

Illinois State University

ISU ReD: Research and eData

School of Music Programs

Music

3-31-1968

A Joint Vocal Recital:Rhonda Day, Soprano Dan Kruger, Baritone

Rhonda Day Soprano
Illinois State University

Dan Kruger Baritone

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp>



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Day, Rhonda Soprano and Kruger, Dan Baritone, "A Joint Vocal Recital:Rhonda Day, Soprano Dan Kruger, Baritone" (1968). *School of Music Programs*. 3451.

<https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp/3451>

This Concert Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at ISU ReD: Research and eData. It has been accepted for inclusion in School of Music Programs by an authorized administrator of ISU ReD: Research and eData. For more information, please contact ISUReD@ilstu.edu.

ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

A JOINT VOCAL RECITAL

RHONDA DAY, soprano
DAN KRUGER, baritone

GAIL HOLDRIDGE, piano

3:00 p.m.

March 31, 1968

Centennial Lecture Hall

PROGRAM

RD, THY MERCY AND COMPASSION
(CHRISTMAS ORATORIO)

J. S. BACH

ENTRE TI LASCIO, O FIGLIA
(CONCERT ARIA)

W. A. MOZART

MR. KRUGER

AMERO SARO COSTANTE
(CONCERT ARIA)

W. A. MOZART

MISS DAY

NET FROM RIGOLETTO

GIUSEPPI VERDI

-INTERMISSION-

CI DAREM LA MANO
(DON GIOVANNI)

W. A. MOZART

A SONNTAG MORGEN, OP. 49
TE LIEBE, OP. 72
CH, WENDE DIESEN BLICK, OP. 57

JOHANNES BRAHMS

MR. KRUGER

AS I LEAVE YOU (MENTRE TI LASCIO, O FIGLIA)

As I leave you, my son
In my bosom trembles my heart,
Oh, what a bitter parting,
I feel in my sorrow frenzy and terror . . .
I depart. You weep? Oh God!
I ask of you one moment only . . .
My love, I leave you. Oh God, what a cruel torment . . .
Oh, my heart is breaking,
I leave, Goodbye. You weep? Oh, what a bitter parting . . .
Oh God! What a cruel torment!
My love, I am going, I leave you. Goodbye!

RIGO

FAITHFUL HEART ENRAPTURED (L'AMERO SARO COSTANTE)

Only one can hold me captured,
Faithful ever, with heart enraptured!
None can sever my love from me.
Life's true blessing is my new treasure;
Love professing, I find peace and pleasure.
My beloved is all my joy!

TEIN

HERE WITH OUR HANDS ENTWINING (LACI DAREM LA MANO)

Here with our hands entwining,
Let our designs agree:
Linger here serves no one;
Why not walk on with me?
My heart is more than willing;
I tremble to depart,
Yet fear you may deceive me
Should I obey my heart.
Come to your noble lover!
Must poor Masetto suffer?
Peasant you'll be no longer!
Faintly I would that I were stronger.
My love! Be mine! I will!
Together let us purely indulge a whim
We surely are faultless to fulfill.
For nobleman and peasant,
While doing what is pleasant
Cannot be doing ill.
Consent! My love! Be true!
We'll go without delay,
And cheerfully at play,
Love innocently still!

WIN

ON SUNDAY MORNING (AM SONNTAG MORGEN)

On Sunday morning, daintily attired,
I know full well whither you went,
And there were many people who had seen you,
And came to me then to accuse you.
When they told me this, I laughed aloud,
And then at night I wept in my room.
When they told me this, I began to sing,
And then alone, I wrung my hands until they hurt.

ecture

5 p.m.,
um

OLD LOVE (ALTE LIEBE)

The dark swallow returns from the far away country,
The devout storks return and bring new happiness,
On this morning of spring,
So drearily overcast and warm,
I feel as if I found again my old sorrow of love.
It seems as if someone softly had tapped me on my shoulder,
As if I heard a whispering like the winging of a dove,
I hear a knocking at my door,
Yet no one is outside;
I breathe the fragrance of jasmine,
Yet I have no bouquet.
Someone calls to me from far away, and eyes are looking at me;
A dream of old takes hold of me and leads me on its way.

OH, TURN AWAY YOUR GLANCE (ACH, WENDE DIESEN
BLICK)

Oh, turn away your glance, turn this countenance!
My inmost heart with ardour ever new,
With sorrow ever new do not, oh do not fill!
When some day my tormented soul will rest,
And with such feverish ferocity in my veins,
In my veins no more will course the fiery blood,
A ray, a fleeting one, from your light,
It will waken then anew my woe's entire fury,
That, like a snake, bites deep into my heart.

WITH WHAT SHALL I WASH IT? (Con Que La Lavare?)

With what shall I wash the shine of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
Because I live with great sorrow.
The married women wash their faces with lemon water.
I wash my face with pain and grief.

YOU KILLED ME (Vos Me Matasteis)

You killed me
Girl with long hair.
Along the banks of a river,
I saw a virgin girl.
Girl with long hair,
You have killed me!

WHERE ARE YOU COMING FROM MY LOVE? (De Donde
Venis, Amore?)

Where are you coming from my love?
I know very well from where.
Where are you coming from my friend?
If I were a witness,
Ah, Ah, Ah. I know from where,
Ah, Ah, Ah, from where.

I AM COMING MOTHER (De Los Alamos, Vengo, Madre)

Mother, I come from the grove of cottonwood trees,
Where I watched how they sway in the wind.
I have come from the grove of cottonwoods of Sevilla,
Where I saw my beautiful girl!

QUATRO MADRIGALES AMATORIOS

JOAQUIN RODRIGO

1. Con Que La Lavare?
2. Vos Me Matasteis.
3. De Donde Venis, Amore?
4. De Los Alamos, Vengo, Madre.

MISS DAY

ONE HAND, ONE HEART
(WEST SIDE STORY)

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN NOW
(PORGY AND BESS)

GEORGE GERSHWIN

COMING EVENTS:

April 3 - General Student Recital, 7:00 p.m., Centennial Lecture Hall

April 4 - Faculty Recital (Miss Ivanchich, Mr. Hackett), 8:15 p.m., Capen Auditorium