

## Upcoming Music Events

### **Together in Song: A Community Choral Concert**

Carthage Women's Ensemble

Parkside Master Singers

Sunday, Nov. 17 • 3 p.m.

First United Methodist Church

Sheridan & 60<sup>th</sup> St., Kenosha

### **Lakeside Piano Festival**

Saturday, March 8

A. F. Siebert Chapel

### **Faculty Recital: Jane Livingston**

Friday, April 4 • 7:30 p.m.

A. F. Siebert Chapel

A current calendar of music events for 2013-2014 can be found at  
[www.carthage.edu/music](http://www.carthage.edu/music)

Ushers provided by Lambda Kappa Professional Music Fraternity

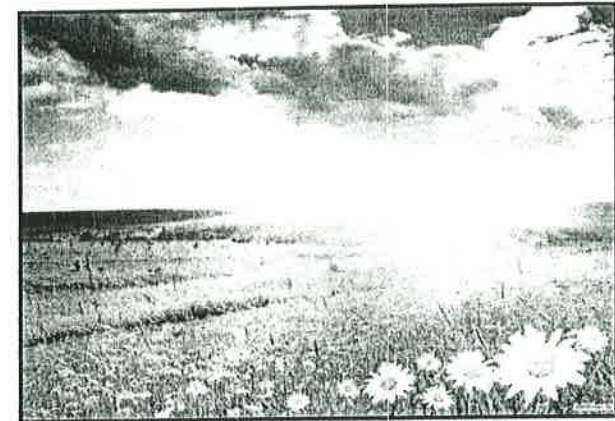


Carthage Music Department  
2001 Alford Park Drive  
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140  
262-551-5859



Department of Music presents

## Songs of Hope, Love & Light



Melissa Kelly Cardamone, soprano

with

Fumi Nakayama, piano

Kaila Banaszak, violin, Maggie Petersen, cello  
Joe Cardamone, baritone, and Sarah Gorke, soprano

Monday, March 17, 2014 – 7:30 p.m.  
Recital Hall – Carthage College



## Texts and Translations

### Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen wärme  
Heilig gefühl,  
unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!  
Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, und schmachte  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.

Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!

Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem  
Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Ach, wohin, wohin?

Hinauf, strebt's hinauf!  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Alliebender Vater!

### Ganymed

How in the morning light  
you glow around me,  
beloved Spring!  
With love's thousand-fold bliss,  
to my heart presses  
the eternal warmth  
of sacred feelings  
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp  
you in these arms!  
Ah, at your breast  
I lie and languish,  
and your flowers and your grass  
press themselves to my heart.

You cool the burning  
thirst of my breast,  
lovely morning wind!

The nightingale calls  
lovingly to me from the  
misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming!  
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!  
The clouds float  
downwards, the clouds  
bow down to yearning love.  
To me! To me!  
In your lap  
upwards!  
Embracing, embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
All-loving Father!

### Er Ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll  
das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser  
Harfenton!

Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!  
Ja! Du bist's!

### Fleur desséchée

Dans ce vieux livre l'on t'oublie,  
Fleur sans parfum et sans couleur,  
Mais une étrange rêverie,  
Quand je te vois, emplît mon  
coeur.

Quel jour, quel lieu te virent naître?  
Quel fut ton sort? qui t'arracha?  
Qui sait? Je les connus peut-être,  
Ceux dont l'amour te conserva!

Rappelais-tu, rose flétrie,  
La première heure ou les adieux?  
Les entretiens dans la prairie  
Ou dans le bois silencieux?

Vit-il encor? existe-t-elle?  
À quels rameaux flottent leurs  
nids!  
Ou comme toi, qui fus si belle,  
Leurs fronts charmants sont-ils  
flétris?

### It is You

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
flutter again in the breeze;  
a sweet, familiar scent  
sweeps with promise through  
the land.

Violets are already dreaming,  
and will soon arrive.  
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp  
tone!

Spring, yes it is you!  
It is you that I have heard!  
Yes, it is you!

