

Pittsburg State University  
Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

*Graduate Voice Recital*

*Lisa Gerstenkorn,*  
*mezzo-soprano*

*Lori Kehle, piano*

Friday, April 22, 2005  
McCray Recital Hall  
7:30 p.m.

*This recital partially fulfills performance requirements for  
the Graduate year of the Masters in Vocal Performance  
degree program for Miss Gerstenkorn.*



## PROGRAM

Agnus Dei.....J.S. Bach  
from *B Minor Mass* (1685-1750)

Le son du cor.....Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Mandoline.....Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Violon.....Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Frühlingsglaube.....Franz Schubert  
Der Tod und Das Mädchen (1797-1828)  
Erlkönig

## ~INTERMISSION~

Il vecchiotto cerca moglie.....Gioacchino Rossini  
from *The Barber of Seville* (1792-1868)

“Попа!” (Tis Time!) Op. 14, No.12.....Sergei Rachmaninoff  
“Я была у ней.” (I came to her), Op. 14, No. 4 (1873-1943)  
“Въ моей душе.” (Love’s Flame), Op. 14, No. 10

I Know Him So Well.....Andersson & Ulvaeus  
from *Chess* (1946- ) (1945- )

with *Ashley Shinn, mezzo-soprano*

In a Sentimental Mood.....Duke Ellington  
(1899-1974)

Donations for the Brian Woods Memorial Scholarship will be taken at the  
reception.



### Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tolis peccata  
mundi, miserere nobis.

### Le son du cor

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois  
D'une douleur on veut croire  
orpheline  
Qui vient mourir au bas de la colline  
Parmi la bise errant en courts  
abois.

L'âme du loup pleure dans cette  
voix  
Qui monte avec le soleil qui décline  
D'une agonie on veut croire caline  
Et qui ravit et qui navre à la fois.

Pour faire mieux cette plainte  
assoupie,  
La neige tombe à longs traits de  
charpie  
A tra vers le couchant sanguinolent,

Et l'air à l'air d'être un soupir  
d'automne,  
Tant il fait doux par ce soir monotone  
Où se drolote un paysage lent.

### Lamb of God

*Lamb of God, that takest away the  
sins of the world, have mercy  
upon us.*

### The sound of the horn

*The sound of the horn goes  
grieving in the woods  
with a sadness that one would think  
orphan-like;  
a sound that has died away at the foot  
of the hill  
amidst the stirring north wind with  
its short howls.*

*The soul of the wolf weeps in that  
voice  
that rises as the sun sets  
In an agony one would find soothing  
And that both enchants and  
distresses us.*

*To enhance this subtle lament*

*Snow is falling in long strands of  
rag  
Before the blood-red sunset.*

*And the air appears as an autumn  
sigh  
so quiet is this monotonous evening  
By which the sluggish landscape is  
humored.*



### Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Echangent des propos fades,  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fit maint vers tendres.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues  
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

### Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents  
méconnus  
Le violon et son joueur me  
plaisent.  
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements  
tendus  
Sur la corde des malaises.  
Aux accords sur les cordes des  
pendus  
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent  
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,  
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit  
inconnu.

### Mandolin

The serenading swains  
And their lovely listeners  
Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta,  
And the eternal Clitander,  
And there is Damis, who for many  
cruel ladies fashions many tender  
verses.

Their short silken vests,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their gaiety  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
Of a moon rose and gray,  
And the mandolin chatters  
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

### Violin

Enamoured couple with the  
misprized accents  
the violin and its player please me.

Ah! I love these wailings long  
drawn out  
on the cord of uneasiness.  
In chords on the cords of the  
hanged  
at the hour when the Laws are silent  
the heart, formed like a strawberry,  
offers itself to love like an  
unknown fruit.



### Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang,  
Nun armes Herze, sei nicht bang,  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden,  
Es will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal,

Nun armes Herz, vergiss der Qual,  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

### Faith in Spring

*The balmy breezes are awakened.  
They whisper and flutter day and night;  
they are creative all around.  
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sound!  
Now, poor heart, be not fearful!  
Now must everything, everything change.*

*The world becomes more beautiful with  
each day.  
One knows not what still may be to come.  
The flowering will not end;  
it will not end.  
The most distant, deepest valley blooms.  
Now, poor heart, forget the pain.  
Now must everything, everything change.*

### Der Tod und das Mädchen

*(Das Mädchen):*

Vorüber, ach vorüber,  
Geh wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh Lieber,  
Und rühre mich nicht an.

*(Der Tod):*

Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart  
Gebild,

Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts! ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen.

