

Music Events
Siebert Chapel

Jan. 9-30
Carthage Choir
J-Term Tour to Europe

Sunday, Feb. 6
Carthage Choir
European Tour Home Concert
4:00 p.m.

Saturday, Feb. 12
David Schrader
Organ Master Class
1:00 p.m.

Sunday, Feb. 13
David Schrader
Guest Organ Recital
4:00 p.m.

Sunday, Feb. 20
*Carthage Chamber Series
Cecilia's Circle
4:00 p.m.

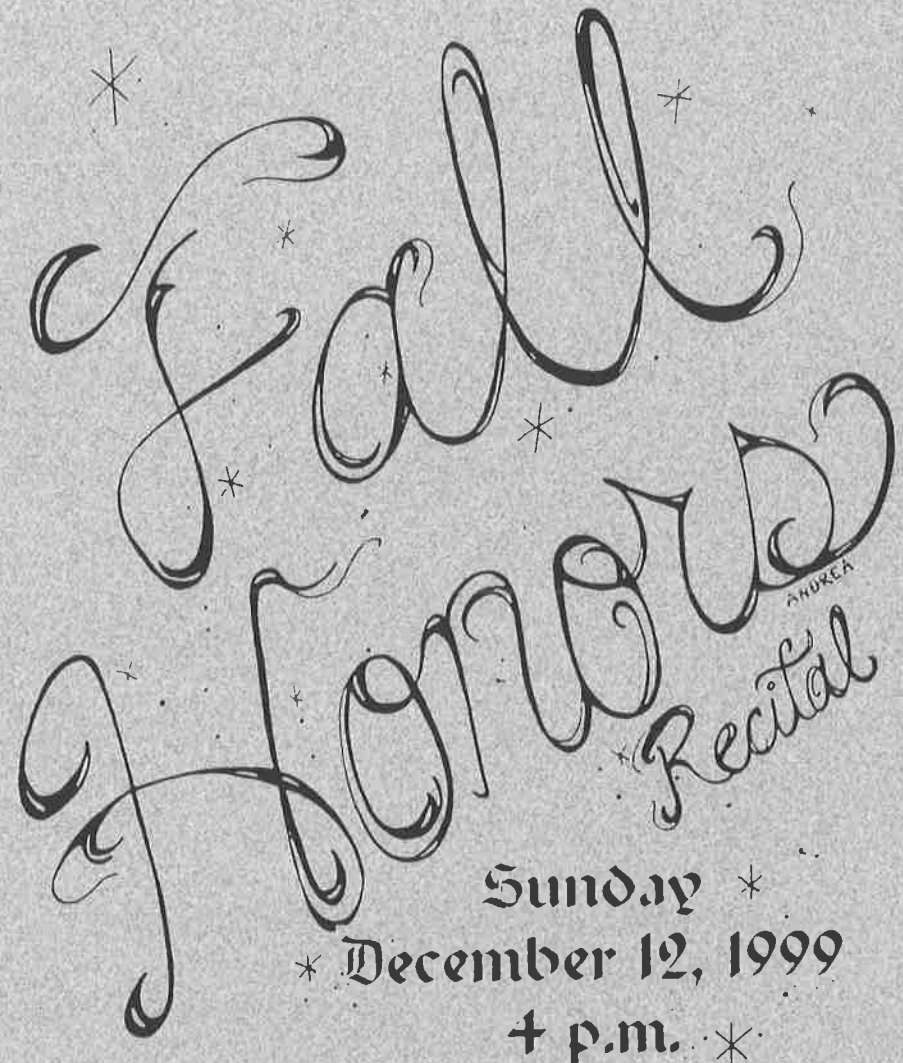
Saturday, March 4
Gary Verkade
Faculty Organ Recital
7:30 p.m.

