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The Illinois State University Symphony Orchestra

Robert Oppelt Conductor
Illinois State University

Dolores Ivanchich Soprano

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The Illinois State University

Department of Music

presents

*The Illinois State University
Symphony Orchestra*

Robert Oppelt, Conductor

Dolores Ivanchich, Soprano

=====

Wednesday, October 30, 1968

8:15 o'clock

Capen Auditorium

Charles Ives, America's great original in music, had so little use for accepted ways of composing that he is still regarded as an amateur—insurance executive by vocation, composer by avocation. But composing was his life's purpose, which he financed by insurance. No other American so earnestly assumed the obligation to justify, by music's inner character, the assembling of people to hear it. He may show us transcendent glories in what is already familiar, austere grandeurs we hadn't thought of, or jokes or shock treatments for when we're dull—always he offers something spiritually edifying that helps us grow and strengthens our courage.

Ives' First Orchestral Set is also entitled A New England Symphony or Three Places in New England. Its second movement, Putnam's Camp, is a dovetailing (in October 1912) of two pieces of 1903—the overture 1776 and Country Band March. They were sketched at the time he was thinking of making an opera about John André and Benedict Arnold out of a play by his uncle, Judge Lyman Brewster. Though the two pieces made no pretense of keeping to tunes of the Revolutionary period, they both juggled them with the same jauntiness and combined naturally into Putnam's Camp (measures 1-49 and 120-154 from the March, 80-113 and 159-163 from 1776). Ives imagined a boy's dream of the brave Continentals (Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle) routing the Redcoats (The British Grenadiers) and of columns marching at different speeds. The vision included other familiar tunes (some of later vintage): Arkansas Traveler, Massa's in de Cold Ground, Marching Through Georgia, The Battle Cry of Freedom, Sousa's Semper Fidelis, a few more either hidden or not yet identified, and finally the upbeat of The Star-Spangled Banner.

WAGNER: WESENDONK LIEDER

I. Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
hört' ich oft von Engeln sagen,
die des Himmels hehre Wonne
tauschen mit der Erdensonne,
dass, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
dass, wo still es will verbluten,
und vergehn in Tränenfluten,
dass, wo brünstig sein Gebet
einzig um Erlösung fleht,
da der Engel nieder schwebt,
und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.
Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
meinen Geist nun himmelwärts.

II. Stehe Still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
die thr umringt den Weltenball;
urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, lass mich sein!
Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,
schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Willens ew'ger Tag!
Dass in selig süßem Vergessen
ich mög' alle Wonnen ermessen!
Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wieder findet,
und alles Hoffen's Ende sich kündigt;
die Lippe verstummt in staunendem
Schweigen,
keinen Wunsch mehr will das Inn're
zeugen:
erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,

I. The Angel

In the early days of childhood
I often heard tales of angels
who exchange the higher joys
of Heaven for the sunshine of earth,
so that whoever with sorrowing heart
languishes hidden from the world,
whoever bleeds to silent death,
passing away in floods of tears,
whoever with fervor prays
only for release from life--
to him the angel descends
and gently raises him to Heaven.
Yes, an angel came also to me
and with his shining golden wings
carried, far from every pain,
my spirit up towards Heaven!

II. Stand Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
knife-blade of eternity,
glowing sphere in distant space
closed about the globe of earth;
first creation, stop your turning,
enough of existence, let me be!
Hold back, power of begetting,
primal thought, eternal creator!
Stop this breathing, still this desire,
silence it only a few seconds' time!
Swelling impulse, restrain your blow,
end the unending day of wanting!
So that in sweet and happy forgetting
I might measure the worth of joy!
When eye drinks in the joy of eye,
when soul is sunk in another's soul,
when being finds itself
in another's being,
and we reach the end of all hoping;
when lips are dumb
in wondering silence,
the inner soul will beget no more desire
then man will know the eternal sign

III. Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
saget mir, warum ihr klagt?
Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
malet Zeichen in die Luft,
und, der Leiden stummer Zeuge,
steiget aufwärts süßser Duft.
Weit in sehndem Verlangen
breitet ihr die Arme aus,
und umschlinget wahnbefangen
öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.
Wohl, ich weiss es, arme Pflanze:
ein Geschicke teilen wir,
ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!
Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
von des Tages leerem Schein,
hüllt er, der wahrhaft leidet
sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.
Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
füllt bang den dunkeln Raum:
schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
an der Blätter grünem Saum.