### Pressed flower

In this old book you have been  
forgotten  
Flower without scent or color  
But a strange reverie  
Fills my heart when I see you.

What day, what place witnessed  
your birth?  
What was your destiny? Who picked  
you?  
Who knows? Perhaps I knew  
Those whose love preserved you!

Faded rose, do you recall  
The first hours or the farewells?  
The conversations in the meadow  
Or in the silent wood?

Is he still living? Does she still exist?  
On which branches do their nests  
sway?  
Or like you, who were so lovely,  
Are their charming looks withered?

### Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton  
image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent  
mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix  
pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé  
par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la  
lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient  
leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues,  
lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des  
songes  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes  
mensonges,

Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

### Ouvre ton Cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux  
du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange,  
à ma flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton  
sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

### After a Dream

In a slumber which held your  
image spellbound  
I dreamt of happiness, passionate  
mirage,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice  
pure and sonorous,  
You shone like a sky lit up by the  
dawn;

You called me and I left the earth  
To run away with you towards the  
light,  
The skies opened their clouds  
for us,  
Unknown splendours,  
divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from  
dreams  
I call you, O night, give me back  
your lies,

Return, return radiant,  
Return, O mysterious night.

### Open Your Heart

The daisy has closed its petals,  
The shadow has closed its eyes for  
the day.

Beauty, will you speak with me?  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, o young angel,  
to my flame  
So that a dream may enchant your  
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,  
As a flower turns to the sun!

### Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne  
wieder scheinen,  
und auf dem Wege,  
den ich gehen werde,  
wird uns, die Glücklichen,  
sie wieder einen inmitten dieser  
sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,  
wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam  
niedersteigen,

stumm werden wir uns in die  
Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes  
stummes Schweigen...

### Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise  
mein Kind,  
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu  
wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach,  
kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und  
Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,  
daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke  
gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen  
so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen  
zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die  
Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.

### Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will  
shine again,  
and on the path  
I will take,  
it will unite us again,  
we happy ones, upon this  
sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore  
with blue waves,  
we will descend quietly and  
slowly;

quietly we will look into each  
other's eyes  
and the silence of happiness will  
settle upon us.

### Serenade

Open up, open, but softly  
my dear,  
So as to wake no one from  
sleep.  
The brook hardly murmurs,  
the wind hardly shakes  
A leaf on bush or  
hedge.  
So, softly, my maiden,  
so that nothing stirs,  
Just lay your hand softly on the  
doorlatch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps  
of elves,  
Soft enough to hop over the  
flowers,  
Fly lightly out into the  
moonlit night,  
To steal to me in the garden.

Rings schlummern die Blüten  
am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf,  
nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's  
geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen,  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten  
soll von unsern Küssen träumen,

Und die Rose, wenn sie am  
Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den  
Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

**Mein gläubiges Herze**  
Mein gläubiges Herze,  
Frohlocke, sing, scherze,  
Dein Jesus ist da!

Weg Jammer,  
weg Klagen,  
Ich will euch nur sagen:  
Mein Jesus ist nah.

**Nana**  
Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
Duerme, mi alma,  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

Naninta, nana,  
Naninta, nana.  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

The flowers are sleeping  
along the rippling brook,  
Fragrant in sleep,  
only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens  
mysteriously  
Beneath the lindens,  
The nightingale over our heads  
Shall dream of our kisses,

And the rose, when it wakes  
in the morning,  
Shall glow from the  
wondrous passions of the night.

**My Faithful Heart**  
My faithful heart,  
rejoice, sing, be merry,  
your Jesus is here!

Away with sorrow,  
away with lamentation  
I shall just say to you :  
my Jesus is close.

**Lullaby**  
Sleep, child, sleep,  
Sleep, my soul;  
Sleep, little light  
Of the morning.

Lullaby,  
Lullaby,  
Sleep, little light  
of the morning.

**An Die Musik**  
Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen  
Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis  
umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer  
Lieb' entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt  
entrückt!  
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf'  
entflossen,  
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir  
erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir  
dafür!

