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### A Fine Arts Festival, April 17, 1968

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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