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7-28-1968

## Graduate Recital:David R. Carrithers, Baritone

David R. Carrithers Baritone  
*Illinois State University*

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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

DAVID R. CARRITHERS, Baritone

in

A GRADUATE RECITAL

ASSISTED BY:

Kay Prowant, piano  
Connie Blauvelt, harpsichord  
Howard Rye, cello

ENSEMBLE:      Violins    - Eve Stolt  
    Elizabeth Losch  
                             Viola        - David Hawkins  
                             Cello        - Vianne Carey  
                             Conductor - James Roderick

3:00 p. m.  
July 28, 1968  
Centennial Lecture Hall

PROGRAM

Italian Cantata Dalla guerra amorosa G. F. Handel

Recitative

With reason as your guide, flee from the war of love,  
Flight need bring you no shame, for the heart will return  
bearing its palm.

Aria

Let no dark glance, nor alluring look, however piteous,  
stay your course.

Recitative

Flee, for love fills her pleasures with poison! Grief and tears she  
ministers to those who follow her and venerate her laws.

Arioso

Beauty is like a flower, lovely in the morning of its spring--but in  
the evening it withers and dies.

Arioso

Flee, for love's slave lives in chains, doubtful are his pleasures,  
but certain his suffering.

"Ich will meine Seele tauchen"

I will dip my soul into the chalice of the lily; the lily shall breathe  
a song about my beloved,  
The song shall quiver and palpitate like the kiss of her mouth that  
once she gave me in a wonderfully sweet moment.

"Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome"

The Rhine, the beautiful river, reflects in its waves,  
with its great cathedral, the great holy city of Cologne.  
In the cathedral there hangs a painting painted on gilded leather;  
in the confusion of my life it has shone kindly down upon me.

"Ich grolle nicht"

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,  
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge. However you may shine in  
the splendor of your diamonds, no ray of light falls in the darkness  
of your heart.  
I have long known this. I saw you in a dream, and saw the night  
within the void of your heart, and saw the serpent that is eating your  
heart--I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.

Kindertelieder Op. 48, Nos. 1 - 7 Robert Schumann

"Im wunder schönen Monat Mai"

In the lovely month of May, when all the buds were bursting,  
then within my heart love broke forth.

"Aus meinen Tränen spriessen"

From my tears spring up many blooming flowers,  
And my sighs become a chorus of nightingales.  
And if you love me, child, I give you all the flowers,  
and before your window shall sound the song of the nightingale.

"Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube"

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun--I once loved them all with  
ecstatic love. I love them no more, I love only the little one, the  
dainty one, the pure one, the One. She alone, the will-spring of  
all love, is rose and lily and dove and sun.

"Wen ich in deine Augen seh"

When I look into your eyes all my sorrow and pain disappear; but  
when I kiss your mouth, then I become wholly well.  
When I lie upon your breast a heavenly happiness comes over me;  
but when you say: I love you! then I must weep bitterly.

Don Quichotte a Dulcinee Maurice Ravel

"Chanson Romanesque"

If ever for rest you are yearning, I'll hush the winds and seas, my  
love, I will say to the sun above, "Cease in your flight, stay in your  
turning."

If ever for morning you sigh, The stars I will hide and their wonder,  
The splendour of heav'n tear asunder, And banish the night from the  
sky.

If space lost in chaos was o'er you, Filling your soul with nameless  
fear, Godlike I'd come, shaking my spear, and sow the stars, radiant  
before you.

But if ever I hear you cry, "Give me your life! Prove how you love  
me!" Darkness will fall, shadow above me, Blessing you still, then  
I shall die! O Dulcinee.

"Chanson Epique"

Saint Michael, come! my lady bring to me, Unto my soul her  
presence lending, Saint Michael, come! her champion let me be,  
With knightly grace her fame defending, Saint Michael, come! to  
earth descending, With good Saint George before the shrine of the  
Madonna with face divine.

May the light of heav'n on my sword be lying, Give to my spirit  
purity, And lend my heart sweet piety, And lift my soul in ecstasy,  
undying. O good Saint George and Saint Michael, hear me! An  
angel watches ever near me, My own beloved, like, so like to you,  
Madonna, maid divine! Amen.

"Chanson A Boire"

Lady ador'd Wherefore this sorrow? I live in your glances divine,  
say not that love, love and good wine, Brings to us mortals grief  
tomorrow!

Who wants a maid, (not I, I'm thinking!) A maiden who mopes all  
day long, Silent and pale, never a song, Frowning to see her lover  
a drinking!

Drink then! drink to joy! For good wine makes you laugh like a  
merry boy! Makes you laugh, laugh like a boy! Ah! to joy,  
Drink to joy!

Dover Beach Op. 3

Samuel Barber

The text of Dover Beach was written by the nineteenth century  
English poet, Matthew Arnold. The prize winning American  
composer, Samuel Barber, wrote the musical setting for the  
poem in 1931 in a few weeks. The text and music produce a variety  
of moods which range from tranquility to extreme pessimism.

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COMING EVENTS:

July 29 - Senior Recital (Bill Hezlep), 8:15 p.m., Centennial Lecture Hall

July 30 - Summer Choir Concert, 8:00 p.m., Centennial Lecture Hall

August 1, 2 - Opera Production Class Presentation, 8:15 p.m., Centennial  
Lecture Hall