

Berlioz Morres Schubert Weiland Respighi Bernstein

Up Coming Events

Sunday, November 11
Fall Jazz Fest
(Wartburg Auditorium)
2:00 p.m.

Sunday, November 11
Hymn Festival
7:00 p.m.

Thursday, November 15
Carthage Chamber Orchestra Concert
7:30 p.m.

Friday, November 16
3rd annual High School Gospel Music Festival
Concert
7:00 p.m.

Sunday, November 18
Lakeshore Youth Philharmonic Concert
4:00 p.m.

Friday, November 30
Carthage Christmas Festival
6:30 p.m.

Saturday, December 1
Carthage Christmas Festival
7:30 p.m.

Sunday, December 2
Carthage Christmas Festival
4:00 p.m.

Saturday, December 8
Junior Student Recital
Amanda Johanningsmeier, voice
Maria Welch, piano
7:30 p.m.

All events, except the Carthage Chamber Series, Fall Jazz Fest,
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



Kristina caputo

in a
senior recital

saturday, november 10th
at 7pm

accompanied by jane livingston Siebert Chapel



But have no fear at all: I do not ask
Either a mass or De Profundis.
This fragrant perfume is my soul,
And I am from paradise.
My destiny could be envied,
And to have so beautiful a fate,
More than one would have given his life;
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I repose,
A poet wrote with a kiss:
"Here lies a rose
Which all kings might envy."

Absence

Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!
What distance between our hearts!
What space between our kisses!
Oh bitter fate, oh cruel absence!
Oh great unappeased desires!
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!
From here to where you are, how wide the country;
How many cities and hamlets,
How many valleys and mountains,
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!

L'Absence

I would like to thank all my family, friends, and professors who are in attendance this evening. It is through your support and guidance I am able to give this performance.

I especially want to show my gratitude to my parents, who have always supported me in my musical dreams and aspirations, I love you.

Thanks to Alex, Josh, Cindy, and Kevin for their talents, and Jane, for everything; playing, talking, teaching and much more. Thank you Dr. Sjoerdsma for challenging me and giving me the chance to shine. Without all of you this recital would not be possible. Thank you!

This recital is given by Kristina Caputo in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the vocal performance emphasis in the music major.

Nebbie

Mists
I suffer far, far away
The sleepy mists rise
From the silent plain.
Shrilly calling, the crows,
Trusting their black wings
Fly across the heaths grimly.
To the harsh weathering of the air
The grieving tree trunks
Offer, praying their nude branches
How cold I am!
I am alone;
Driven through the gray sky
An extinct wail flies.
And repeats to me: Come;
And dark is the valley
O sad o unloved one
Come! Come!

Notte

Night
Over the fantastic garden
Rose scented
The caress of darkness settles down.
Still it has a thought and a palpitation
The supreme quiet
The air trembles as if shivering
The mournful darkness
A story of death
It tells to the garden Lifeless?
Perhaps because a rain
Of light dews
Within the half closed petals
Falls on the hidden miseries
And on lost elations
On mute dreams and mute longings
On the short lived joys
That shatter disillusion
The night its tears weeps.
Weeps.

The Spectre of the Rose

Open your closed eyelid
Gently touched by a virginal dream!
I am the spectre of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.
You have taken me still covered with the pearls
Of the sprinkler's silvery tears,
And amidst brilliant festivities,
You carried me through the night.
O you, who were the cause of my death,
Without your being able to escape him,
My rose-coloured spectre will come
Every night to dance at your bedside.

Le Spectre de la Rose

Program

Jauchzet Gott, alle Lande Julius Johann We'land
(d. 663)

Alex Hansen, violin
Josh Cleveland, violin
Cindy Pervan, viola
Kevin Burrow, organ

Die Forelle Franz Schubert
Auf dem Wasser zu singen (1797-1828)
Der Jungling an der Quelle
Der Fischer

Nebbie.....Ottorino Respighi
Notte (1879-1936)
Le Spectre de la RoseHector Berlioz
L'Absence (1803-1869)

Single Girl.....Michael Moores
Cripple Creek
Red Rosey Bush
Child of God

I Hate Music!.....Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Translations

Praise God all Lands

Praise God all Lands,
Sing praises of his name.
Praise His majesty.
All lands pray to you
and sing praises to you,
Sing praises to your name.
Behold, I am the first and the last
and the living one, that was dead:
Look, I am he who is alive
from Eternity to Eternity
and have the keys of Hell and Death.
Alleluia!

Jauchzet Gott, alle Lande

The Trout

In a limpid brooklet,
Merrily speeding,
A playful trout
Shot past like an arrow.
I stood on the bank.
Watching with happy ease
The lively little fish
Swimming in the clear brook.

Die Forelle

A fisherman with his rod
Was standing there on the bank,
Cold-bloodedly watching
The fish dart to and fro...
"So long as the water remains clear",
I thought, "he will not
Catch that trout
With his rod".

But at last the thief
Could wait no more.
With guile he made the water muddy,
And, ere I could guess it,
His rod jerked,
The fish was floundering on it,
And my blood boiled
As I saw the betrayed one.

To be Sung on the Water Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Amid the shimmering of the mirror-like waters
The rocking boat glides, swanlike;
Ay, and on the soft-shimmering waters of joy
The soul too, glides away like the boat.
Descending from heaven upon the waters
The evening glow dances around the boat.

Over the tree-tops of the forest in the west
The rosy glow smilingly beams on us.
Under the boughs of the forest in the east
The reeds rustle in the rosy glow.
Joy of heaven and peace of the forest,
The soul breathes in the reddening glow.

Ay, and on dewy pinions vanishes
From me the time spent on the gently rocking waters.
Tomorrow again on shimmering wings
Time will vanish, as it did yesterday and today:
Till I, on higher gleaming pinions,
Myself shall vanish from the changing time.

The Youth by the Spring Der Jungling an der Quelle

Softly rippling spring! You swaying, whispering poplars,
Your sleepy murmuring only awakens love.
I came to you looking for relief, and to forget her, that obstinate girl,
Ah, and the leaves and the brook are sighing for you, Louise!

The Fisherman

Der Fischer

The water murmured, the water swelled, a fisherman sat on the bank,
Watched his rod calmly, his cool-bloodedness extending even as far as
up to his heart.
And as he sits there and listens, the waters are parted upwards:
Out of the stirred water a woman swishes out.

She sang to him, she spoke to him: "Why do you entice my brood
With human wit and human guile up into deadly heat?
Ah, if you knew how the little fish is so happy in the depths,
You would come down, just as you are, and would feel truly well for the
first time.

Do not the well-loved sun and moon refresh themselves in the sea?
Do their faces not return to you doubly beautiful after breathing the
waves?
Does this deep heaven not entice you, this water-transfigured blue?
Does the reflection of your own face not entice you down into this
eternal dew?"

The water murmured, the water swelled, wet his naked foot,
His heart grew as full of longing as if his beloved had called.
She spoke to him, she sang to him: then he was done for,
She half pulled him down, he half sank down on his own and was
never seen again.