

Die Beiden Grenadiere

To France returned two Grenadiers,
Who had been in Russia imprisoned.
And when to German quarters they came,
They bowed their heads in shame.
There they were told the sorrowful tale
That France had been defeated,
Conquered and beaten the army was now
And the Emperor now was captured.
The Grenadiers both began to weep,
O'er the mournful tidings.
One said, "How aches my heart!
How burns my aging wounds!"
The other said " The song is done,
I too would die, and soon!
But I have a wife and child at home
With none to care about them."
"What wife, Tell me, What child?
I have desires far more pressing,
Let them go begging if they are hungry,
Our Emperor has been captured!
Grant me just one request,
If I should die today.
Take my body along to France,
And there in my earth entomb me!
The medal on its red ribbon,
Shall lay across my heart.
Put my musket in my hands,
And buckle my sabre at my side.
Thus I will lie and listen still,
Like a sentinel in the grave,
Till some day I shall hear the cannon roar,
And the trot of warlike steed.
It is then that my Emp'ror will ride o'er my grave
The swords clanging and sparkling,
Then I too shal rise, fully armed, from my grave,
My emperor, my emperor defending!"



Carthage

The Department of
Music

presents

Jonathan Decker **Junior Voice Recital**

Saturday
April 27, 2002
3:00 p.m.

A.F. Siebert Chapel
Carthage College
Kenosha, Wisconsin

PROGRAM

All'Acquisto di Gloria.....Alessandro Scarlatti
1660-1725

Dalla Sua PaceW. A. Mozart
Il Mio Tesoro 1756-1791

Der Soldat..... Robert Schumann
Mondnacht 1810-1856
Die Beiden Grenadiere

If You Only Knew.....Ernest Charles
The Sussex Sailor 1895-1984
When I Have Sung My Songs To You

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the music
major with emphasis in vocal performance.

Dalla Sua Pace

On her, my treasure, all joy dependeth
Life hath no pleasure, But that she sendeth.
Sorrows that grieve her, Torture my heart
Even when she sighs, my sighs awaken,
And joy dies, by her forsaken.
Oh the worst of torments, from her to part,
Sorrows that grieve her, torture my heart.

Il Mio Tesoro

Meanwhile, go seek my treasure,
Console, console her wounded heart.
Dry on her lashes, her tears as they start.
Tell her I am going, now to avenge her suffering.
From Carnage, dire and corpses, I'll come who now departs.
Tell her I am going, Now to avenge her suffering,
From Carnage, dire and corpses, I'll come who now departs.

Der Soldat

We march to the muffled sound of drums,
How far still the place, the road is long!
Oh were he at rest and everything o'er,
I think my heart is breaking in two!
In this world I have loved none but him
But to him, now they give death.
With drums and trumpets we are on parade,
And I, too, have been commandeered.
Now he looks up for the last time,
Into the bright rays of God's sun.
They tie the band over his eyes,
And pray God rest him in eternal peace.
Nine muskets have now taken aim,
And Eight bullets have shot wide of the mark
They trembled all with sorrow and pain,
But I, I shot him right through the heart!

Mondnacht

It seemed as if the sky
Had silently kissed the earth
That she in the shimmer of blossoms,
Could only dream of him.
The breeze blew o'er the fields,
The grain stalks gently surged,
The forests rustled softly,
So starbright was the night
And now my soul unfolded,
It's wings so wide and calm
Flying over the silent lands,
As if it was flying home.