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Senior Recital: Kay Prowant, Soprano; July 21, 1968

Kay Prowant Soprano
Illinois State University

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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

KAY PROWANT, Soprano

in

A SENIOR RECITAL

Assisted by:

Connie Blauvelt, harpsichord and piano

Victor Bowman, trumpet

James Roderick, violin

Duncan Miller, violin

Lawrence Kinney, viola

Howard Rye, cello

Fred Smalley, tenor

3:00 p. m.

July 21, 1968

Centennial Lecture Hall

PROGRAM

Cantata No. 51, "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen" J. S. Bach

ARIA

Praise Jehovah all ye people.
Let all creatures, great and small, that the heaven and earth contain,
Sing his praise, exalt His glory.
We will also offer thanks to our God for all His mercies,
For in time of need, He hath ever been our rock and fortress.

RECITATIVE

We worship in the Holy Temple wherein God's glory dwelleth,
And pray to Him who showers rich blessings on us every morning.
We give Him thanks for all his loving care.
Although our faltering lips can never tell His goodness,
He will accept the praise our grateful hearts would render.

ARIA

Father, may thy loving mercies fall on us as morning dew!
For thy grace so freely given, we would render our grateful thanks,
And in all that we are doing,
Show ourselves to be Thy children.

CHORAL

All honor, praise and glory to God the Father,
God, the Son, to God the Holy Spirit,
The great eternal Three in One!
The Lord is our Defender,
And He our frame well knows,
He shareth all our sorrows, and comforts all our woes,
Upon His word relying.
When earthly trials are o'er, we with the saints in Heaven,
Shall praise Him evermore. Alleluja!

"Deh vieni, non tardar" from Le Nozze Di Figaro Mozart

RECITATIVE

Welcome, happiest moment, when I may, free from terror,
rest in his soft embraces.
Go! idle tremors, nor mar love's joyful feeling,
let me taste unalloy'd its balsam healing!
Doth it not seem as tho' love's tender power, grac'd by this blooming
bower,
All nature were now reflecting, e'en as is night my sweet hidden love
protecting.

ARIA

Ah, come, nor linger more, my soul's fond treasure,
hark, to the voice of Love that calls to pleasure, while heaven
still in starry light rejoices,
while the earth still is dark, and hush'd her voice is.
Soft murmurs now the brook, the breeze is playing,
their soft music the heart's fond woes allaying, the flow'rs breathe
sweet perfume,
the sense delighting, all seems now to love's rapture sweet inviting.
Come to these bowers, where languid love reposes, come my treasure!
And round thy temples I'll wreath a crown of roses.

"Der Holle Rache" from Il Flauto Magico Mozart

This aria of vengeance is sung by the Queen of the Night
as she presses a dagger into Pamina's hand and tells her the wrath
of hell is in her heart. If Pamina does not kill Sarastro with the
dagger, the Queen of the Night threatens that she will reject her
daughter and will never again see her.

"Sempre Libera" from La Traviata Verdi

Violetta sings of how she loves to be happy, gay and free even though
she knows that she is deathly ill. She is in love with Alfred but tells him
that she does not love him in order to protect his love.

"Give Me Thy Hand, Fairest" from Don Giovanni Mozart

Don Giovanni, the famous Casanova, has finally managed to get rid of
Masetto, Zerlina's husband to be, and now tries to persuade Zerlina, a
poor innocent peasant girl, to submit to him.

-INTERMISSION-

"Botshaft" (The Message) Brahms

Fan, ye breezes, fair and softly, Fan the cheek of my sweet lady,
Gently sport ye with her tresses, Hasten not to speed away.
If she then perchance should query, How poor I was faring
Say: "His grief was past all bearing, Very sad his lot.
Now his hopes once more reviving, Have restored the way of living,
Since his lady thinks of him."

"Wie Melodien" (At times my thoughts come drifting) Brahms

At times my thoughts come drifting Like songs across my brain,
Or scent of flow'rs in Springtime: Now here, now gone again.
But when my words would seize them, And drag them into sight,
Like grayling mists they vanish, Like sighs they take their flight.
And yet in rhyme enwoven, May linger, hidden deep,
A perfume that, remembered, Some day shall make you weep.

"Sonntag" (Sunday) Brahms

I have not seen her for a week now, My dainty dear so sweet and good,
For I saw her of a Sunday, As at her door she stood.
My rarest, fairest little one, My neatest, sweetest pretty one:
Would to God, I were with her today!
And tho' indeed it's been a week now, I have not ceased to smile,
For I gazed at her on Sunday in church for such a while:
My rarest, fairest little one, My neatest, sweetest pretty one:
Would to God I were with her today!

Aria from The Medium

Menotti

Monica, the stepsister of Toby who is mute, play together and Monica teaches Toby how to dance the waltz. They dance together until Monica perceives that Toby is trying to tell her something. As if Toby is speaking himself, Monica sings what Toby is trying to express to her.

"My Man's Gone Now" from Porgy and Bess

Gershwin

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COMING EVENTS:

July 25 - Guest Artists (Olsen & Lowenoor), 8:15 p.m., CE 159

July 28 - Graduate Voice Recital (David Carrithers), 3:00 p.m., CE 159

July 29 - Senior Recital (Bill Hezlep), 7:30 p.m., CE 159