



Wednesday, November 9  
**Wind Orchestra/Concert Band**  
7:30 p.m.,  
A. F. Siebert Chapel

Thursday, November 10  
**"Music in the Wood"**  
**String Clinic**  
A. F. Siebert Chapel  
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall

Saturday, November 12  
**Music Theater Workshop/Jazz**  
**Ensemble: "Roaring 20s"**  
3:00 p.m.  
Wartburg Auditorium

Sunday, November 13  
**Guest Artist Paul Cortese, viola**  
3:00 p.m.  
A. F. Siebert Chapel

Wednesday, November 16  
**Student Recital:**  
**Justin Albert, guitar**  
7:30 p.m.  
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall

Member Series & Updates  
262-551-5363

Theatre Production  
262-551-6661



Carthage Music Department  
100 Alford Park Drive  
Springfield, Missouri 65802  
Phone: 417-831-1994



Carthage

Department of Music

Presents

A

A Faculty Voice Recital

by

Nancy Henninger, mezzo-soprano

Gregory Berg, accompanist

Saturday, October 29, 2005

H. F. Johnson Recital Hall

7:30 p.m.



To my students: your voices have given me  
my songs and now I sing these songs to you

Wie Melodien zieht es mir  
Der Schmied  
Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer  
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht  
Vergebliches Ständchen

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Gesang Weylas  
Lebe wohl  
Verborgenheit  
Der Gärtner

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Intermission

Allerseelen  
Nacht  
Morgen  
Zueignung

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Món coeur s'ouvre à ta voix  
From Samson et Dalila

Camille Saint-Saens  
(1835-1921)

**Wie Melodien zieht es mir (It pulls at me, like a melody)**

It pulls at me, like a melody,  
Quietly through my mind;  
It blossoms like spring flowers  
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when it is captured in words,  
And placed before my eyes,  
It turns pale like a gray mist  
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes  
There hides still a fragrance,  
Which mildly from the quiet bud  
My moist eyes call forth.

**Der Schmied (The Blacksmith)**

I hear my sweetheart -  
The hammer he swings -  
The rustling, the klinking,  
Comes to me from afar,  
Like the sound of bells;  
Through streets and squares.

By the black fireplace  
There my lover sits;  
But if I pass by,  
The bellows then whistle,  
And the flames roar,

**Immer leiser (Ever more peaceful grows my slumber)**

Ever more peaceful grows my slumber,  
Like a thin veil only does my anxiety  
Lie trembling over me.  
Often in my dreams I hear you  
Calling outside my door,  
No one is awake to let you in;  
I wake up and weep bitterly.

Yes, I will have to die;  
Another will you kiss,  
When I am pale and cold;  
Before the May breezes blow,  
Before the thrush sings in the forest:  
If you wish to see me once more,  
Come, o come soon!

**Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht (Death is like the cool night)**

Death is the cool night.  
Life is the sultry day.  
It now grows dark; I'm drowsy,  
The day has wearied me.

Above my bed rises a tree,  
The young nightingale sings there, it seems;  
She sings of naught but love -  
I hear it even in my dreams.

#### **Vergebliches Ständchen (Futile Serenade)**

He:  
Good evening, my treasure,  
Good evening, sweet girl!  
I come from love of you,  
Ah, open the door,  
Open the door for me!

She:  
My door is locked,  
And I won't let you in:  
My mother has advised me well!  
If you came in,  
It would all be over for me!

He:  
The night is so cold,  
And the wind so icy  
That my heart will freeze,  
And my love will be extinguished!  
Open for me, sweet girl!

She:  
If your love starts dying,  
Then let it be extinguished!  
If it keeps dying,  
Go home to bed, and rest!  
Good night, my boy!

#### **Gesang Weyla's (Weyla's Song)**

You are Orplid, my land!  
The distant gleaming;  
From the sea, your sunny shore steams with mist,  
Which moistens the cheeks of gods.

Ancient waters rise  
Rejuvenated about your hips, child!  
To your divinity bow Kings,  
Who are your attendants.

#### **Lebe wohl (Farewell)**

Farewell! You feel not  
What this means - this word of pain;  
With a confident face  
You say it, and with a light heart. Farewell! Alas! A thousand times  
I have pronounced it to myself,  
And with insatiable torment,  
Broken my own heart with it!

#### **Verborgenheit (Seclusion)**

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.  
It is an unknown pain;  
Forever through tears shall I see  
The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious  
And the bright joys break  
Through the pain, thus pressing  
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

#### **Der Gärtner (The Gardner)**

On her favorite pony  
As white as snow,  
The fairest princess  
Rides down the avenue.

On the path down which her steed  
So finely prances,  
The sand that I strewed there  
Glitters like gold!

Your rose-colored little hat,  
Bobbing up and down,  
O toss a feather  
Stealthily down!

And if, for that, you would like  
A little flower from me,  
Take a thousand for one -  
Take all of them!

#### **Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)**

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring inside the last red asters,  
And let us speak again of love,  
As once we did in May.  
Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;  
And if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.  
Just give me your sweet gaze,  
As once you did in May.  
Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their fragrances;

One day in the year are the dead free.  
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again,  
As once I did in May.

**Nacht (The night)**

Night steps out of the woods,  
And sneaks softly out of the trees,  
Looks about in a wide circle,  
Now beware.  
All the lights of this earth,  
All flowers, all colors  
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves from the field.  
It takes everything that is dear,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof, the gold.  
The shrubs stand plundered,  
Draw nearer, soul to soul;  
Oh, I fear the night will also steal you from me.

**Morgen (Tomorrow)**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
And on the path I will take,  
It will unite us again, we happy ones,  
Upon this sun-breathing earth...  
And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,  
We will descend quietly and slowly;  
We will look mutely into each other's eyes  
And the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

**Zueignung (Dedication)**

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer far from you,  
Love makes the heart sick,  
Have thanks.  
Once I, drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink,  
Have thanks.  
And you exorcised the evils in it,  
Until I, as I had never been before,  
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,  
Have thanks.

**Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix, Dalila's  
aria from Samson et Dalila**

My heart opens to your voice,  
Like the flowers open  
To the kisses of the dawn!  
But, o my beloved,  
To dry my tears the best,  
Let your voice speak again!  
Tell me that to Dalila  
You will return forever,  
Repeat to my tenderness  
The oaths of other times,  
The oaths that I loved!  
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!  
Pour out to me the drunkenness!

Like one sees the wheat  
Under the light breeze,  
So trembles my heart,  
Ready to be consoled,  
By your voice which is dear to me!  
The arrow is less quick  
To carry death,  
Than is your love  
To fly into my arms!  
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!  
Pour out to me the drunkenness!

Synopsis: In an attempt to close the trap, which she has set for Samson, Dalila tells Samson seductively that she is completely his if he wants her. She begs him to respond to her caresses, hoping that he will finally let go of all other things and concentrate completely on her, allowing the High Priest of Dagon to capture him.