

Saturday, April 1
Senior Voice Recital
Erin Gaffaney, soprano
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 pm

Sunday, April 2
Chamber Music Series *
The Waverly Consort
A. F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 pm

Saturday, April 5
Ingrid Marsoner, piano
Piano Masterclass
A. F. Siebert Chapel
12:15 – 2:00 p.m.
**Concert at First United Methodist
Church at 7:30 p.m.**

Thursday, April 6
Lambda Kappa Fraternity Recital
"In Honor of Richard Sjoerdsma:
Celebrating the Life of an Educator
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Friday, April 7
Jazz Ensemble Concert
Special Guest
Doug Stone, tenor Sax
Wartburg Auditorium
7:00 pm

Saturday, April 8
Junior Voice Recital
Rita Torcaso & Jennifer Ledanski
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 pm

Saturday, April 8
Senior Voice Recital
Trevor Parker, tenor
A. F. Siebert Chapel
7:00 pm

Sunday, April 9
Carthage Choir
Palm Sunday Concert
A. F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 pm

Wednesday, April 19
Senior Recital, Flute
Heather Wynn
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 pm

Saturday, April 22
String Department Recital
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 pm

Saturday, April 22
Church Music Workshop Presentation
A. F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 pm

Sunday, April 23
Concert Band & Wind Orchestra
Masterworks Chorale
3:00 p.m.

Sunday, April 23
Senior Voice Recital
Agnes Wojnicki, soprano
Siebert Chapel
6:00 p.m.

Carthage College
Department of Music

presents

A Senior Voice Recital
The Musical Flavors
of Anthony Gullo

by

Anthony Gullo

Gregory Berg, Accompanist

Friday, March 31, 2006

H. F. Johnson Recital

7:00 PM

For current concert information and updates please call 262-551-5363



- Carthage College Music Department
2001 Alford Park Drive
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140-1994

Großer Herr (From *Weinachtsoratorium*) Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Lachen und Weinen Franz Schubert
Frühlingsglaube (1797-1828)
Der Wanderer

Don Quichotte á Dulcineé Maurice Ravel
I. Chanson Romanesque (1875-1937)
II. Chanson épique
III. Chanson á boire

The Little Horsés Aaron Copland
Zion's Walls (1900-1990)
At the River
Ching-a-ring Chaw

Non piu andrai (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the
vocal performance major at Carthage College.

Großer Herr--Mighty Lord
Mighty Lord, O powerful King, Dearest Savior,
O how little you care about the glories of the Earth!
He who holds the whole world,
Lies in a lowly manger.

Lachen und Weinen--Laughter and Tears
Laughter and tears at any hour
Rest on Love in so many ways.
In the morning, I laugh for joy,
And why I now weep
In the evening glow,
Is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour
Rest on Love in so many ways.
In the evening I weep for sorrow;
And why you can awake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, o my heart!

Frühlingsglaube--Spring Faith
Balmy breezes are awakened,
They whisper and move day and night,
And everywhere creative.
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now all, all must change.

With each day the world grows fairer,
One cannot know what is still to come,
The flowering refuses to cease.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all, all must change.

Der Wanderer--The Wanderer
I come down from the mountains,
The valley dims, the sea roars.
I wander silently and am somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"

The sun seems so cold to me here,
The flowers faded, the life old,
And what they say has an empty sound;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my dear land?
Sought and brought to mind, yet never known,
That land, so hopefully green,
That land, where my roses bloom,

Where my friends wander
Where my dead ones rise from the dead,
That land where they speak my language,
Oh land, where are you?

I wander silently and am somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"
In a ghostly breath it calls back to me,
"There, where you are not, there is your happiness."

Chanson Romanesque--Romanesque song

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
You would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me to be bored by
The number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now
Empty space, doesn't please you.
Godly knight, with a lance at hand
I would fill the passing wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me
That my blood is more mine, then yours.
That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Chanson epique--Epic Song

Dear Saint Michael who gives me the chance
To see my Lady and to hear her.
Dear Saint Michael who gracefully choose me
To please and defend her.
Dear Saint Michael will you descend
With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

Bless my sword, with a beam from heaven
And his equal in purity
And his equal in pity
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.

Chanson á boire--Drinking song

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for looing me in your sweet eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink
To pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight. . . when I've drunk !

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
Who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his his intoxication

I drink
To pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight . . . when I've drunk !

Non piu andrai

You won't be flitting around anymore like a
big amorous butterfly night and day,
Disturbing the repose of beautiful women,
Little Narcissus, little Adonis of love.
You'll no longer have these pretty feathers,
That light and gallant hat,
That head of hair, that sparkling air,
That bright red womanish color!
You'll no longer have those feathers,
That hat, that head of hair,
That sparkling air!
Among soldiers, by Jove!
Big mustache tight tunic,

Gun on your shoulder, saber at your side,
Neck straight, face forward,
A big helmet or a big turban,
Much honor, little cash.
And instead of the fandango,
A march through the mud..
Over the mountains, through the glens,
In the snows and the hot suns,
To the accompaniment of trombones, of bombards,
Of cannons that make the cannonballs,
Amidst all the thunder,
Whistle in your ears.
Cherbino, to victory—
To military glory!

