young fair one,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells its wing,
The wind will blow!
The oar is of ivory
The flag of silk
The rudder of pure gold;
For ballast I have an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For foam I have a seraph.
Tell me, young fair one,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells its wing,
The wind will blow.
Is it to the Baltic Sea?
To the Pacific Ocean?
Towards the island of Java?
Or is it to Norway,
To gather the snow flowers,
Or the flowers of Angsoka?
Tell me, young fair one,
Tell me, where do you wish to go?
Lead me, says the fair one,
To the faithful shore,
Where one loves always!
This shore, my fair one,
Is not known at all,
In the land of loves!

"On the Lagoons"

My fair friend is dead,
I will mourn forever;
She has taken with her into the tomb
My soul and my love,
Without waiting for me,
She has returned to heaven
The angel who led her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Oh! To go to sea without love!
The white form
Is lying in the coffin;
How all of nature
Seems gloomy to me!
The forgotten dove
Weeps and dreams of the absent one;
My soul weeps and feels
That it is left alone!
How bitter is my fate!
Oh! To go to sea without love!
The immense night over me,
Spreads like a shroud;
I am singing my song,
That heaven alone can hear.
Oh! How fair she was,
And how much I loved her!
I will never love
A woman as much as I loved her . . .
How bitter is my fate!

"At the Cemetery"

Do you know the white tomb
Where, with a plaintive sound, floats
The shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove,
Sad and alone in the setting sun,
Sings its song,
An air morbidly tender,
Both pleasing and ominous
Which causes you pain
And which one wishes to hear
eternally;
An air like the sign in heaven
Of an angel in love.
One would think that an awakened
soul
Cries out under the earth in unison
With this song,
And, grieving of being forgotten,
Complains by cooing very softly.
On the wings of music
One feels quietly reappearing
A reminiscence,
A shadow, an angelic form,
Passes in a trembling light,
In a white veil.
The Marvels of Peru half-closed,
Spread their faint and sweet perfume
Around you.
And the tender form of a ghost
Murmurs, stretching her arms to
you:
You will come back!
Oh, nevermore near the tomb
Shall I go, when night descends
With its dark mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing on on the branch of the yew-tree
Its plaintive song!

Les Nuits d'Été

Hector Berlioz

1. Villanelle
2. Le Spectre de la Rose
3. Sur les Lagunes
4. L'Absence
5. Au Cimetière
6. L'Île inconnue

COMING EVENTS:

Chamber Music Week

- April 21 - Faculty Recital (Donald Armstrong), 8:15 p.m.*
April 22 - Percussion Ensemble and Stage Band, 8:15 p.m.*
April 24 - Treble Choir Concert, 8:15 p.m., Capen
April 25 - University String Quartet, 8:15 p.m.*
April 26 - Woodwind Quintet, 8:15 p.m.*

*Centennial Lecture Hall