

Friday, May 9
Combined Orchestras
UW-Parkside & Carthage College
Mr. Alvaro Garcia, conductor
7:30pm UW-Parkside
Com. Arts Theater Building

Friday, May 9
Student Recital
Candace Kopecky, flute
7:30pm Recital Hall

Sunday, May 11
Guest Artist Recital
Melissa Snowza, flute
Jason Price, trumpet
"New Sounds-New Voices"
3pm Siebert Chapel

Sunday, May 11
Student Recital
Kristen Kechter, soprano
6:30pm Recital Hall

Thursday, May 15
Studio Recital
Violin
Ann Heide Lamar, instructor
7pm Recital Hall

Ushers courtesy of
Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Information*
Racine Symphony Orchestra
262-636-9285
Education & Theatre
551-6661



Carthage College Music Department
presents a

RECITAL

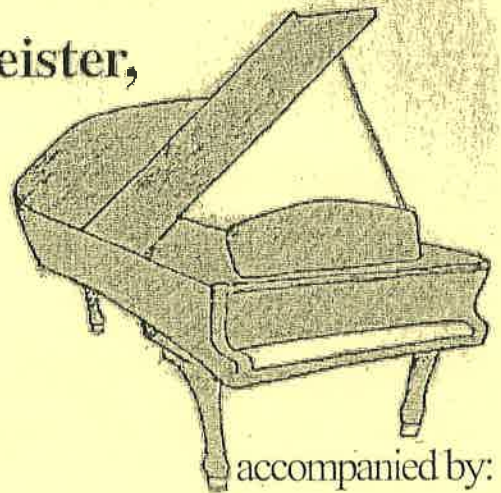
Sarah Gorke, soprano
and

Janell Kuechenmeister,
piano

May 3, 2003

4:00 PM

Siebert Chapel



accompanied by:
Gregory Berg

Villanelle

Le Spectre de la Rose From "*Les Nuits d'été*" Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Sarah Gorke, soprano
Greg Berg, accompanist

Toccatà in D-major (Fantasie and Fugue) S. 912..... Johann Sebastian Bach
Allegro-Andante-Allegro (1685-1750)

Janell Kuechenmeister, pianist

Marietta's Lied zur Laute From "*Die tote Stadt*"
..... Eric Wolfgang Korngold
(1897-1957)

Píseň Rusalky O Měsíčku From "*Rusalka*" Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Sarah Gorke

Sonata in E-flat major, Op. 31 N.3 Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

- I. Allegro
- II. Allegro Vivace
- III. Minuet and Trio
- IV. Presto con fuoco

Janell Kuechenmeister

Ain't it a Pretty Night From "*Susannah*" Carlisle Floyd
(b. 1926)

Sarha Gorke

Jeux d'eau Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Janell Kuechenmeister

Hear ye, Israel! From "*Elijah*" Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Sarah Gorke

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois,
Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles,
Que l'on voit au matin trembler.
Nous irons écouter les merles,
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler;
Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce, toujours!
Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses.
Faisant fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim, au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aisés,
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises des bois

Le Spectre De La Rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal !
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenais tout le soir.
O toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De Profundis,
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.
Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie ;
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit : « Ci-git une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser. »

Villanelle

When the new season will come,
When the frosts will have vanished,
We two will go, my lovely one,
To gather lilies-of-the valley in the woods.
Under our feet, picking the pearls
Which one sees trembling in the morn;
We will go to hear the blackbirds,
We will go to hear the blackbirds whistling;
Spring has come, my lovely one;
This is the blessed month for lovers;,
And the bird smoothing its wings,
Says a poem on the rim of its nest.
Oh, come then to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me with your voice so sweet, forever!
Far, far away, staying from our path,
Putting to flight the hidden rabbit
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs
Admiring its bent antlers:
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

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.
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 a 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 the kings might envy."

Marietta's Lied zur Laute

Glück, das mir verblieb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Abend sinkt im Hag
bist mir Licht und Tag.
Bange pochet Herz an Herz
Hoffnung schwingt sich himmelwärts.
Wie wahr, ein traurig Lied.
Das Lied vom treuen Lieb,
das Sterben muss.
Ich kenne das Lied.
Ich hört es oft in jungen,
in schöneren Tagen.
Es hat noch eine Strophe
Weiss ich sie noch?
Naht auch Sorge trüb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Neig dein blass Gesicht
Sterben trennt uns nicht.
Musst du einmal von mir gehn,
glaub, es gibt ein Auferstehn.

Píseň Rusalky O Měsíčku

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
diváš se v přibytky lidí,
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, kde je můj milý,
řekni mu, stříbrny měsíčku,
mě že je objímá, rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění namne.
Zasvět' mu do daleka, zasvět' mu,
řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká;
O mněli duše lidská sní,
at' se tou vzpomínko vzpudí!
Měsíčku nezhasni!

Marietta's Song

Joy, that true did prove,
Hold me fast, my faithful love.
Evening closes grey
You are my light and day.
Heart to heart doth beat in pain
Hope soars heavenward again.
How true, the saddest Song.
The song of the faithful lover,
Who has to die.
I remember the Song.
I heard it sung so often,
In happier bygone days...
It has another verse
Can I recall it?
Clouds may loom above,
Hold me fast, my faithful love.
Lie close to my heart
Death can never part.
When the hour comes you must go,
You will rise again, I know!

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

Moon upon the deep dark sky,
Through the vast night pierce your rays.
This sleeping world you wander by,
Smiling on men's homes and ways.
Moon, where you glide, tell me,
Tell me, where does my loved one bide?
Tell him, oh silver moon.
Mine are the arms that will hold him,
between waking and sleeping
Think of the love that enfolds him.
Light his path, far away, light his path,
Tell him, oh who does for him stay!
Human soul, should it dream of me,
Let by memory awakened be.
Moon, do not wane!

I have been blessed throughout my whole life with supportive friends and family. Thank you to all who have been there for me concert after concert and recital after recital, even though I'm sure a football game would have been much more enjoyable to watch. My family is so amazing and I am constantly taken aback by how loving and caring they all are, not only to me, but to my "family" I have established here at school as well. My friends here have become my family and I love, cherish, and thank God for every single one of them. We've created some pretty crazy memories that I will most certainly always look upon with great fondness and probably even a few chuckles.

Also, my voice teacher/coach/mentor/friend, Nancy, has made such a huge impact on my life in only a few short semesters. I have gained confidence in myself and my body and I truly thank her for everything she's said and done for me. Thanks also to Greg Berg who took reign of the piano and helped me convey the powerful message of the music. The faculty here are truly special and I thank all those who have taken that extra step and are helping me make my transition from a regular student into a true musician. I look forward to an even more memorable senior year and am excited to see where my future takes me. Thanks for helping me celebrate my progress.

Sarah Gorke

I can hardly begin to express my thanks for the multitudes of people that have supported me over the years. First and foremost I must thank my family and my parents who created a loving and nourishing environment in which I could flourish. I also must express my gratitude to all the piano teachers that I have had over the years, and especially to my current teacher, Stephen Smith, who has taught me so much and has always looked out for my best interest. Of course, much thanks goes to my friends, as well, without whom my college experience would be sorely lacking. I am so blessed to have such a wonderful group of friends that allows me to be myself entirely. Nick, thank you for always being there to understand my joys and frustrations concerning music and, more importantly, for understanding me as a person. Above all, I thank God for blessing me with a talent through which I can serve him and others. Thank you all, once again, for your support and love.

Janell Kuechenmeister

Poster & Cover
designed by:

— Adam Kohlmeier —