



Carthage

Department of Music
Presents

Always Been Faithful

A Junior Recital by

Kristin Brandt, mezzo-soprano
Kasey Dallman, viola

with

Melissa Cardamone, piano

A current calendar of music events for 2012-2013 can be found at
www.carthage.edu/music.

Ushers provided by Lambda Kappa Professional Music Fraternity.

Sunday, April 21, 2013
1:00 p.m.

H.F. Johnson Recital Hall



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

Carthage College

Program

If Music be the Food of Love I Attempt from Love's Sickness (from <i>The Indian Queen</i>) Ms. Brandt	H. Purcell (1659-1695)
Kol Nidrei, Op. 47 Ms. Dallman	M. Bruch (1838-1920)
Dolente immagine di Fille mia Vaga Luna Ms. Brandt	V. Bellini (1801-1835)
Viola Concerto, Sz. 120, BB 128 1. Allegro moderato Ms. Dallman	B. Bartók (1881-1945)
Wie Melodien Ms. Brandt	J. Brahms (1833-1897)

TRANSLATIONS

Dolente imagine di Fille mia

Dolente imagine di Fille mia,
Perchè sì squallida mi siedì accanto?
Che de più desideri?
Dirotto pianto
Io sul tuo cenere versai finor.
Temi che immemore de'sacri giuri

Io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
È inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Vaga Luna

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed in spiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,

che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Wie Melodien

Wie melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin;
Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es
Und führt es vor das Aug'
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es

Mournful image of my Phillis

Mournful image of my Phillis,
Why are you so agonized next to me?
What more do you desire?
I have wept my eyes out
Onto your ashes up to now.
Do you fear that,
forgetful of the sacred vows
I could be ignited to another flame?
Spirit of Phillis, rest in peace;
Inextinguishable is our passion.

Lovely Moon

Lovely moon, you who makes silvery
These shores and these flowers
And inspire
the language of love to the elements;
Of my fervid desire,
now I tell only you.
And to you that I am falling in love
Count the heart beats and the sighs.

Then tell her
that the distance cannot
assuage my sorrow,
That I feed upon a hope,
she is the only one, yes,
the only one in my future.
Also tell her that day and night
I count the hours of grief
That the enticing hope
of her love comforts me.

Like a Melody

Like a melody it passes
Softly through my mind,
Like the flowers of spring it blooms,
And floats on like a fragrance;
But the word comes and seizes it,
And brings it before my eyes
Like the gray mist it pales then,

(Wie Melodien, continued)

Und schwindet wie ein Hauch,
Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgten wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And vanishes like a breath.
And yet there's in the rhyme
A fragrance deeply hidden,
That gently from a dormant bud
Is called forth by tear-stained eyes.

Gestliches Wiegenlied

Die ihr schwebet
Un diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind
Ihr heiligen Engel,
Stillet di Wipffel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Spiritual Lullaby

You who hover
Around these palms
In the night and wind
you holy angels,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windenbrausen
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis und lind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es Schlummert mein Kind.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the roaring wind,
How can you today
Bluster so angrily!
O roar not so!
Be still, bow
Softly and gently,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nunn im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es Schlummert mein Kind.

The child of heaven
Endures the discomfort
Oh, how tired he has become
Of earthly sorrow.
Oh, now in sleep
Gently softened
His pain fades,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernider,
Womit nur deck ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die irh geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es Schlummert mein Kind.

Fierce cold
Comes rushing,
How shall I cover
The little child's limbs!
O all you angels,
You winged ones
Wandering in the wind,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91

J. Brahms

2. Geistliches Wiegenlied, Andante con moto

Ms. Brandt

Ms. Dallman

He's Always Been Faithful

S. Groves

(b. 1972)

Ms. Brandt

Ms. Dallman

Kristin Brandt is a student of Sarah Gorke. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Arts in Music with an emphasis in choral and general music education.

Kasey Dallman is a student of Darlene Rivest. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Arts in Music with an emphasis in general and instrumental music education.