

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Kansas

Department of Music

Graduate Recital

IRELENE SWAIN, Dramatic Soprano

Assisted by

Becky Rouse, 1st Flute	Janice Sellers, Viola
Shelley Han, 2nd Flute	Roger Harris, Cello
Nancy Campbell, 1st Violin	David Gaston, Harpsichord
Jack Brewer, 2nd Violin	George Mann, Piano

Monday, May 1, 1972

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

Purcell "Why, why, why should men quarrel?"
(1659-1695) (Aria from THE INDIAN QUEEN)

"Ah, Belinda, I am prest with torment"
(Aria from DIDO AND AENEAS)

"Thy hand, Belinda"
"When I am laid in earth"
(Recit. and Aria from DIDO AND AENEAS)

II

Beethoven Ah, Perfido
(1770-1827)

III

Gretry Je crains du lui parler la nuit
(1741-1813) (Aria from RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION)

Dalayrac On nous dit que dans l'mariage
(1753-1809) (Chanson from CAMILLE OU LE SOUTERRAIN)

Salieri Par les larmes dont votre fille
(1750-1825) (Aria from LES DANAÏDES)

IV

Verdi Non t'accostare all'urna (Vittorelli)
(1813-1901)

Perduto ho la pace (Goethe)

In solitaria stanza (Vittorelli)

V

Menotti "To this we've come!"
(1911-) (Aria from THE CONSUL)

This recital fulfills thesis requirements for the Master of Music degree program for Miss Swain.

IRELENE SWAIN
Program Notes

II

AH, PERFIDO! (Op. 65) ----- Beethoven

This scene and aria depicts the conflict raging in the breast of the heroine after she has been betrayed by her lover. In a forceful recitative she calls down the wrath of the gods on the head of the faithless one, but relents in the recitative's final slow section, and begs fate to spare him. In the extended first part of the aria proper, adagio, she utters the hope that she may not be forsaken forever, or else she would die of grief. In the succeeding allegro she rages once more against her fate, and in the gentler piu lento asks for mercy. The slow section shortly before the end and the brief resumption of the allegro are a surprising, and rather personal, touch on the part of Beethoven.

Recitative

Ah, faithless liar, vile deceiver, thou leavest me?
And are these thy last words of parting?
Can any cruelty be harsher than thine?
Go, villain, flee from me!
The wrath of the gods thou wilt not escape!
If there is justice in Heaven, if there is mercy,
everything will conspire to punish thee!
As a fleeting shadow pursuing thy path will I see
vengeance wrought;
I savor it already in my thoughts, seeing vengeful
lightnings flash around thee.
But no, stay your wrath, ye gods!
Spare your heart and strike mine!
Though he no longer is what he was, I am unchanged.
I have lived for him -- let me die for him!

Aria (Adagio)

For pity's sake, do not leave me; parted from thee,
how shall I live?
Thou knowest it, my beloved, that I shall die of grief.

(Allegro assai)

Ah, cruel one! Thou wantest me to die!
Hast thou no pity for me?
Why dost thou reward so cruelly my adoring love?
In this affliction, am I not worthy of compassion?

III

JE CRAINS DE LUI PARLER LA NUIT ----- Gretry

I tremble to speak of that night when he said, "I love you." He pressed my hand with so much tenderness that I didn't know where I was. My heart beat so rapidly, and I didn't know why.

ON NOUS DIT QUE DANS L'MARIAGE ----- Dalayrac

One tells us that in marriage there is happiness, but there are some moments of storm. But fortunately for us they are only short moments. Damnation! That's possible, but we really cannot know anything about that. However, despite this, I will have to do as my mother did.
One tells us that in marriage more than one husband becomes inconstant. If Monsieur decides to be unfaithful, Madame can do the same.

PAR LES LARMES DONT VOTRE FILLE ----- Salieri

Ah, how can you order me to murder my husband? Ah, cruel one! Forgive me, my grief makes me insane. Through the tears which your daughter sheds, o my father, have pity. Don't cause me to become a murderer. Even hell could conceive no such horror!

IV

NON T'ACCOSTARE ALL'URNA ----- Verdi

Don't come near the tomb in which my ashes are sealed. This sad spot of earth is dedicated to my grief. I hate your anguish and your deceitfulness. Of what use to the dead are your tears or your flowers? Respect this mournful spirit, let me sleep!

PERDUTO HO LA PACE ----- Verdi

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy. Without him life is a grave and the world a tomb. I long only for him, for his kiss!

IN SOLITARIA STANZA ----- Verdi

In my solitary room, languishing in terrible pain... I cry aloud, "Have mercy, O God, save me!" Never again will you deceive another Irene.

Kon Colles
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