



Chamber Music Series – Cantus

Sunday, February 25
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

Musical Theatre Showcase

Wednesday, February 28
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Jennifer Ledanski

Saturday, March 3
H.F. Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Guest Recital – Jennifer Bratz, piano

Monday, March 5
H.F. Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Guest Recital – Gene Pokorny, tuba

Wednesday, March 7
A.F. Siebert Chapel
6:00 p.m.

String Chamber Ensemble Concert

Thursday, March 8
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Caitlin Smulski

Friday, March 23
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Kelly Stengert

Saturday, March 24
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Tour Finale Concert

Carthage Choir
Sunday, March 25
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

“Via Crucis”

Wind Orchestra
Wednesday, March 28
First United Methodist Church
6:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Brittany Foraker

Friday, March 30
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Jennifer Diethart

Saturday, March 31
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Palm Sunday Concert, College Choirs

Sunday, April 1
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

Spring Concert – Jazz Ensemble

Guest Artist Antonio Garcia
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

Great Lakes Navy Band

Carthage Concert Band
Wednesday, April 4
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

For current concert information and updates
please call 262-551-5859

Carthage College
Department of Music

presents

The Form of Woman

A Senior Honors Recital

Jennifer Hansen, Soprano

Dimitri Shapovalov, Piano

Sunday, February 18, 2007
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
2:00 PM

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Carthage

Carthage Music Department
2001 Alford Park Drive
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140
262-551-5859

Sigh No More, Ladies
from *Much Ado About Nothing*

R. J. S. Stevens
(1757-1837)

Nymphs and Shepherds
from *The Libertine*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

La Regata Veneziana

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

- I. Anzoleta avanti la regata
- II. Anzoleta co passa la regata
- III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Batti batti, o bel Masetto
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

intermission

The Simple Joys of Maidenhood
from *Camelot*

Alan Jay Lerner
(1918-1986)

I Hate Men
from *Kiss Me Kate*

Cole Porter
(1891-1964)

Children of the Wind
from *Rags*

Charles Strouse
(b. 1928)

The Story Goes On
from *Baby*

Richard Maltby, Jr.
(b. 1937)

Stranger to the Rain
from *Children of Eden*

Stephen Schwartz
(b. 1948)

I Know the Truth
from *Aida*

Elton John
(b. 1947)

Man Wanted
from *Copacabana*

Barry Manilow
(b. 1943)

The Venetian Race

I. Angelina before the regatta

*Over there the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening
Or run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't start gawping!
Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help being first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this harbour.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't start gawping!
Once in the boat, Momolo, go with the wind!*

II. Angelina during the race

*They're coming, they're coming, look at them,
The poor things, they're nearly all in:
Ah the wind's against them,
But the tide's running their way.
My Momolo, where is her?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! The excitement's too much for me,
My heart's racing like mad.
Come on, keep it up, row, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.
Dear boy, he's almost flying,
He's beating the others hollow,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah, now I understand: he's seen me*

III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.
Ah t'ò visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà,
sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera,
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.
Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol, de casada de tragheto
ti xe el megio barcarol.

(Francesco Maria Piave)

III. Angelina after the race

*Here's a kiss for you, and another,
Darling Momolo, from my heart;
Now relax, because I must
Dry the sweat from your body.
Ah, I saw you, as you passed,
Throwing a glance at me,
And I said, breathing again:
He's going to win a good prize,
Indeed, the prize of this flag,
The red one;
All Venice is talking about you,
They have declared you the victor.
Here's kiss, God bless you,
No one rows better than you,
Of all the breed of watermen,
You are the best gondolier.*

--Translation by The Decca Record Company

Translations

La Regatta Veneziana

I. Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
Va voga d'anema la gondoleta,
né el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

II. Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
povereti i gehe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.
El mio Momolo dov'elo?
ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.
Su, coraggio, voga, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, gehe scometo,
tutti indrio lassarà.
Caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Translations

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto (Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto)

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,	Beat me, dear Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina;	beat your poor Zerlina.
Starò qui come agnellina	I'll stand here as meek as a lamb
Le tue botte ad aspettar.	and bear the blows you lay on me.
Lascierò straziarmi il crine,	You can tear my hair out,
Lascierò cavarmi gli occhi,	put out my eyes,
E le care tue manine	yet your dear hands
Lieta poi saprò baciar.	gladly I'll kiss.
Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!	Ah! I see you've no mind to:
Pace, pace, o vita mia,	let's make peace, dearest love!
In contento ed allegria	In happiness and joy
Notte e dì vogliam passar,	let's pass our days and nights.