**To Music**  
Oh lovely Art, in how many grey  
hours,  
When life's fierce orbit ensnared  
me,  
Have you kindled my heart to  
warm love,  
Carried me away into a better  
world!  
How often has a sigh escaping  
from your harp,  
A sweet, sacred chord of yours  
Opened up for me the heaven of  
better times,  
Oh lovely Art, for that I thank you!

## Program Notes

When I decided to sing a recital I found myself a little lost while trying to find a theme, until one day an idea sprouted in my mind. I simply wanted to sing songs that made me happy, that gave me hope, that healed me, that reminded me of the good and the light in the world. I chose songs I enjoy singing in the moment as well as poetry that spoke to me outside of the music. It turned out to be a sound decision, as preparing this recital has been therapeutic and personally meaningful, and I have grown because of it.

These songs represent what I would like invite into my life (*The Call*), the passion and romance of love (the French set), and the joy and hope I find in my daughter (*Nana, When I bring...*, *Our Children*). *Ganymed* and *Er ist's* are especially relevant lately, as we are all hungry for the promise and new life of spring!

Strauss' *Morgen* holds a special place in my memory. The week after 9/11, my graduate school held a memorial concert, and Robert Swenson sang *Morgen* with just one sweet violin and piano accompaniment. It was sentimental, yet comforting, I will never forget that performance and how it moved me. I decided that day that I would perform the piece on a recital of my own.

*The Spitfire Grill* is meaningful to me in many ways. First, my dear husband and I saw that musical in 2008. We fell in love with the music and the story. A few years later we were able to perform the show with the Lakeside Players in Kenosha. It turned out to be one of my favorite experiences on stage. The three leading women are strong, vulnerable, and unique. They showed me how healing and redemption can spread from one person to another, then on to the community and beyond. I am honored to perform a piece from *Spitfire* with my wonderful friend, Sarah, who has been such a trusted companion to me. Love you, Ms. Gorke.

Finally, *An die Musik*. I sang this in a studio class when I was in grad school, and broke down in the middle of the performance because my grandmother had passed away recently. Sometimes we are broken and hurting, and the only thing we can do is make music. I am so grateful for the gift of song in my life, and grateful to you for sharing this evening of music with me.

On that note, thank you, Connie Haas. You rekindled the joy, ease, and comfort of singing for me. Without your teaching and listening and shepherding there is no way I would be here singing tonight. Thank you, Fumi Nakayama. With you it is easy to feel safe, and supported, and swept along in the music. Thank you, Sarah Gorke, for witnessing my struggles and challenges in preparing for this recital. Thanks for listening, and thank you for sharing your lovely talents with us tonight. Thank you, Maggie Petersen and Kaila Banaszak, for collaborating in the creation of your parts, and for giving this recital depth and variety. And thank you, Joe, for going over music/words with me almost every night for a month, for singing by my side, and for encouraging me to go forward with this project in the first place. My humble thanks to you all.

Melissa Kelly Cardamone has been a staff accompanist at Carthage College since 2010. She plays for the Carthage Women's Ensemble, for Music Theatre Workshop, and she coaches individual students on recital and jury music. Ms. Cardamone is also a classically trained soprano.

Melissa has performed leading opera roles and sung in concerts in NYC and the Midwest. She now lives and performs in southeast Wisconsin, singing opera, oratorio, musical theater and cabaret with companies including Milwaukee Opera Theatre, Music by the Lake, and Festival Arts of Antioch. This was her 4<sup>th</sup> season with the Florentine Opera Chorus in Milwaukee.

Ms. Cardamone earned vocal performance degrees from The Eastman School of Music and Lawrence University. She has dabbled in Italian, French, German and Spanish and likes coaching students in these languages.

Melissa also enjoys playing piano for St. Mary's Catholic Church and for the Lakeside Players in Kenosha. She has had the pleasure of accompanying for opera and cabaret shows and concerts, as well as in the pit bands of musicals in the area. She is grateful for her husband, Joe, who believes in her when it means the most, and for her 2 1/2 year-old daughter, Lilia, who is the sunshine of her life. She thanks all of you for your support and presence tonight.