

Carthage Music Events

Wednesday, November 18
Lambda Kappa Recital
A "Minor" Concert
8:30 p.m.

Friday, November 20
†Nicole Phelps and Cory Wilson
Student Voice Recital
Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Saturday November 21
†Heidi Blanton
Junior Flute & Organ Recital
7:30 p.m.

Sunday, November 22
Fall Jazz Festival
4:00 p.m.

Carthage Christmas Concert
Friday, December 4 – 6:30 p.m.
Saturday, December 5 – 7:30 p.m.
Sunday, December 6 – 4:00 p.m.

Friday, December 11
Chamber Orchestra Concert
7:30 p.m.

Saturday, December 12
Melanie Mills
Junior Piano Recital
7:30 p.m.

Sunday, December 13
Fall Honors Concert
4:00 p.m.

* Chamber Series:

General Admission: \$10; Senior Citizens & Students \$6
(There is no charge for the Carthage Students with ID)
All other events, except the Racine Symphony
and Kenosha Symphony, are without charge.

†Lambda Kappa Member
Ushers provided by:
Lambda Kappa Music Fraternity



Carthage

THE DEPARTMENT
OF MUSIC PRESENTS

**A
Faculty Recital**

Amy Haines

accompanied by
Jane Livingston

&

Gregory Berg

accompanied by
Laura Staerkel

**Friday
November 13, 1998
7:30 p.m.**

**A.F. Siebert Chapel
Carthage College
Kenosha, Wisconsin**

Program

Mad Bess Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Amy Haines

See the Raging Flames Arise *Joshua*
..... George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Greg Berg

Villanelle..... Hector Berlioz
Le Spectre de la Rose` (1803-1869)
L'île Inconnue
from *Les Nuits d'Été*

Amy Haines

Le Violette A. Scarlatti
Sento nel core (1660-1725)
Spesso vibra

Greg Berg

Senta's Ballad *Der Fliegende Holländer*
..... Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

Amy Haines

O Du Mein Holder Abendstern *Tannhäuser*
.....Richard Wagner
Greg Berg

How the Waters Closed.....Lee Hoiby
from *Emily Dickenson Songs*
Amy Haines

Pilgrimage *Job 14*.....Carlisle Floyd

The Clock of Years.....Gerald Finzi
from *Earth and Air and Rain*
Greg Berg

A Charm.....Benjamin Britten
The Nurse's Song (1913-1976)
Amy Haines

Bess, You Is My Woman *Porgy and Bess*
.....George Gershwin
(1898-1937)
Greg Berg and Amy Haines

Le Violette

Dewy, fragrant, graceful violets, you stand there modestly, half-hidden among the leaves, and you rebuke my desires, which are too ambitious.

Sento nel Core

In my heart, I feel certain pain which disturbs my peace: A torch shines in my soul. If it is not love, it will become love.

Spesso vibra

Often the blind-folded little child (Cupid) strikes the simple heart with golden arrows and the heroic heart with a shaft of iron. Afterwards, all find themselves defeated, in the midst of fiery passion ignited by the flames of this one.

Jo ho hoe (Senta's Ballad)

Jo ho hoe! Did you encounter the ship on the sea, blood-red sails, black the mast? High on board the pale man, the ship's master, watches without rest. Hui! How the wind rushes! How it rustles in the rigging! Like an arrow he flies along, aimless, without rest or peace. But for the pale man deliverance one day may still come, should he find a woman who until death would be faithful to him on earth. Ah, when will you, pale sailor, find her?

In angry wind and raging storm he once wanted to sail around a cape. He cursed and swore with insane courage, "In all eternity, I will not give up." Satan heard it, and took him at his word and damned him to criss-cross the ocean without rest, without peace. But, so that the poor man may still find redemption on earth, the Lord's Angel showed how one day he might find salvation. Ah, may you find it!

O du mein holder Abendstern

Like a premonition of death, twilight covers the countryside and envelops the valley in a dark garment. The soul which yearns for those heights dreads its flight through night and terror. Then you shine, O most lovely of stars, your gentle light comes from the distance and breaks up the gloomy twilight with your dear radiance. Then like a friend, you point the way out of the valley.

O you, my lovely Evening Star, I have always welcomed you with pleasure. From the heart that has never betrayed her, greet her when she passes by you, when she rises out of this earthly valley to become a blessed angel there.

Les Nuits d'Été (The Summer Nights)

Villanelle

When the new season will come, when the frosts will have vanished,
We two shall go, my lovely one, to gather lilies of the valley in the
woods.

Under our feet, picking the pearls which one sees trembling in the morn;
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling. Spring has come, my
lovely one.

This is the blessed month for lovers. And the bird smoothing its wings
says a poem on the rim of its nest. O come then to this mossy bank to talk
of love and speak to me with your sweet voice forever!

Far, far away staying from our path, putting to flight the hidden rabbit
and the buck, in the mirror of the springs admiring its bent antlers. Then
homeward, so happy and so at ease, entwining our fingers to make a
basket, let us return carrying strawberries.

The Spectre of the Rose

Open you closed eyelid gently touched by a virginal dream!

I am the spectre of the rose that you wore last night at the ball. You
have taken me still covered with pearls of the sprinkler's silvery tears,
and amidst brilliant festivities you carried me through the night. O
you, who were the cause of my death, without your being able to escape
him, my rose-colored spectre will come every night to dance at your
bedside. But have no fear at all; I do not ask for a mass or for De
Profundis. This fragrant perfume is my soul, and I am from paradise. My
destiny could be envied and to have so beautiful a fate, more than one
would have given his life. For on your breast I have my tomb and on the
alabaster where I repose, a poet wrote with a kiss: Here lies a rose
which all kings might envy.

The Island Uncharted

Tell me, young fair one, where do you wish to go?

The sail swells its wing, the wind will blow! The oar is of ivory, the
flag of silk, and the rudder of pure gold. For ballast I have an orange,
for sail an angel's wing, for foam I have a seraph. Tell me, young fair
one, where do you wish to go?

The sail swells its wings, the wind will blow. Is it to the Baltic Sea?
Pacific Ocean? Towards the island of Java? Or is it to Norway to
gather the snow flowers, or the glowers of Angsoka? Tell me, young fair
one, where do you wish to go? Lead me, says the fair one, to the faithful
shore where one loves always. This shore, my fair one, is not known at
all, in the land of loves!