



Once upon a time, there was a
little boy who loved to sing.
Now he is all grown and giving
his senior vocal recital.

Friday, March 31, 2000
7:30 pm
McCray Recital Hall

Reception to follow.

Pittsburg State Department of Music presents

Eric Hagg baritone

Lori Kehle piano

Tom Kays piano

Eric Hild C. paritone

Original from Department of Music Research

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Del minacciar del vento (*Ottone*)
(The Threats of the Wind)

George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Text, Nicola Francesco Haym

Translation from *Handel*, Nicholas Granitto and Waldo
Lyman

The threats of the wind
Cause and old tree to smile,
As it has experienced in the past
Uncounted tremors and swayings.
In similar fashion,
A king meets fortune and adversity.
Thus I know that the haughty one
Cannot defeat me.



The Boatmen's Dance
Long Time Ago
I Bought Me a Cat

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)



Ständchen (*Serenade*)

Franz Schubert
(1791-1860)

Text, Ludwig Rellstab

Translation from *Lieder Line by Line and word for word*,
Lois Phillips

Softly through the night my songs entreat you.
Come down to me, my love, in the still glade.
Slender tree-tops rustle and whisper in the moon light.
O fair one, have no fear of those who might listen and
betray!
Do you hear the singing of the nightingales? Ah, how they too
implore you, with the sound of their sweet lament.
They know the yearnings of the soul, the pain of love, and touch
each gentle heart with their silvery tones.
Then let your heart be atirred, my love, O hear me! Trembling, I
await you--come give my joy!

Erkönig (The Erlking)

Text, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Translation from *The Enjoyment of Music*, Joseph
Machlis & Kristine Forney

NARRATOR: Who rides so late through night and wind?

It is a father with his child;

he has the boy close in his arms,

he holds him tight, he keeps him warm.

FATHER: "My son, why do you hide your face in fear?"

SON: "Father, don't you see the Erlking?

The Erlking with his crown and train?"

FATHER: "My son, it is a streak of mist."

ERLKING: "You dear child, come with me!

I'll play quite lovely games with you.

There are lots of colorful flowers by the shore;

my mother has some golden robes."

SON: "My father, my father, and don't you hear

the Erlking whispering promises to me?"

FATHER: "Be still, stay clam, my child;

it's the wind rustling in the dry leaves."

ERLKING: "My fine lad, do you want to come with me?

My daughters will take care of you;

my daughters lead the nightly dance,

and they'll rock and dance and sing you to sleep."

SON: "My father, my father, and don't you see

the Erlking's daughters over there in the shadows?"

FATHER: "My son, my son, I see it clearly,

it's the gray sheen of the old willows."

ERLKING: "I love you, your beautiful form delights me!

And if you're not willing, then, I'll use force."

SON: "My father, my father, now he's grasping me!


The Erlking has hurt me!"

NARRATOR: The father shudders, he rides swiftly,

he holds the moaning child in his arms;

with effort and urgency he reaches the courtyard:

in his arms the child is dead.



Intermission

Au bord de l'eau

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Text, Sully Prudhomme

Translation from *The Interpretation of*
French Song, Pierre Bernac

To sit together on the bank of the flowing stream,
watching it flow;
together, if a cloud floats by in space,
to watch it float by;
on the horizon, if a thatched roof is smoking,
to watch it smoke;
around us, if some flower is fragrant,
to bathe in its fragrance;
to listen, at the foot of the willow where the water murmurs,
to the murmuring of the water;
while this dream lasts, not to feel the passing of time;
not feeling deep passion,
only adoring each other;
without concern for the disputes of the world,
to know nothing of them;
and alone together seeing all the grows weary
without wearying of each other;
to feel that love in face of all that passes,
will never pass!

Les berceaux

Text, Sully Prudhomme

Translation from *The Interpretation of*
French Song, Pierre Bernac

Along the quay, the great ships,
silently listing to the swell,
are unmindful of the cradles
rocked by the women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
for it must be that women weep,
and men with inquiring minds,
attempt alluring horizons!

And on that day the great ships,
leaving the port growing smaller in the distance,
fell their hulls held back
by the souls of the distant cradles.

