

Senior Student Vocal Recital

Stacey DeGarmo
Saturday, December 11
Siebert Chapel
7:00 p.m.

Fall Honors Recital

Sunday, December 12
Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

Senior Student Vocal Recital

Jonathon Strauss
Saturday, February 12
A.F. Siebert Chapel
8:00 p.m.

Senior Student Vocal Recital

Cassie Krueger
Sunday, February 13
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

For current performance updates
please call 262-551-5363

*Carthage College
Department of Music*

Presents

*A Senior Student
Recital*

Scott Jones, tenor

*Saturday, November 6
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.*

of Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Information and Event Updates*

ies Racine Symphony Orchestra

262-636-9285

Theatre
62-561-6661



Carthage

College Music Department

Alford Park Drive

Wisconsin 53140-1994

Cinque canti all'antica

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1963)

- I. Ludir talvolta...
- II. Ma come potrei...
- III. Ballata
- IV. Bella porta di rubini
- V. Canzone

Selections from *Die Schöne Müllerin*

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

- I. Das Wandern
- II. Wohin?
- III. Halt!
- IV. Danksagung an den Bach
- V. Am Feierabend
- VI. Der Neugierege

Chanson triste

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Azaël's Aria (from *L'enfant Prodigue*)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Selections from *A Young Man's Exhortation*

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

- I. A Young Man's Exhortation
- II. Ditty
- III. Budmouth Dears
- IV. Her Temple
- V. The Sigh
- VI. Former Beauties
- VII. The Dance Continued

Cinque canti all'antica / Five Songs from Antiquity

L'udir talvolta... / Sometimes on hearing...

On hearing sometimes the mentioning of the place
Where you live, or sometimes seeing
Who comes from there rekindles within me the fire
Lacking in my heart because of too much grieving
And it seems that I feel some hidden game
In my soul bound by pleasure
And to myself I say: so I came
From where that one comes, o my sweet desire.

Ma come potrei... / But how could I...

But how could I ever bear
To depart from you whom I love so much
Because without you I seem always dying?
Being with you, I do not know how much
More love I could have or more desire.
But I know (it) well love in so much weeping
My life persists night and day
When I don't see this beautiful face.

Ballata / Ballad

I know not what I desire,
Whether to live, or to die, for the least pain
I would wish to die, since to live is burdensome
Seeing myself left alone by you;
And I would not wish to die, because dead
I would no longer see your beautiful loving face
For which I cry envious
Of who has made it his and deprives me of it.

Bella porta di rubini / Beautiful Ruby Gate

Beautiful portal of rubies
You who open the way for sweet accents,
If in precious smiles
You disclose lustrous pearls,
You breathe out a sweet aura of love,
Solace to my suffering.
Charming and fresh rose,
Moist and sweet lips,
Because you have dewy manna
On your beautiful red lips,

Do not talk but smile and be still;
Let the accents be our kisses.

Beloved little eyes that inflame me
Because you are ever more merciless
They shine brightly
Full of joy
Your brilliance
(in)flames all hearts.
Brilliant red mouth that you have for a border,
O marvelous pearls and rubies,
When smiling
When gentle
Will you say "my darling
I also bunn (with love)?"

Canzone di Re Enzo / Song of King Enzo

Love often makes
My heart suffer
It gives me pains and sighs
And I am very fearful
Throughout a long sojourn
Of what could happen.
Not that I have my doubts
About the sweet hope
That in truth by me deception
Of it is made, but you do not fear
The lengthy stay
Of whatever might happen.

Go, my little song,
And greet the master.
Tell him the trouble that I have:
Those who have ruled over me
Keep me in such anguish
That I can no longer live
Give my best to the Tuscan woman
That one who is queen
In whom reigns every courtesy,
And go into the battlefield,
Great one, captain,
There where my heart is night and day.

—Lakeway and White

Die schöne Müllerin / The Beautiful Daughter of the Miller

Das Wandern / Wandering

Wandering is the miller's pleasure
He who never thought of wandering
Must be a poor miller.

We have learned it from the water
That has no rest by day or by night,
Is constantly intent on wandering.

That we also learn from the wheels
Which do not like to stand still at all,
Which are not ever tired of turning.

The stones themselves, heavy as they are,
They dance along with the cheerful roundelay
And want to be even still faster.

Oh, wandering, wandering, my pleasure!
Sir and madam,
Let me move on in peace.

Wohin? / Where to?

I heard a brooklet murmur
Probably out of the rock spring
Rushing down towards the valley,
So fresh and wondrously clear.

I don't know what came over me,
Nor who told me to do it,
I too had to head downwards
With my walking stick.

Downwards and ever farther,
And always following the brook,
And the brook was babbling
More freshly and more brightly.

Is that then my road?
Oh brooklet, speak, to where?
With your babbling you have
Completely enchanted the mind.

