

Who more blessed than I,  
If he does not thus have beside him  
A sweet and dear beloved object,  
So that he cannot yet say  
he knows what love is?  
Ah, may I so, as life advances,  
Fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of his may be all my splendor  
And one smile of his may be all my treasure!

*Qui, sedes ad dexteram patris*  
Who sits on the right hand of the father,  
Have mercy upon us

\*\*\*\*\*  
Saturday, April 8  
**Senior Voice Recital**  
**Trevor Parker, tenor**  
A. F. Siebert Chapel  
7:00 pm

Wednesday, April 19  
**Senior Recital, Flute**  
**Heather Wynn**  
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall  
7:30 pm

Sunday, April 9  
**Carthage Choir**  
**Palm Sunday Concert**  
A. F. Siebert Chapel  
3:00 pm

Saturday, April 22  
**String Department Recital**  
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall  
3:00 pm

Ticket Information,  
and Event Updates  
262-551-5363



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

Carthage College  
Department of Music  
presents a

## Junior Voice Recital

Jennifer Ledanski, alto

and

Rita Torcaso, soprano

Gregory Berg, accompanist

Saturday, April 8, 2006  
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall  
3:00 PM

Zigeunerlieder

- I. He, Zigeuner
- II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
- III. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
- IV. Liebèr Gott, du weisst
- V. Brauner Bursche, führt zum Tanze
- VI. Röslein dreie, in der Reihe
- VII. Kömmt dir manchmal, in den Sinn
- VIII. Rote Abedwolkenstern

Rita Torcaso, soprano

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Marias Wiegenlied

Jennifer Ledanski, alto  
Jen Cobb, cello

Max Reger  
(1873-1916)

Les Cloches  
Romance

Jennifer Ledanski, alto

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

O mio babbino caro (*Gianni Schicchi*)  
Si, mi chiamano Mimi (*La Bohème*)

Rita Torcaso, soprano

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

O del mio mato ben  
Perche dolce caro bene  
Amorosi mie giorni

Jennifer Ledanski, alto

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

The Prayer

Micheal Defrang, tenor  
Jennifer Ledanski, alto

Carole Sager

Qui sedes ad dexteram patris (*Gloria*)

Jennifer Ledanski, alto

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1743)

He shall feed his flock/Come unto him  
(*Messiah*)

Rita Torcaso, soprano

George Frederic Handel  
(1685-1759)

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion (*Messiah*)

Jennifer Ledanski, alto

Handel

Sleep Now  
Solitary Hotel

Rita Torcaso, soprano

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

You Raise Me Up

Rita Torcaso, soprano  
Jennifer Ledanski, alto

Josh Groban

I.  
Ho there, Gypsy! Strike resoundingly each string!  
And the song of false and faithless maiden sing!  
Let the strings all moan lamenting, sorrow weeping,  
'Til the burning tears these cheeks so hot are steeping!

II.  
High and towering river Rima, thou art so drear,  
On thy shore I mourn aloud for thee, my dear!  
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming,  
Rolling o'er the shore afar to me;  
On the riverbank of Rima let met  
weep for her eternally!

III.  
Know ye, when my loved one is  
fairest of all this?  
If her sweet mouth rosy, jest  
and laugh and kiss.  
Maiden heart, mine thou art.  
Tenderly I kiss thee.  
Thee a loving heaven hath  
created just for me!  
Know ye, when my lover dearest  
is to me?  
When in his fond arms, he  
enfolds me lovingly.  
Dear sweetheart, mine thou art.  
Tenderly I kiss thee.  
Thee a loving heaven hath  
created just for me!

IV.  
Dear God, Thou know'st how oft I've rued this:  
That I gave my lover once a little kiss.  
Heart's command I kiss him, how dismiss?  
And long as I live I'll think of that first kiss.  
Dear God, Thou know'st how oft in still of night,  
How in joy and pain on him my thoughts delight.  
Love is sweet, though bitter oft to rue;  
My poor heart is his and ever, ever true.

V.  
Brown the lad, blue-eyed the lassie -  
Led by him to dance is she.  
Clashing spurs he strikes together:  
Start the Czardas melody!  
Kisses fondly his sweet dove,  
spins her, whirls her, shouts  
and springs!  
Throws three shining silver gulden  
On the cymbal so it rings!