IV. Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
dir die schönen Augen rot,
wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
doch ersteh'st in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
du am Morgen neu erwacht,
wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!
Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,
muss die Sonne untergehn?
und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
o wie dank' ich dass gegeben
solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

V. Träume

Sag, weich wunderbare Träume
halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume
sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?
Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,
und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
selig durch's Gemüte ziehn!
Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
in die Seele sich versenken,
dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!
Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
aus dem Schnee die Blüten küsst
dass zu nie geahnter Wonne
sie der neue Tag begrüsst,
dass sie wachsen, dass sie blühen,
träumend spenden ihren Duft,
sanft an deiner Brust verglüh'n,
und dann sinken in die Gruft.

III. In the Greenhouse

High-arched leafy crowns,
canopies of emerald,
children of a distant clime,
tell me, why do you mourn?
Noiselessly your branches bend,
shaping gestures in the air,
and as silent witness of sorrow
there rises upwards a sweet scent.
Wide in yearning desire
you spread out your arms
and embrace the maddening
void horror of empty space.
Well do I know, poor plants,
that we share one destiny,
even with light and glass above us
our homeland is not here!
How gladly does the sun withdraw
from the empty light of day
to veil him who truly sorrows
in the dark of silence.
All grows still, a rustling motion
fills the darkened space with grief:
I see heavy drops suspended
on the green edges of the leaves.

IV. Pain

Sun, you weep every evening
until your fair eyes are red
when bathing in the sea's mirror
you reach your early death;
yet you rise with accustomed splendor,
glory of the gloomy world,
newly awakened at morning
as a proud, victorious hero!
Ah, why should I complain,
why, my heart, pity you so
when the sun himself must despair,
when the sun must sink in ruin?
Death always gives birth to life,
pains always bring forth joys:
oh, how thankful am I that Nature
has given me such pains!

V. Dreams

Shall I say what wondrous dreams
hold my mind in thrall,
so that it has not like empty bubbles
passed into oblivion?
Dreams, that in every hour,
every day grow fairer,
and with their heavenly message
pass through my soul with blessings!
Dreams, that like celestial rays
penetrate my very soul
and paint an unfading picture there
of forgetting and remembering!
Dreams that, like the sun of spring,
draw flowers from snow with a kiss;
they are born to unsuspected joy
and greet the new day;
then they grow, and they bloom,
and dreaming give forth their scent;
gently they cool upon your breast
and then sink into the grave.

PROGRAM

Overture, The Barber of Seville G. Rossini
1792-1868

Wesendonk Lieder Richard Wagner
1813-1883

Der Engel
Stehe Still!
Im Treibhaus
Schmerzen
Träume
Miss Ivanchich

Intermission

Symphony No. 8 in F, Op. 93 Ludwig Beethoven
Allegro vivace e con brio 1770-1827
Allegretto scherzando
Tempo di Menuetto
Allegro vivace

Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut Charles Ives
(from "Three Places in New England") 1874-1954

Coming Events:

November 7 - University String Quartet, CE 159, 8:15 p.m.
November 10 - Women's Chorus Concert, Capen Aud., 4 p.m.
November 11 - Faculty Recital (Donald Armstrong), CE159, 8:15

The Illinois State University Orchestra

Robert Oppelt, Conductor

Student Orchestra Committee

Greg Thompson, Chairman	Sandie Baile
Merle Lundstrom	Jan Varney
Greg Brozenec	

Personnel

Violin I

Greg Thompson,
Concertmaster
Bill Fritz
Janalyn Lindley
Sister Mary Sheila Nolan
Eve Stolt
Linda Small

Oboe

Jacalyn Jones
Linda Hanson

Clarinet

James Ramey
Bruce Mack
Tom Makeever

Violin II

Leslie Bertagnolli
Annette Newquist
Ann Halk
Shirley Wallo
Nancy Turner
Constance Kozubek

Bassoon

Greg Brozenec
Suzanne Otto

Horn

Dave Barford
George York
Don Peterson
Paul Rosene

Viola

Larry Sorenson
Jan Varney
David Hawkins
Julia Anderson

Trumpet

Merle Lundstrom
Jim Fitzpatrick

Cello

Vianne Carey
Jean Merce
Stephen Anderson
Darilyn Manning
Howard Rye
David Jackson

Trombone

Don Jeanes
Sam Herring
Mark Tubbs

Tuba

Lynn Mabie

Bass

James Hamilton
Edward Krollick
Grace Sexton

Timpani

Randy Deckwerth

Percussion

Larry Snider

Flute

Sandra Baile
Alice Johnson
Kim Upton
Catherine Cornman

Piano

Linda Kloptowsky

Librarians

Greg Thompson
Jan Varney