Sunday, March 5
UW-M Youth
Jazz Ensemble
4:00 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
(There is no charge for the Carthage Students with ID)

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



Fall Home Recital
Sunday *
* December 12, 1999
+ p.m. *

**A.F. SIEBERT CHAPEL
CARTHAGE COLLEGE
KENOSHA, WI**

PROGRAM

From *Orgelbüchlein*.....J. S. Bach
Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein (1685-1750)
Christ ist erstanden
Verse 1
Verse 2
Verse 3

Kevin Burrow, organ

See How They Love MeNed Rorem
The Tulip Tree (b. 1923)
The Lordly Hudson

Kristina Caputo, soprano
Jane Livingston, pianist

Fourteen Bagatelles, Opus 6..... Béla Bartok
No. 1 Molto sostenuto (1881-1945)
No. 2 Allegro giocoso
No. 3 Andante
No. 9 Allegretto grazioso
No. 12 Rubato

Carla Baumgartner, pianist

Una voce poco fa (from **Il Barbiere di Siviglia**)
.....Giacomo Rossini
(1792-1868)

Lydia Wilhelmi, soprano
Gregory Berg, pianist

Monica's Waltz (from **The Medium**)

.....Gian-Carlo Menotti
(b. 1911)

Shelly Anderson, soprano
Stephen Smith, pianist

Ballade in g minor, Opus 23..... Frédéric Chopin
(1810-1849)

Maria Welch, pianist

From *Dichterliebe*, Opus 48..... Robert Schumann

1. In wunderschönen Monat Mai (1810-1856)
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Auge seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht

Nick Barootian, baritone
Gregory Berg, pianist

Two Ballads for Two Voices and Pianoforte

..... Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

- I Mother Comfort
- II Underneath the Abject Willow

Jeanette Rantisi, soprano
Monica Schisler, mezzo
Jane Livingston, pianist

TRANSLATIONS

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindoro fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,
lo giurai, la vincerò.

*A voice, a little while ago,
echoed here in my heart;
my heart is wounded now,
and it was Lindoro who wounded it.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine--
I've sworn it, I shall win!*

Il tutor ricuserà
io l'ingegno aguzzerò;
alla fin s'accheterà,
e contenta io resterò.

*My guardian will object.
I, quick witted, will be sharp;
in the end he will acquiesce,
and I will be content.*

Io sono docile,
son rispettosa,
sono ubbidiente,
dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere,
mi fo guidar.
Ma se mi tocano
dov'è il mio debole,
sarò uno vipera,
e cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar.

*I am submissive,
I'm respectful,
I'm obedient,
sweet, affectionate;
I allow myself to be governed;
I let myself be guided.
But if they touch me
where my sensitive spot is,
I will be a viper,
and I'll cause a hundred tricks
to be played before giving in.*

DICHTERLIEBE

(POET'S LOVE)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab'ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

*In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the buds burst open,
Then in my heart
Love unfolded too.
In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds sang,
Then I confessed to her
My longing and my desire.*

2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

*Out of my tears go forth
Many flowers in bloom.
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.
And if you are fond of me, little one,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall ring
The song of the nightingale.*

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne,
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,
Die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die Eine!

*The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them once all with the rapture of love.
I love them no more, I love alone
The little one, the fine, the pure, the only one.
She herself, the well of all love
Is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love alone the little one,
The fine, the pure, the only one!*

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

*When I look into your eyes,
Then all my grief and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
I become all well again.
When I lean on your breast,
I feel the joy of heaven descending;
But when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.*

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

*I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily shall breathe resoundingly
A song of my beloved,
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she has given me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.*

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse heilige Cöln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein,
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

*In the Rhine, by the holy stream,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great Cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the Cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has sent its friendly radiance.
Flowers and little angels
Float around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
Resemble my sweetheart's exactly.*

7. Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
Das weiss ich längst.
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.

*I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,
Eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Though you are shining in your diamonds' splendour,
No ray falls into the darkness of your heart,
I've known it well for a long time.
I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,
For I saw you in my dream.
And I saw the darkness in your heart,
And saw the snake that feeds upon your heart,
I saw, my love, how utterly wretched you are.
I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.*