



CARTHAGE COLLEGE
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
Presents

*A Senior
Voice Recital
by
Stephanie Lee Burg*

*Assisted by
Mrs. Carol Wallace*

*Sunday, May 8, 2005
7:00 pm
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall*

Senior Voice Recital
Megan Bowen
Monday, May 9
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:00pm

Senior Piano Recital
Nicolas Sluss-Rodionov
Thursday, May 12
Siebert Chapel
7:30 pm

**Spring Band Concert,
Concert Band & Wind Orchestra**
Wednesday, May 11
Siebert Chapel
7:30 pm

Junior Recital
Alex Jennings, trumpet
Rachael Dickman, oboe
Saturday, May 14
St. Mary's Lutheran Church
Kenosha
8:00 pm

Spring Honors Recital
Sunday, May 15
Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Ticket Information and Event Updates*
Carthage Chamber Series Racine Symphony Orchestra
262-551-5363 262-636-9285

Theatre Productions
262-551-6661



Carthage

Carthage College Music Department
2001 Alford Park Drive
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140-1994



"Sieben frühe Lieder
Nacht
Schilflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

Alban Berg
(1890-1959)

Intermission

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

- I. El Paño Moruno
- II. Seguidilla Murciana
- III. Asturiana
- IV. Jota
- V. Nana
- VI. Canción
- VII. Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle" (Habanera) Georges Bizet
"Prés des ramparts de Séville" (Seguidilla) (1838-1875)
from *Carmen*

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for graduating with an emphasis in vocal performance,
all-college honors and honors in the major.

Night

-Carl Hauptmann

The clouds embrown the night and valley;
the mists float above, the water rushing gently.
Now all at once they unveil themselves: O listen! Pay heed!
A broad land of wonder has opened up.
Silver mountains rise up, fantastically huge,
silent paths lit with silver
from the hidden lap of the valley;
and the noble world is so dreamily pure.
A mute beech stands by the path,
black with shadows; a breeze from a distant, lonely grove wafts gently by.
And from the deep darkness of the valley
flash lights in the silent night.
Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude!
O listen! Pay heed!

Song Amongst the Reeds

-Nikolaus Lenau

Along a secret forest path
I like to creep in the evening light;
I go to the desolate, reedy banks,
and think, my maiden, of you!

As the bushes grow dark,
the reeds hiss mysteriously,
and lament and whisper,
and thus I have to weep and weep.

And I think that I hear wafting
the gentle sound of your voice,
and down into the pond sinks
your lovely song.

The Nightingale

-Theodor Storm

It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom,
and now she walks, deep in thought;
she carries her summer hat in her hand,
enduring quietly the heat of the sun,
knowing not what to begin.

A Crown of Dreams

-Rainer Maria Rilke

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums,
I was almost intimidated by its glory.
And then, then you came to take my soul
deep in the night.
I was so worried, and you came so lovingly and
quietly,
I had just thought of you in a dream.
You came, and softly the night resounded
like a fairy tale song.

In the Chamber

-Johannes Schlaf

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head upon your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how gently do the minutes pass!

Lovers' Ode

-Otto Erich Hartleben

In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep;
at the open window the summer wind listened
and carried the peacefulness of our breath
out into the bright, moonlit night.
And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly,
the scent of roses came to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
dreams of intoxication, rich with yearning.

Summer Days

-Paul Hohenberg

Now the days drag through the world,
sent forth from blue eternity;
time dissipates in the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
with blessed hand wreaths of stars
above the wandering wonderland.
In these days, o my heart, what can
your brightest wanderer's song then say
about your deep, deep pleasure?
In meadowsong the heart falls silent;
now there are no words, and image upon image
visits you and fills you entirely.

I – The Dark/Moorish Cloth

-Anonymous

A stain fell upon
the fine cloth in the store.

For a lower price it is sold
Because it lost its value.
Ah!

II Seguidilla of the Woman from Murcia

-Anonymous

Whoever's roof
Has windows
Shouldn't throw stones
At his neighbor's.

We are muleteers
And it could be that in the street
We meet!

For your great inconstancy
I compare you
With money that runs
From hand to hand,

So that it finally wears out and is erased
And believing it false,
Nobody takes it!

III – Asturiana

-Anonymous

To see if it consoled me,
I leaned against a green pine
To see if it consoled me,

To see me cry, I was crying
And pine tree, how it was green
To see me cry, I was crying!

IV – Jota (dance form)

-Anonymous

They say that we don't love each other
Because they haven't seen us speaking;
To your heart and mine,
They can ask.

Of your house and your window
And although your mother doesn't want it,
Goodbye, my love until tomorrow.
Although your mother doesn't want it...

V - Nana

-Anonymous

Sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Sleep, little light
Of the morning.

Nanita, nana,
Nanita, nana,
Sleep little light
Of the morning.

VI - Song

-Anonymous

For your treacherous eyes,
I'm going to bury them,
You don't know what "of the air" costs
Girl, look at them. "Mother, to the shore"
Girl, look at them. "Mother"

They say that you don't love me,
You have already loved me.
Scram, the conquered "of the air"
For the lost, "Mother, to the shore"
For the lost, "Mother"

VII - Pole of a magnet/axis

-Anonymous

Ah!
I keep an "Ah!"
I keep a pain in my chest
"Ah!"
That I will tell to no one!
Cursed love, cursed!
"Ah!"
And who has given me understanding!
"Ah!"

Habanera

Love is a rebellious bird
That nothing can tame,
And it is simply in vain to call it
If it is convenient for it to refuse.
Nothing will work, threat or pleading,
One speaks, the other stays quiet;
And it's the other that I prefer

He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Lovè! Love!
Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If you don't love me, I love you!
But, if I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
The bird you thought to surprise
Bat its wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
If you wait for it no more, it is there!
Around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!
Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
If you don't love me,
If you don't love me, I love you!
But, if I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!

Seguidilla

Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia
I will go to dance the Seguidilla
And to drink Manzanilla.

I will go to the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia:

Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
And the real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover.

My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!

My poor heart, very consolable,
My heart is free, like the air!

I have suitors by the dozen,
But, they are not to my taste.

Here it is the weekend;

Who wants to love me? I will love him!

Who wants my soul? It's for the taking.

You're arriving at the right time!

I have hardly the time to wait,

For with my new lover,

Near the ramparts of Seville

At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia!