

**Spring Fine Arts Events**

Sunday, March 24  
Carthage Choir Home Concert  
Siebert Chapel  
3:00 p.m.

Sunday, March 24  
Spring Jazz Fest  
Wartburg Auditorium  
7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, March 26  
Faculty Recital  
David Ness, guitar  
Recital Hall  
7:30 pm

Sunday, April 14  
CMS: The Merling Trio  
3:00 p.m.

Saturday, April 20  
Senior Piano Recital  
Christina Perri, piano  
7:30 p.m.

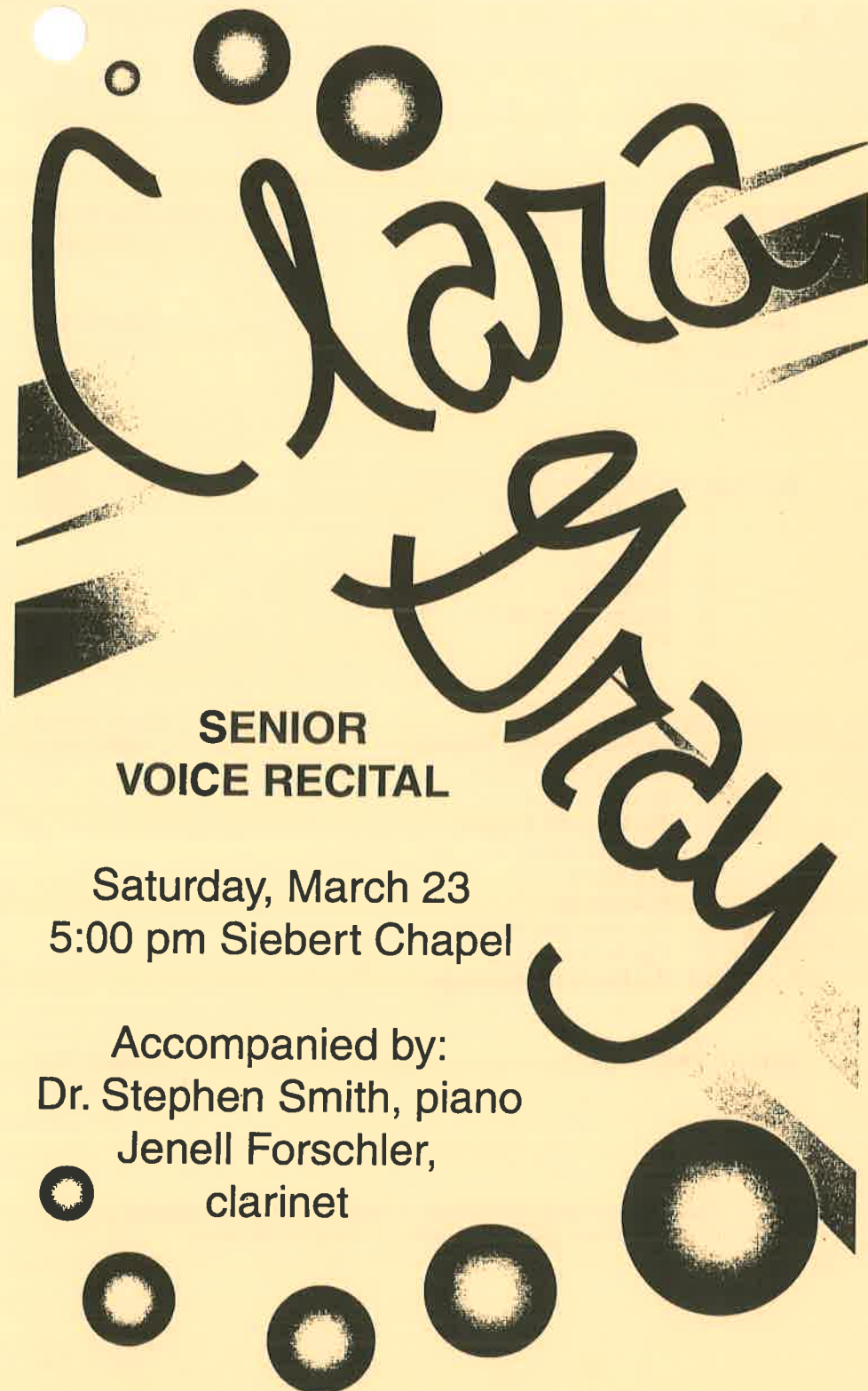
Sunday, April 21  
Senior Recital  
Cindy Pervan, viola  
3:00 p.m.

Tuesday, April 23  
Lyra String Quartet  
7:30 p.m.

Friday April 26  
T&C, One-Act Previews  
7:00 p.m.

All events, except the Carthage Chamber Series, Racine  
Symphony & Kenosha Symphony are without charge.  
\*Carthage Chamber Series ticket information is available by  
calling 551-5363.

Ushers for Music Events are provided by:  
Lambda Kappa Music Fraternity



**SENIOR  
VOICE RECITAL**

Saturday, March 23  
5:00 pm Siebert Chapel

Accompanied by:  
Dr. Stephen Smith, piano  
Jenell Forschler,  
clarinet

Program

*La Pastorella delle Alpi*.....Gioachino Rossini  
*L'Invito* (1792-1868)

*Aurore*.....Gabriel Fauré  
*Les berceaux* (1845-1924)  
*Chanson d'amour*  
*En prière*

Six songs for Clarinet, Voice, and Piano .....Ludwig Spohr (1784-1859)  
1. *Sei still mein Herz*  
2. *Zwiesang*  
3. *Sehnsucht*  
4. *Wiegenlied*  
5. *Das heimliche Lied*  
6. *Wach auf*

Hermit Songs.....Samuel Barber (1910-1981)  
1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
2. Church Bell at Night  
3. St. Ita's Vision  
4. The Heavenly Banquet  
5. The Crucifixion  
6. Sea-Snatch  
7. Promiscuity  
8. The Monk and His Cat  
9. The Praises of God  
10. The Desire for Hermitage

Ain't it a Pretty Night.....Carlisle Floyd  
(From *Susannah*)  
(b. 1926)

This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of requirements for a  
Music Major: Emphasis in Vocal Performance

*La Pastorella delle Alpi* (The Shephardess of the Alps)  
I am the beautiful shephardess, who descends every morning  
and offers a small basket of fresh fruit and flowers.  
He who comes at dawn will have pretty roses and dewy apples,  
come into my garden.

He who in the horrible night loses his way,  
in my hut will refind his way.  
Come, oh passerby, the shephardess is here,  
but to only one will she give the flower of her thought!

*L'Invito* (The Invitation)  
Come, o Ruggiero, your Eloisa plans not to,  
cannot stay with you:  
you already reply to my tears.  
Come, receive my prayer.  
Come, o beautiful angel, come, my delight.  
Come onto my breast to rest!  
Feel if it palpitates, if it invites you to love...  
Come, my life, make me die.

*Aurore* (The Dawn)  
From the gardens of the night the stars fly away,  
Golden bees attracted by an unseen honey,  
And the dawn, in the distance, spreading the brightness of its canvas,  
Weaves silver threads into the sky's blue mantle.  
From the garden of my heart, intoxicated by a languid dream,  
My desires fly away with the coming of the morn,  
Like a light swarm to the coppery horizon,  
Called by a plaintive song, eternal and far away.  
They fly to your feet, stars chased by the clouds.  
Exiled from the golden sky where your beauty blossomed,  
And, seeking to come near you on uncharted paths,  
Mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

*Les berceaux* (The Cradles)  
Along the quays, the large ships,  
Rocked silently by the surge  
Do not heed the cradles  
Which the hands of the women rock,  
But the day of farewells will come,  
For the women are bound to weep,  
And the inquisitive men  
Must dare the horizons that lure them!  
And on that day the large ships,  
Fleeing from the vanishing port,  
Feel their bulk held back  
By the soul of the far away cradles.

*Chanson d'amour* (Song of Love)

I love your eyes, I love your face,  
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,  
I love your eyes, I love your lips  
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.  
I love your voice, I love the strange  
Gracefulness of everything that you say,  
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,  
My inferno and my paradise!  
I love your eyes, I love your face,  
I love everything that makes you beautiful,  
From your feet to your hair,  
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

*En prière* (The Prayer)

If the voice of a child can reach you,  
O my Father,  
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on His knees  
Before You.  
If You have chosen me to teach Your laws  
On the earth,  
I will know how to serve you, holy King of Kings,  
O Light!  
Place on my lips, o Lord,  
The salutary truth,  
So that whoever doubts, should with humility  
Revere You!  
Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness  
So necessary,  
To relieve the suffering, to alleviate pains,  
The misery!  
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I have faith  
And hope,  
I want to suffer for You and to die on the Cross,  
At Calvary!