### The Death and the Maiden

*(The Maiden):*

*Pass by; ah, pass by.  
Get away, wild skeleton!  
I am still young. Away, dear man,  
and touch me not.*

*(Death):*

*Yield your hand, you beautiful and  
tender creature;*

*I am a friend, and come not to chastise.  
Be of good cheer! I am not wild;  
you shall sleep softly in my arms*



## Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein  
Gesicht?—  
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?—  
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.—

~Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;  
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;

• Meine Mutter hat manch gülden  
Gewand.~

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?—  
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.—

~Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen  
Reihn,  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich  
ein.~

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?—

Mein sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau;  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.—

## Erlking

*Who rides so late through night and  
wind?*

*It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him securely, he keeps him  
warm.*

*"My son, why do you hide your face so  
fearfully?"*

*"Father, don't you see the Erl-king,  
the Erl-king with crown and train?"*  
*"My son, it is a streak of mist."*

*"You dear child, come go with me!  
Very fine games I will play with you;  
many colorful flowers are along the  
shore;  
my mother has many golden garments."*

*"My father, my father, don't you hear  
what the Erl-king softly promises me?"*  
*"Be clam, stay calm, my child;  
in the dry leaves whispers the wind."*

*"Will you, fine lad, go with me?  
My daughters will wait on you nicely;  
my daughters lead the nightly dance  
and will rock you and dance you and sing  
you to sleep."*

*"My father, my father, can't you see there  
the Erl-king's daughter in the gloomy  
spot?"*

*"My son, my son, I see it clearly;  
the ancient willows glimmer so grey."*



### Erlkönig (cont.)

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne  
Gestalt,  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich  
Gewalt.~  
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er  
mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!—

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not;

In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

### Erlking (cont.)

*"I love you; your fair form charms me;*

*and if you are not willing, then I will use  
force!"*

*"My father, my father, now he is seizing  
me!"*

*The Erl-king has hurt me!"*

*The father is horrified; he rides swiftly;*

*he holds in his arms the moaning child.*

*He reaches the courtyard with effort and  
strain;*

*in his arms the child was dead.*



### Il vecchiotto cerca moglie

Il vecchiotto cerca moglie,  
Vuol marito la ragazza,  
Quello freme, questa è pazza,  
Tutti e due son da legar.

Ma che cosa è questa 'amore  
Che fa tutti delirar?  
Egli è un male universale,  
Una smania, un pizzicore,  
Un solletico, un tormento,

Poverina, anch'io lo sento  
Nè so come finirà.

Oh, vecchiaia maledetta!  
Son de tutti disprezzata.  
E vecchietta disperata  
Mi convien così preparar.

*The old man seeks a wife,  
And the maiden wants a husband,  
The one is frenzied, the other crazy,  
Both of them are fit to be tied.*

*What on earth is all this love  
Which makes everyone go mad?  
It is a universal evil,  
It is a mania and an itch,  
A thing which tickles and torments you,*

*Unhappy me, I also feel it  
And do not know how to escape.*

*Oh, cursed old age!  
By all I am despised,  
An old maid without a hope,  
I shall die in desperation.*



### “Пора!”

Пора! Явись, пророкъ!  
Всей силою печали,  
Всей силою любви  
Взываю я къ тебе!

Взгляни, какъ дряхлы мы,  
Взгляни, какъ мы устали,  
Какъ мы безпомощны  
Въ мучительной борьбе!

Теперь, или никогда!..  
Сознание умираетъ,  
Стыдъ гаснетъ, совесть спитъ.  
Ни проблеска кругомъ,  
Одно ничтожество  
Свой голосъ возвышаетъ.

### “Я былъ у ней.”

Я былъ у ней; она сказала:  
“Люблю тебя, мой милый другъ!”  
Но эту тайну отъ подругъ  
Хранить мне строго завещала.

Я былъ у ней, на прелесть злата  
Клялась меня не променять;  
Ко мнѣ лишь страстию пылать,  
Меня любить, любить, какъ брата.

Я былъ у ней; я вечно буду  
Съ ея душой душою жить.  
Пусть она мнѣ изменитъ,  
Но я изменникомъ не буду.

### “Tis Time!”

*Tis time! Oh prophet come!  
With all the strength of sorrow,  
With all the strength of love,  
I cry to thee for help!*

*Oh, see, how flail and weak,  
No longer can we struggle,  
No longer face the foe  
But perish one by one!*

*Tis time, ere all is lost!  
No help lies within us,  
And conscience sleeps for shame.  
No ray of light around,  
And only Vanity  
With proud words offers counsel.*

### “I came to her.”

*I came to her; she made confession  
“I love thee well, my chosen friend!”  
These secret words must thou defend,  
And keep thy dearest proud  
possession.*

*I came to her, she vowed to Heaven  
No worldly riches did she crave;  
Her love for me alone she gave,  
Her faith alone to me was given.*

*I came again... by her rewarded,  
What power our union could profane,  
When Love to me she doth ordain?  
The prize it ne'er shall be  
discarded!*



“Въ моей душе.”

Въ моей душе любовь восходить,  
Какъ солнце, въ блеске красоты,  
И песни стройныя рождаетъ,

Как ароматные цветы.

Въ моей душе твой взоръ холодный  
То солнце знойное зажегъ.  
Ахъ, если бъ я темъ знойнымъ  
солнцем  
Зажечь твой взор холодный могъ!

“Love’s Flame.”

*Within my soul love’s flame upsoaring  
Illumines beauty’s passing hours  
While from my heart in numbers  
pouring  
Songs rise as perfume springs from flow’rs.*

*Within my breast, thy glance disdain  
Rekindles fires of fever passed.  
Oh, could these fires once more their  
strength and courage gaining  
Dissolve the ice that holds thee fast!*



***J would like to thank.....***

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**Ashley Shinn**, for agreeing to do the duet with me! You sound great!!

**Connie Gerstenkorn** (my mom!), and everyone who helped with the reception.

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**Mr. Brian Woods**, for showing us all that even in the toughest times, we should still do the very best we can!!

~I couldn't have done it without every one of you!~

***Thank you everyone for coming!!***

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