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Senior Voice Recital: Jacquelyn Whitler, Soprano; November 10, 1968

Jacquelyn Whitler Soprano
Illinois State University

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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents a

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

JACQUELYN WHITLER, SOPRANO

assisted by

BETSY DRILLON, PIANIST

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7:30 p.m.

November 10, 1968

Centennial Lecture Hall

I	
Like the Viol	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
turne	Benjamin Britten (1913-)
is for the Woman made (The Mock Marriage)	Henry Purcell
ce	Bennie Beach

II	
u Soir (Beautiful Evening)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy, And when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain, A counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things And rises toward the troubled heart; An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive, While one is young and the evening is beautiful, For we shall go as this wave goes,— It, to the sea; we, to the grave.	
Charme (The Charm)	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
When I caught your smile, I felt all my being atremble, But what has conquered my mind I did not know at first. When your glance rested on me, I felt my soul melting, But what this emotion might be I could not explain at first. What conquered me forever Was a much sadder charm; And I only realized I loved you When I saw you shed your first tear.	

Matin (Morning)	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
This song is a setting of a poem from the play L'Arlésienne by Daudet for which Bizet composed incidental music.	

Cloches (The Bells)	Claude Debussy
The leaves opened along the length of the branches, Delicately. The bells were ringing, lightly and clearly, Beneath the fair sky. Rhythmical and fervent as a hymn, This distant call Brought to my mind the Christian whiteness Of the flowers of the Altar. These bells were telling of happy years, And, in the deep forest, The faded leaves seemed green again, As in days long past.	

Die Lotosblume (The Lotus-flower)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
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The lotus-flower is anxious, fearing the sunshine bright,
And with her head bowed humbly she blissfully waits for the night.
The moon, he is her loved one, he wakes her with shining light,
And she unveils with sweet candor her lovely face to his sight.
She blooms, and glows, in rapture, and turns her face to the sky,
And weeping in ecstasy, trembles with longing and anguish of love,
with longing and anguish of love.

<u>Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen</u> (Songs of the Wayfarer)	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
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"Ging heut Morgen über's Feld"

This morning I went through the fields,
When the dew still clung to the grasses!
There said to me the gay finch:
"Oh, you there! How goes it?
Good morning! What tidings?
Is it not a beautiful world?
A beautiful world?
Zink! Zink!
Beautiful and brisk!
How pleasing is the world to me."

Also the bluebell by the field
Gayly, sprightly,
With its little bells.
Kling, Kling, kling, kling,
Rang out its morning greeting:
Is it not a beautiful world?
A beautiful world?
Kling! Kling! Kling! Kling!
A beautiful thing!
How pleasing is the world to me! Hi-Ho!

And there is the sunshine
The world began all at once to sparkle,
Everything, everything gained sound and color
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, large and small!
Good day! Good day!
Is it not a beautiful world?
Oh, you! Isn't it? Oh, you! Isn't it?
A beautiful world!

"Now, won't my happiness begin, too?
No! No! That which I seek,
Can never, nevermore blossom for me!"

"Die zwei blauen Augen"

The two blue eyes of my sweetheart,
Sent me off into the wide world.
Then I had to say farewell
To my best beloved place!
Oh, blue eyes, why did you gaze at me?
Now I am forever in sorrow and pain!

I have gone out in the silent night,
In the silent night, over the dark heath;
No one bid me farewell.
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

By the road stands a lindentree,
There, for the first time, I rested in sleep,
Under the lindentree!
It snowed its blossoms over me,
Then I knew not how life can pain!
Everything, everything was good again!
Oh, everything good again!
Everything! Everything! Love and sorrow,
The world, and dreaming!

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Oh, death is still and cool as night, and life is like the sultry day.
The darkness falls, I'm weary; the day leaves me tired and sad.
Over my bed a tree lifts its boughs; there sings a lovely nightingale.
She sings a joyous lovesong, a joyous lovesong.
I hear it, I hear it once more in dreams, once more in dreams.

IV

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro"
from The Marriage of Figaro

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

The Countess Almaviva fears that she has lost her husband to Susanna, her chambermaid. She begs the return of his love and affection, for without this love she has no desire to live.

Mi chiamano Mimi"
from La Bohème

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Mimi has come to the garret room of Rodolfo to ask him to light her candle. In this aria she introduces herself and tells about the simple pleasures of her life.

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