*Sei still, mein Herz* (Be still, my heart)

I keep hope deep in my breast which keeps it trustingly locked in.  
My eyes beam full of the joy of life when your magic encircles me.  
When I adoring, listen to your voice, the storm subsides.  
Be still my heart, don't think on it That is now reality, the other delusion.  
The earth lies before me- a spring dream.  
Light and warmth glows through, and in drunken delight I wander about.  
The breast blossoms, and lovely spring has awakened in me.  
Frost ripples through me and in my soul is night.  
Be still my heart, don't think on it. That is now reality, the other delusion.

Build from flowers and sunshine a bridge through life on which I wander in  
laurel circles: the most noble supports. The thanks of men were my most  
beautiful praise. The multitude loudly laughed out with impudent scorn.  
Be still my heart, don't think on it. That is now reality, the other delusion.

*Zweigesang* (Doublesong)

In a lilac bush a little bird sat in the quiet beautiful May night.  
Under it in the high grass a girl sat in the quiet beautiful May night.  
When the maiden sang, the bird held its peace.  
When the bird sang, the maiden listened, and far around sounded the two songs.

What sang the bird through the quiet beautiful May night?  
What sang the maiden through the quiet beautiful May night?  
The bird, of the sun of spring, the maiden of love's delight;  
how the song pierced the heart. I will never forget it all my life long.

*Sehnsucht* (Longing)

I look in my heart, and I look in the world  
until tears fall from my swimming eyes.  
How the distance gleams with golden light,  
yet the north holds me, I cannot attain it.  
Oh the boundaries so close and the world so wide,  
and so fleeting the time.

I know a land where in sunny verdure,  
around a sunken temple, the grapes gleam;  
where purple waves examine the banks  
and the laurel dreams of coming singers.  
It is locked in and the distance beckons the longing senses;  
but I cannot go there.

Oh, had I wings to fly through the blue sky,  
how I would wish to bathe in the sun's fragrance.  
Yet in vain! Hour upon hour flees.  
They confide in youth and bury the song.  
Oh the boundaries so close and the world so wide,  
and so fleeting the time.

*Wiegenlied* (Cradle Song)

Everything is in quiet rest; therefore, my child, you sleep too.  
Outside only the wind murmurs.... Sh! Fall asleep my child.  
Shut your little eyes; let them be as tow buds.  
Tomorrow when the sun shines they will bloom like the blossoms.  
And I will look at the buds and will kiss your eyes.  
And the "mother heart" will forget that it is spring outside.

*Das heimliche Lied* (The Secret Song)

There are secret sorrows that are never expressed;  
born deep in the heart, they are not known to the world.  
There is a secret longing that shied from the light.  
There are hidden tears which the stranger never sees.

There is a quiet sinking into an inner world,  
where the eyes of peace are by the stars;  
where over fallen barriers the soul creates its own Heaven,  
and exultingly confides its thoughts to the lips.

There is a quiet fading in desolate sorrow and no one can see it:  
the heavy burdened heart.... It does not sat what it lacks,  
and when it is brought to grief, bleeding and broken,  
the stranger does not see it.

There is a soft slumber where sweet peace dwells,  
where quiet peace heals the sorrow of a burdened soul.  
Still there is a more beautiful hope that transcends worlds where the heart,  
full of love, lies upon hearts that are open.

*Wach auf* (Wake Up)

Why do you stand so long and ponder?  
Already so long is love's vigiil awake.  
Do you hear the ringing everywhere?  
The birds sing with sweet sound;  
the little tree sprouts leaves,  
life flowing through its branches and boughs.  
The little drops slide out of the well of the woods;  
the brook frolicks with a mighty bubbling;  
the heaven lowers in its well like clearness,  
its blueness showing wonderfully;  
an ethereal rhythm of form and sound,  
an eternal union in an eternal tumult.  
Why do you stand anxiously and ponder?  
Already so long is love's vigil.  
Love's vigil is awake.

I would like to thank all of my friends and family for coming today and showing their support, it means a lot to me. I would like to thank Amy, Dr. Smith, Jenell, and Dr. Sjoerdsma for all their help and musical insight. I'd also like to thank my Lambda Kappa brothers, both for ushering and for helping me stay sane this semester. You guys rock! And last but certainly not least, I'd like to thank Dan Novy for giving me something to sing about.