Avant de quitter ces lieux (*Faust*) Charles Gounod
(Before Leaving These Places) (1818-1893)

Original English Text, Henry Chorley;

Poetic French Text, Onésime Pradère

Translation adapted from *Word by Word Translations of
Songs and Arias*, Berton Coffin

Oh, blessed medalion Marguerita gave to me,
A charm in days of danger
To keep me safe from harm,
Fondly rest on my heart!

Before leaving the land of my forefathers,
To You, Lord and king of the Heavens,
I entrust my sister!
Always deign to protect her from all danger,
My sister, so cherished.

I shall seek glory among the enemy,
Without a sad thought,
The first, the bravest in the heat of the battle,
I shall got to fight for my country.
And, if God calls me to Heaven with Him,
I will watch over you faithfully,
Oh, Marguerita!

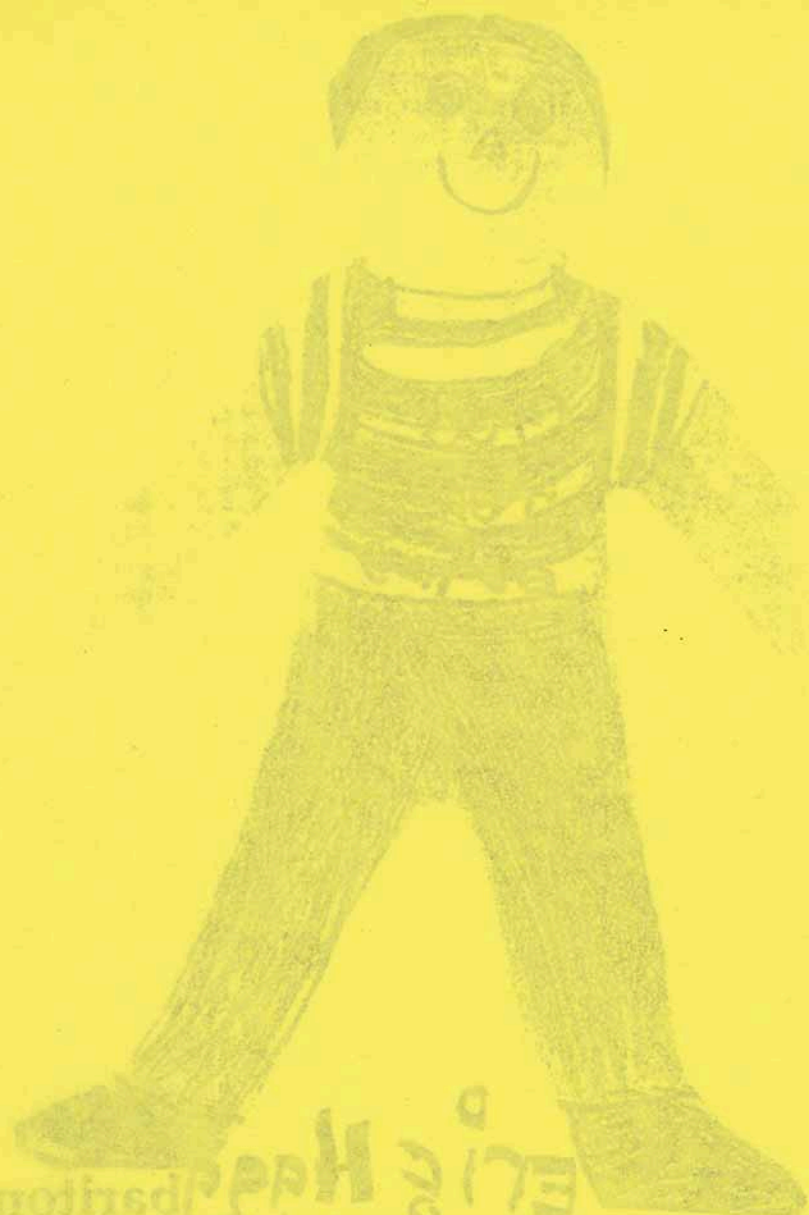
Before leaving the land of my forefathers,
To You, Lord and king of the Heavens,
I entrust my sister!
Oh king of the Heavens,
Cast your eyes to protect Marguerita,
King of the Heavens!

Reviewing the Situation
(*Oliver!*)

Lionel Bart
b. 1930

Seventy-Six Trombones
(*The Music Man*)

Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)



This recital partially fulfills performance requirements for the senior year of the Bachelor of Music degree program for Mr. Haag.



Eric Haag baritone
piano **Lori Kehle**

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