What say I then about the babbling?
That can't be just babbling.
The water nymphs must be singing
Their roundelays down in the depths.

Let them sing, friend, let the brook murmur
And follow it merrily!
There go after all the millwheels
In every clear brook.

Halt! / Halt!

I see a mill gleaming through the alder trees,
A roaring of wheels breaks through the murmur of the brook
And the singing of the water sprites.
Ah! Welcome, sweet mill-song!

And the house, how cosy it is! And the windows, how shiny!
And the sun, how brightly it shines down from heaven
Ah, brooklet, dear brooklet what is men to happen like this?
Was this place meant for me?

Danksagung an den Bach / Thanks to the Brook

Was it meant to happen like this, my murmuring friend?
Your singing, your babbling, is *this* what they mean?
Away to the miller's daughter! That was the sense of your
singing.
Right? Have I understood it? Away to the miller's daughter!

Has *she* sent you? Or have you been fooling me?
I would still like to know that, whether *she* sent you.
Well, however it may be, I go along with it:
I have found what I am looking for, however it may be.

I asked for work; now I have enough,
More than enough for my hands and for my heart!

Am Feierabend / At Evening

If only I had a thousand arms to set in motion!
If only I could set the millwheels roaring!
If only I could blow like the wind through all the trees!
If only I could turn every millstone!
So that the beautiful daughter of the miller
Would notice my faithful attention!

Ah, how weak my arm is!
What I lift, what I carry, what I cut, what I strike,
Any miller's apprentice can do it after me just as well.
And there I sit in the big circle with the others,
In the quiet, cool hour after work is done.
And the master speaks to all: your work has pleased me.
And the dear girl says to all a good night.

Der Neugierige / Curiosity

I do not question any flower,
I do not question any star;
None of them can tell me
What I so eagerly would like to know.
Furthermore, I am not a gardener, after all,
And the stars are too high to reach;
I want to ask my little brook
Whether my heart has lied to me.

Oh brooklet of my love,
How silent you are today!
I only want to know *one* thing, after all,
One little word one or the other.

The one little word is "Yes,"
And the other is "No;"
Those two words encompass
The whole world for me.

Oh brooklet of my love,
How strange you are!
I certainly won't repeat to anyone,
Tell me, brooklet, -- does she love me?

—Glass

Chanson triste / Sad Song

In your heart sleeps moonlight,
A soft summer moonlight,
And to escape life's worries,
I shall drown myself in your light.

I will forget past sorrows,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts,
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will take my sick head
Oh! Sometimes on your knee
And will tell it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us.

And from your eyes full of sadness
From your eyes I shall drink
So many kisses and so much tenderness
That, perhaps, I will heal...

Azael's Aria (from The Prodigal Son)

What joyous airs, what happy singing
Come, borne on fragrant morning winds,
To my dull ears.

My tortured heart with anguish wringing...
How happy they are!

Unseen, amid the waving palms,
I watched and listened lingering sadly near them:
Each word revealed a heart so frank and free...

And it was my brother and my sister!
I held my breath to overhear them...
How happy they are!

Oh days that never may come again,
When, as they, I lived pure and happy;
Nature nursed me, help me securely,
Made strong my limbs and clear my brain.

Loved by my gentle mother, so tender;
Still in dreams I feel her caress;
May good angels ever defend her!
My happiness was pure in those days!

Ah! By what miserable madness
Did I fling away, then, joy and gladness?
Why did I ever leave that sweet spot called home?

How often, over crag and mountain,
By still lake or flowing fountains
Happy and free from care,
I roamed through the still night

Oh days that never may come again,
When, as they, I lived pure and happy.

Loved by my gentle mother, so tender;
Still in dreams I feel her caress;
May good angels over defend her!
My happiness was pure in those days!

A Young Man's Exhortation (Poems by Thomas Hardy)

A Young Man's Exhortation

Call off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloy,
And charm Life's lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it with glee,
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be,
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

Ditty

Beneath a knap where flown Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away from the files of formal houses,

By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barbers, no man sells
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair, "Here is she!"
Seems written everywhere unto me.
But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was ere we met;
(Such will not be, but because some forget
Let me feign it) - none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed - Loved as true -
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed my life through,
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe - severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance to recall
What bond-servants of Chance we are all.
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels -
Where she dwells!

Budmouth Dears

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and
brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-singing,
With a smart *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down.

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of
renown,
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore *Clink! Clink!* back to camp above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the faces
frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more *Clink! Clink!* past the parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the muslin gown?
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideways glance upon us,
While our spurs *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down?

Her Temple

Dear, think not that they will forget you:
- If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you therein
As its shrine.

They may say: "Why a woman such honour?"
- Be told, "O so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour upon her;
None now knows his name."

The Sigh

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up eyed;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.
- Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fasion
If she tried:
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

Former Beauties

These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years agone,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and show
Them always fair.

The Dance Continued

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, "I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves"

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully