



MLT 1588

Thursday, June 4, 1987  
8:00 p.m.  
Music Building Recital Hall

School of Fine Arts  
Department of Music

# GRADUATE RECITAL

#2  
of  
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PHILLIP GROTHAUS, tenor  
JAMES EDMONDS, piano

## Program

Now is the month of Maying . . . . .	Morley
Phyllis, why should we delay . . . . .	Lawes
Man is for the woman made . . . . .	Purcell

Magelonelieder, Op. 33 . . . . . Brahms

*Keinen hat es noch gereut  
Traun! Bogen und Pfeil  
Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden  
Liebe kam aus fernen Landen  
So willst du des Armen  
Wie soll ich die Freude*

Erkönig . . . . . Schubert

## I N T E R M I S S I O N

Chanson d'amour . . . . .	Fauré
Aurore . . . . .	Fauré
Notre Amour . . . . .	Fauré

Nessun Dorma! (Turandot) . . . . . Puccini

Three American Folksongs . . . . . arr. Copland

*Simple Gifts  
The Dodger  
Long Time Ago*

PROGRAM NOTES

Keinen hat es noch gereut No one has ever regretted a youthful adventure on a quick steed. Riding the landscape, he enjoys fame, joy, and love. As he returns home with the young woman of his dreams, his parents greet him with tears of joy. In his old age, he recounts his adventures to his son. Thus, he remains young--a beam of light in the dusk.

Traun! Bogen und Pfeil Surely, bow and arrow are useful against the enemy. The weak-natured man weeps all the time in his helplessness.

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden Are these pains or are they joys shooting through my heart? In the distance, my love appears--my heart beats and my tears flow! Shall I endure this through no fault of my own? If I remain separated from her, I'll gladly die. Only in the light of her eyes dwell life, hope, and happiness.

Liebe kam aus fernen Landen Love came from distant lands and placed me in bondage. Alas, who will unloose my chains? If the woman of your choice does not love you, only bitter death is left.

So willst du des Armen Will you show gracious mercy to the unfortunate man? Is this the most blessed place, not a dream? Do not leave, for you have overcome, and found

Wie soll ich die Freude How can I bear the joy as my heart pounds? How soon will we be together? Rush on, time, for the woman beckons me! With a happy stroke of the oar I continue downstream, bringing life together with love.

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The Erlking Who rides so late through the windy night? A loving father with his son, held tight to keep him warm. "My son, what is the fear you have?" "Dear father, the Erlking is seeking me." The child hears the Erlking's voice: "My lovely child, come with me, I love thee well--and if though are not willing, I will take thee by force!" The father rides faster, clinging tightly to the boy--but when he arrives, the child is dead in his arms.

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Chanson d'amour I love your eyes, your face, your mouth that I kiss. I love your voice and all that you say. My dear rebel, my angel, my hell and my heaven! I love all that makes you beautiful.

Aurore The stars fly away from the night's garden, and in the distance, the dawn nears. My desires come from the garden of my heart, calling a plaintive song, eternal and remote. And, while searching for you, they fade into the day's birth.

Notre Amour Our love is a subtle, charming, sacred thing, endless as the sea. Like all that comes from the heart, it is eternal.

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Nessun Dorma! No one shall sleep tonight. Even thou, oh unattainable Princess, watch the stars. Within my heart the secret lies, and none shall know until daybreak. Then, I shall be the victor over your heart!

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*Please join the artists for a reception in the foyer, immediately following the concert.*