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Faculty Recital:Joann Goetzinger, Mezzo-Soprano

Joann Goetzinger Mezzo-Soprano
Illinois State University

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The background of the entire page is a dense, repeating pattern of white line-art illustrations on a light gray background. The illustrations include various musical instruments such as violins, trumpets, saxophones, pianos, harps, and drums, as well as musical notes and staves. The pattern is scattered and covers the entire surface.

ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

JOANN GOETZINGER, mezzo soprano

in

FACULTY RECITAL

assisted by

PERRY HACKETT, pianist

8:15 p. m.

March 12, 1968

Centennial Lecture Hall

PROGRAM

Wandrer's Nachtlied Frans Schubert
Auf dem Wasser zu singen Frans Schubert
Am Grabe Anselmos Frans Schubert
Lachen und Weinen Frans Schubert

Die Nachtigall Alban Berg
From Seven Early Songs (1907) Alban Berg

- I n t e r m i s s i o n -

Chansons populaires Maurice Ravel
Chanson espagnole
Chanson française
Chanson italienne
Chanson hébraïque

Where, the gentlest mother Aaron Copland
Where came a wind like a bugle Aaron Copland

TRANSLATIONS

Wandrer's Nachtlied (Wanderer's Nightsong)

Over all the peaks
is silence,
in all tree-tops
there is
hardly a breath stirring;
the birds of the forest are silent.
Wait, only wait;
soon thou, too, art at rest.

Auf dem Wasser zu singen (To be sung on the water)

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves,
glides, like swans, the rocking boat;
ah, on the soft shimmering waves of joy
the soul glides away like the boat;
for down from the heavens upon the waves
the evening light dances around the boat.

Over the treetops of the grove to the west
the rosy gleam beckons us on;
under the branches of the grove to the east
the iris rustles in the rosy light.
Happiness of the heavens and quiet of the groves
the soul breathes in the blushing light.

Ah, time passes with dewy wings
for me on the rocking waves.
So tomorrow may time fade with its shimmering wings
again, as yesterday and today,
until I, ascending on higher shining wings,
myself shall yield to the changing time.

Am Grabe Anselmos (At Anselm's grave)

That I have lost you,
that you are no more,
ah, that my Anselm
is lying here in this grave—
that is my grief!
See how we two loved one another,
and joy will never enter my heart again
as long as I live.

Lachen und Weinen (Laughing and Crying)

Laughing and crying, at different hours
have such different reasons when one is in love.
In the morning I laugh for joy;
and why do I cry now
in the evening light?
I myself do not know.

Crying and laughing, at different hours
have such different reasons, when one is in love.
In the evening I cried for grief;
then how can you wake up
laughing in the morning?
I must ask you, my heart.

Nacht (Night)

Twilight creeps over the valley,
where mists gently rise;
a brook whispers.
Suddenly the veil is lifted.
Ah, look! The magic land
stretches before our gaze.
Silver mountains tower above.
Silvery paths shine, as if from a secret land.
The countryside sleeps.
Silent beech trees cast black shadows over the path.
A wisp of distant smoke rises to the darkening sky.
From the gloomy darkness, little lights shine silently.
My soul drinks of the solitude.

Die Nachtigall (The Nightingale)

The nightingale has sung all night long,
her song echoing from tree to tree in the rose garden.
She used to be a wild young maid,
but now deep in thought, she walks in the sun,
her summer hat in hand.

Folk Songs

Spanish

Goodbye, my man! You smile as off to war you go, but don't forget who
waits for you. Castilla sends our boys to war. They go as soft as roses
and return as hard as spikes.

French

Jeanette, where shall we go to spend a pleasant hour together? Down
there in that meadow where there are fine secluded spots! The shep-
herd boy sheds his cloak and sits Jeanette beside him. Jeanette had
such fun that she forgot everything else.

Italian

Leaning from my window, I hear the sea, I hear my deepest misery.
I call my love, naught answers me.

Hebrew

Mayerke, my son, do you know before whom you are standing?

-Before the King of Kings, my father.

Mayerke, my son, what are you asking of him?

-Children, life and food, my father.

Mayerke, my son, why do you want children?

-Children can be taught the Torah, my father.

Mayerke, my son, why do you want life?

-All life glorifies the Lord, my father.

Mayerke, my son, why do you want food?

-Take food, eat, and bless it, my father.

To This We've Come
from "The Consul"

Gian-Carlo Menotti

"The Consul" takes place in the present in an unspecified
country. Magda Sorel tries desperately to get a visa out of a
police state. Becoming involved in the red tape of the dictatorial
regime, she finds escape in suicide.

The aria, "To This We've Come," is sung as she pays her
final visit to the Consulate. Magda has met, day after day, with
the consul's secretary and still has not obtained a visa.

COMING EVENTS:

March 13 - University Band Concert, 8:15 p.m., Centennial
Lecture Hall

March 14 - Concert Band Concert, 8:15 p.m., Capen

March 21 - University Orchestra Concert, 8:15 p.m., Capen