

Music Events
Seibert Chapel

May 9
Erin Kittleson
Piano Recital
7:30 p.m.

May 15
Ma "Fun" Recital
Seibert Hall
7:30 p.m.

May 16
Honors Recital
7:30 p.m.

Provided by
Music Fraternity

Kappa Member

Monica Schisler
accompanied by Steve Smith



&
Andrew
Kelly
accompanied by Steve Smith
& Erin Kittleson

in their

Junior Recital

the evening of

May 7, 1999

Carthage College
Seibert Chapel

at 7:30



Program

Partita II BWV 1004
I. Allemanda
II. Corrente

J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Jesus macht mich geistlich reich
(from "Die Elenden sollen essen," BWV 75)

J. S. Bach

Partita II BWV 1004
III. Sarabanda
IV. Giga

J. S. Bach

Richard Cory
Miniver Cheevy
Luke Havergal

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Sonata No. 5 in F Major Spring Sonata, Opus 24

I. Allegro
II. Adagio molto espressivo

L. van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

III. Scherzo and Trio

Erin Kittleson, piano
Dr. Stephen Smith, piano

I'm Nobody
As Well as Jesus?

Ernst Bacon
(1898-1990)

I've heard an organ talk sometime

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Texts and Translations

Jesus macht mich geistlich reich
Jesus macht mich
geistlich reich.
Kann ich seinen
Geist empfangen,
will ich weiter
nichts verlangen,
dann mein Leben
wächst zugleich.

J. S. Bach
Jesus makes me
spiritually rich.
If I am able to receive
His Spirit
I will require
nothing more,
for my life grow
correspondingly.

Richard Cory

John Duke

When Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, - yes, richer than a king, -
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Miniver Cheevy

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.
Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior hold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

To our beloved mothers we dedicate this program. Without you we never would have made it this far. Thank you for encouraging our musical gifts. **HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!** We give thanks to God for blessing us with our gifts that we may share them with all of you tonight. Thanks also to the rest of our families, friends and loved ones for being supportive and always being there for us. Thanks to the music faculty for their guidance. Thanks especially to Dr. Sjoerdsma, Greg Berg, and Beth Warne for their direct instruction. Special thanks to Dr. Smith and Erin Kittleson for their assistance and to Matt Geary for designing the posters and programs.

Luke Havergal

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal.
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you listen she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
Luke Havergal.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, for the winds are tearing them away,
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
Luke Havergal.

I'm Nobody

Ernst Bacon

I'm nobody!
Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us -
Don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know,
How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog -
To tell your name the live-long day
To an admiring bog!

As Well as Jesus?

So well that I can live without -
I love Thee;
Then how well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me that he loved men
As I love Thee.

I've heard an organ talk sometimes

Aaron Copland

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said.
Yet held my breath the while
And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle.