

D'Anne qui me jecta de la Neige. . . Anne, only your kindness can
extinguish the fire which consumes me, not with water,
snow or ice, but with a fire, just like mine.

D'Anne jouant de l'Espinette. . . When I see the maiden, lovely as a
goddess, and when her voice, her fingers and the
spirit make sweet melody, then I become transfigured
like the Saints in their immortal glory when I think
that she loves me a little.

Noël des Jouets (The Toy's Christmas). . . the varnished herd of sheep
roll in tumult around the manger while the rabbit
drummers play on their shrill fifes. The Virgin Mary,
her enamel eyes always open, attended by Old Man
Winter, watches Jesus who is asleep. Nearby, hiding
in the shadow of a fir, Belzebuth the black dog lies
in wait for the sugar Infant. But the unbreakable
angels suspended on brass wires above assure the
peace of the stable. And the clinking of their tinselly
flight mixes with the shrill bleating of the animals:
"Noël! Noël! Noël!"

Hermit Songs. . . Settings of anonymous Irish texts of the eighth to
thirteenth centuries written by monks and scholars,
often on the margins of manuscripts they were
copying or illuminating --- perhaps not always
meant to be seen by their Father Superiors.

THE DIVISION OF CREATIVE ARTS

Department of Music

Eastern Washington State College

presents

Patricia Lee

Soprano

Monday, June 22, 1964

Showalter Auditorium

8:15 p. m.

Tape No. 1

PROGRAM

I

Four Arias

Di due rai
Dille ch'il viver mio
Vieni, vieni o mio diletto
La pastorella sul primo albore

Antonio Vivaldi

II

Mignon I
Mignon II
Mignon III
Die Sprode

Hugo Wolf
Hugo Wolf
Hugo Wolf
Hugo Wolf

Intermission

III

L'Espionne
Mutation
Vers le Sud
D'Anne qui me jecta de la Neige
D'Anne jouant de l'Espinette
Noël des Jouets

Francis Poulenc
Francis Poulenc
Francis Poulenc
Maurice Ravel
Maurice Ravel
Maurice Ravel

IV

Hermit Songs

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Church Bell At Night
St. Ita's Vision
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifixion
Sea-Snatch
Promiscuity
The Monk And His Cat
The Praises of God
The Desire For Hermitage

Samuel Barber

PROGRAM NOTES

Di due rai. . . . to languish faithfully for those glances is joy and is torment, therefore see me, oh cupid, less a lover and more contented.

Dille ch'il viver mio. . . . tell her I will end my life saying her lovely name and then from Elysian Fields I will send her pious kisses.

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto. . . come my beloved, my heart is all affection, ever awaiting and calling to you.

La pastorella sul primo albore. . . the shepherdess at early dawn sings of love while the flock is grazing. Her heart is not jealous because her beloved shepherd is similarly bound by love.

Mignon I. . . . bid me not to speak but to be silent. . . I would show you all my thoughts but destiny forbids it. . . an oath seals my lips and only God may open them.

Mignon II. . . . Only someone who has felt ardent longing can know my sorrow! Alone and separated from every joy. . .

Mignon III. . . . I will leave the earth and go where I will rest. . . here I have felt deep sorrow and become early old. . . there I will become forever young again.

Die Sprode. . . . On a lovely spring morning a young carefree shepherdess roamed through the fields and sang, la, la, la. Another shepherd offered her ribbons and a third his heart, but still she only sang la, la, la.

L'Espionne. . . . although my unfaithful mind hardly can recall the moments of love, my heart remembers and triumphs.

Mutation. . . . A woman was weeping, soldiers were passing, shells were bursting, and all was so much changed in me, all but my love.

Vers le Sud. . . . all these regrets lying in this limitless garden. . . a nightingale sadly sings of love. Our hearts are hanging together like the flowers on the pomegranate tree --- those blossoms that now have slowly fallen and covered the pathway.