

MUT-6143

THE DIVISION OF CREATIVE ARTS

Eastern Washington State College

presents

BEVERLY ANN EVANS - Soprano

In a Faculty Recital

Gwendoline Harper - at the piano

February 8, 1967

8:15 p.m.

Showalter Auditorium

BADE
2-10-67
Duplicate #1

PROGRAM

I

Recit: I Know the pangs that cleave the bleeding heart

Aria: Beneath the cypress gloomy shade G.F. Handel

Aria: Let the Bright Seraphim "Samson" G.F. Handel

II

Aria: Pace, Pace, mio, Dio Giuseppe Verdi
(Peace, My Lord) from "La Forza del Destino"
In this aria from the fourth act, Leonora, torn
between her love for her father and her love
for Alvaro, who was the innocent cause of
her father's death, implores, through a melody
of haunting loveliness, "Peace, oh, my Lord,
grant me peace."

III

Extase Henri Duparc
L'Invitation au voyage Henri Duparc

INTERMISSION

IV

~~Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo Benjamin Britten
Sonetto XVI: Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro
Sonetto XXXI: A che piu debb'io mai l'intensa voglia
Sonetto XXX: Veggio co'bei vostri occhi un dolce lume
Sonetto LV: Tu sa' ch'io so, signior mie, che tu sai~~

Sonetto XXXVIII: Rendete a gli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume
Sonetto XXXII: S'un casto amor, suna pieta superna
Sonetto XXIV: Spirto be nato, in cui si specchia e vede

V

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

Bainbridge Crist

- I Lady-Bug
- II Baby is sleeping
- III What the old cow said
- IV The Mouse
- V Of what use is a Girl?
- VI Pat a Cake
- VII The old Woman

PROGRAM NOTES

Invitation to the voyage

To a place afar, Children that we are, Come let us live together yonder. To love and to die in a land like you in wonder. And the sun that flies in those clouded skies has for my soul sweet divining like the masquerade trait'rous eyes have played when through tears they're brightly shining. There, all is order and peace, beauty, calmness and sweet increase. There ships of all seas are channeled at ease, vagabonds with sleepy motions. That you may acquire your slightest desire they've sailed from the farthest oceans. As the sun goes down it covers the town--ships and fields are brushed with sky light--Hyacinth and gold, the world we behold, as in a tropical twilight. There, all is order and peace, beauty, calmness and sweet increase.

Ecstasy

On a gala lily, there I sleep in a sleep sweet as death is deep sleep exquisite, like gentle dying when lover to his love is sighing. On your pale bosom, there I sleep in a sleep sweet as death is deep.

Sonnet XVI

Just as there is a high, a low, and a middle style in pen and ink, and as within the marble are images rich and poor, according as our fancy knows how to draw them forth: so within your heart, dear love, there are perhaps, as well as pride, some humble feelings: but I draw thence only what is my desert and like to what I show outside on my face.

Whoever sows sighs, tears and lamentations (Heaven's moisture on earth, simple and pure, adapts itself differently to different seeds) reaps and gathers grief and sadness; whoever looks on high beauty with so great a grief reaps doubtful hopes and sure and bitter pain.

Sonnet XXXI

Why must I go on venting my ardent desire in tears and melancholy words, if Heaven that dresses the soul in grief, never, soon or late, allows relief?

Why should my weary heart long for death since all must die? So to these eyes my last hours will be less painful, all my grief being greater than any joy.

If, therefore, I cannot avoid these blows, nay, even seek them, since it is my fate, who is the one that stands always between joy and grief?

If to be happy I must be conquered and held captive, no wonder then that I, unarmed and alone, remain the prisoner of a Cavalier in arms.

Sonnet: XXX

With your lovely eyes I see a sweet light that yet with my blind ones I cannot see; with your feet I carry a weight on my back which with my lame ones I cannot; with your wings I, wingless, fly; with your spirit I move forever heavenward; at your wish I blush or turn pale, cold in the sunshine, or hot in the coldest midwinter.

My will is in your will alone, my thoughts are born in your heart, my words are on your breath.

Alone, I am like the moon in the sky which our eyes cannot see save that part which the sun illumines.

Sonnet LV

Thou know'st, beloved, that I know thou know'st that I am come nearer to enjoy thee more; and thou know'st that I know thou know'st that I am still the same, Why, then, do I hesitate to greet thee?

If the hope thou givest me is true, if true the strong desire that is granted me, the wall between us crumbles, for secret griefs have double force.

If I love in thee, beloved, only what thou lovest most, do not be angry; for so one spirit is enamoured of another.

That which in thy lovely face I yearn for and seek to grasp, is but ill understood by human kind, and he that would see it, first must die.

Sonnet XXXVIII

Give back to my eyes, you fountains and rivers, the waves of those strong currents that are not yours, which make you swell and grow with greater power than is your natural way.

And thou, heavy air, that dims the heavenly light to my sad eyes, so full of my sighs are thou, give them back to my weary heart and lighten thy dark face to my eye's keen sight.

Earth, give me back my footsteps that the grass may sprout again where it was trod; and Echo, yet deaf to my laments, give back thy sound; and you blest pupils give back to my eyes their glances; that I another time may love another beauty, since with me you are not satisfied.

Sonnet XXXII

If love be chaste, if pity heavenly, if fortune equal between two lovers; if a bitter fate is shared by both, and if one spirit, one will rule two hearts;

if in two bodies one soul is made eternal, raising both to heaven on the same wings; if at one stroke and with a gilded arrow love burns and pierces two hearts to the core;

if in loving one another, forgetting one's self, with one pleasure and one delight there is such reward that both wills strive for the same end;

if thousands and thousands do not make one hundredth part to such a bond of love, to such constancy, can, then, mere anger break and dissolve it?

Sonnet XXIV

Noble soul, in whose chaste and dear limbs are reflected all that nature and heaven can achieve with us, the paragon of their works:

graceful soul, within whom one hopes and believes Love, Pity and Mercy are dwelling, as they appear in your face; things so rare and never found in beauty so truly;

Love takes me captive, and Beauty binds me: Pity and Mercy with sweet glances fill my heart with a strong hope.

What law or earthly government, what cruelty now or to come, could forbid Death to spare such a lovely face?