VI.  
Rosebuds three, all on one tree, ye bloom so red,  
That a lad a lassie woo, is not forbade!  
O dear God, if that had been denied,  
Then the whole wide lovely world long since had died.  
Single life's a sin, beside!  
Fairest village in Alfeld is Ketschemete,  
There live many pretty lasses trim and neat!  
Friends, go find ye there a little bride,  
Sue then for her hand and build your house with pride.  
Drain the glass with friendship plied!

VII.  
Art thou thinking often now, sweetheart, my love,  
What thou once with holy vow to me hast sworn?  
Leave me not, deceive me not,  
Thou know'st not how dear thou art to me;  
Love'st thou me as I thee,  
Then God's smile shall crown thee graciously.

VIII.  
Rosy evening clouds hang in the firmament,  
Longing-filled for thee,  
my love, my heart is rent;  
Heaven glows with splendrous light  
And I dream by day and night  
But of thee, of the sweetheart dear to me.

*Marias Wiegenlied*  
Mary sits in the rosegrove  
and rocks her child Jesus,  
softly through the leaves  
blows a warm summer wind.

At her feet sings  
a colorful little bird:  
Sleep, child, my sweet,  
just go to sleep!

Lovely is your smile,  
lovely is your joy in slumber,  
lay your tired little head  
against your mother's breast!  
Sleep, child, my sweet,  
just go to sleep!

*Les cloches*  
The leaves opened on the edge of the branches  
delicately.  
The bells tolled, light and free,  
n the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,  
this far-away call reminded me of the Christian whiteness  
of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,  
and in the large forest  
they seemed to revive the withered leaves  
of days gone by.

*Romance*

The vanishing and suffering soul,  
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul  
Of divine lilies that I have picked  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Where, then, have the winds chased it,  
This charming soul of the lilies?  
Is there no longer a perfume that remains  
Of the celestial sweetness  
Of the days when you enveloped me  
In a supernatural haze,  
Made of hope, of faithful love,  
Of bliss and of peace?

*O mio babbino caro*

My dear father,  
I like him, he's beautiful, beautiful;  
I want to go to Porta Rossa  
and buy the ring!  
Yes, yes, I want to go!  
And if my love is in vain,  
I would go upon Ponte Vecchio  
only to jump in the Arno  
I long for him and torment myself  
O God, I'd like to die!  
Father, have pity, have pity!

*Mi chiamano Mimi*

Yes, they call me Mimi,  
But my name is Lucia  
My history is brief  
To cloth or to silk  
I embroider at home or outside...  
I am peaceful and happy  
And it is my pastime  
To make lilies and roses  
I like these things  
That have so sweet smell,  
That speak of love, of spring,  
That speak of dreams and of chimera  
These things that have poetic names  
Do you understand me?  
They call me Mimi,  
And why I don't know.  
Alone, I make  
Lunch for myself the same.

I do not always go to mass,  
But I pray a lot to the Lord.  
I live alone, alone.  
There is a white little room  
I look upon the roofs and heaven.  
By when the thaw comes  
The first sun is mine  
The first kiss of April is mine!  
Rose buds in a vase  
Leaf and leaf I watch it!  
That gentle perfume of a flower!  
But the flowers that I make  
Ah me! they don't have odor!  
About me I don't know how to tell  
I am your neighbor who come unexpectedly  
to bother you.

*O del mio amato ben*

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!  
Far from my eyes is he  
who was, to me, glory and pride!  
Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek him and call him  
with a heart full of hopes?  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And the weeping is so dear to me,  
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sad everywhere.  
The day seems like night to me;  
the fire seems cold to me.  
If, however, I sometimes hope  
to give myself to another cure,  
one thought alone torments me:  
But without him, what shall I do?  
To me, life seems a vain thing  
without my beloved.

*Amorosi miei giorni*

My amorous days,  
Who could ever forget you,  
Now that, adorned with all the blessings,  
You give peace to my heart  
And perfume to my thoughts?  
To be able, so, as life advances,

To fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of his may be all my splendor  
And one smile of his may be all my treasure!