

Sunday, May 7
Music Theatre Workshop
Once Upon a Time
Wartburg Auditorium
3:00 pm

Thursday, May 11
Carthage Wind Orchestra Concert
Winds a la Carte
A. F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 pm

Friday, May 12
Student Organ Recital
Tomoko Sekiguchi
A. F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 pm

Saturday, May 13
Senior Piano Recital
Chrissy Deal
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00

Saturday, May 13
Chamber Orchestra & Singers
A. F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 pm

Sunday, May 14
Spring Honors Recital
A. F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 pm

Ushers courtesy of
Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Ticket Information
and Event Updates
262-551-5363



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



Carthage
Department of Music
presents

A Senior Voice Recital
by
Aaron Steckman
The Journey Continues

Gregory Berg, accompanist
with
Special Guests
Nick Sluss-Rodionov, bass
Erin Gaffaney, soprano
Rita Torcaso, soprano
Annalisa Ohnstad, cello

Saturday, May 6, 2006
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 PM

My Lagan Love (folksong)

arr. Hamilton Harty
(1879-1941)

To the Willow Tree

Ned Rorem
(b.1923)

Upon Julia's Clothes

Ned Rorem

With rue my heart is laden

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Ständchen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ständchen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Das Ständchen

Hugo Wolf
(1869-1903)

Le charme

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Le Bestiaire

Le dromadaire
La chèvre du Thibet
La sauterelle
Le dauphin
L'écrevisse
La carpe

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Ella giammai m'amo!
Son io dinanzi al Re?
(from *Don Carlo*)
Nicolas Sluss-Rodionov, bass

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Intermission

From *To a Poet*
To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence
The Birthnight

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

To Lizbie Browne (from *Earth and Air and Rain*)
Come away, come away, death

Gerald Finzi

Wanderers Nachtlied
Nacht und Träume

Franz Schubert

Auf die Kirchhofs
Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms

Per questa bella mano K.612

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Annalisa Ohnstad, cello

So ave sia il vento, (from *Così fan tutti*)
Erin Gaffaney, soprano
Rita Torcaso, soprano

W.A. Mozart

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the vocal performance
emphasis at Carthage College.

Translations

Ständchen (Serenade) – Schubert

Softly implore my songs through the night to you;
to the quiet grove below, darling, descend to me!
Whispering slender tree-tops rustle in the moon's light,
the traitor's hostile eavesdropping fear not, gentle one.
Do you hear the nightingales sing? Ah! They implore you,
with the tones sweet lament they implore for me.
They understand the bosom's longing, they know loves sorrow,
stir with the silver tones each tender heart.
Let also you the bosom move, darling, hear me!
trembling, I wait to meet you!
come, make me happy!

Ständchen (Serenade) – Brahms

The moon stands over the mountain, so right for amorous people;
in the garden murmurs a fountain, otherwise quietness far and wide.
at the wall in the shadow, there stand three students
with flute and fiddle and zither and sing and play at the same time.
The sounds creep gently into the most beautiful dream,
she sees her blond lover and lisps, "forget me not!"

Das Ständchen (The Serenade)

Over the roofs between pale clouds, the moon gazes across;
a student there in the street is singing at this beloved's door.
And the fountains murmur again through the still loneliness,
as do the woods, from the mountain down, just as in the good old times.
So in my young days, would I often on summer nights
also play my lute here and invent many merry songs.
But from her silent threshold they have carried my love away to rest.
And you, happy fellow, sing, sing ever on!

Le charme (The Charme)

When your smile surprised me I felt all my being tremble
But what had subdued my spirit at first I could not know.
When your gaze fell upon me I felt my soul melt,
But what this emotion might be, at first I could not understand.
What vanquished me forever was a much sadder charm,
And I did not know that I loved you until I saw your first tear.

Le Bestiare (The Bestiary)

Le dromadaire (The Dromedary)
With his four dromedaries

Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Traveled the world over and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries.

La chèvre du Thibet (The Tibetan Goat)
The hair of this goat and even
The golden hair for which such pains were taken
By Jason are worth nothing compared
To the hair of the one I love.

La sauterelle (The Grasshopper)
Here is the delicate grasshopper,
The nourishment of Saint Joh,
May my verses likewise be
A feast for superior people.

Le dauphin (The Dolphin)
Dolphins, you play in the sea,
But the waves are always briny.
Does my joy burst forth at times?
Life is still cruel.

L'écrevisse (The Crayfish)
Uncertainty, Oh! My delights,
You and I, we progress
As crayfish do,
Backwards, backwards.

La Carpe (The Carp)
In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, you live such a long time!
Is it that death has passed you by,
Fish of melancholy?

A special introduction is necessary for this excerpt from Verdi's *Don Carlo*. The scene takes place at the onset of Act IV. King Phillip is alone in his room brooding over the apparent loveless nature of his marriage to Elizabeth. Also disturbing him are suspicions about his own son, Carlo, with whom Elizabeth is having an affair. Following his despair, the Grand Inquisitor is announced and enters the king's chambers. Phillip informs the Inquisitor of Carlo's traitorous actions. He asks if the church will absolve him if he has his own son put to death, to which the Inquisitor replies that God Himself did not hesitate

sacrificing His Son so that the world might be saved. With that business finished, the Inquisitor brings Phillip's attention to the issue of Rodrigo, a trusted confidant of the king. The Grand Inquisitor claims that Carlo's sins are nothing compared to those of Rodrigo, and demands that Phillip hand him over to the Inquisition for punishment. The king refuses and the Grand Inquisitor exits in rage, after which Phillip expresses his frustration that the crown must always yield to the altar.

Aria
She never loved me!
No, that heart is closed to me, she has no love for me.
I can still see her, looking with sadness in her face at my white hair the day she arrived from France.
No, love for me she hasn't!

Where am I?...Those candles near to the end!...
Dawn whitens my balcony! Already breaks the day!
I see my days passing slowly!
Oh God! Sleep has vanished from my drooping eyes!

I shall sleep alone in my royal mantle,
when my day has arrived to evening,
I shall sleep alone under the black vault
there in the tomb of the Escorial.

If only the royal crown gave me the power of reading in the hearts what
God alone can see!...
If the prince is asleep, the traitor is awake watching;
The king loses his crown, his consort, and his honor!

Duet
Count of Lerma: The Grand Inquisitor!
Grand Inquisitor: Am I before the King?
Phillip: Yes, I had you called, my father! I am in doubt.
Carlo fills my heart with a bitter sadness;
He has taken up arms and rebelled against me, his father.
I: What means to punish do you choose?
P: Extreme means.
I: Let them be known to me.
P: That he may escape... or that the axe...
I: Well then?
P: Will you absolve me if I send my son to his death?
I: The peace of the Empire is worth the life of one rebel.

P: Can I, a Christian, sacrifice my son to the world?
I: To redeem us, God sacrificed His Son.
P: But can you enforce such a severe law?
I: Everywhere it will have force, as it had on Calvary.
P: Nature, love, can they be silenced in me?
I: Everything must be silenced to exalt the faith.
P: Very well!
I: Has the King nothing else to ask me?
P: No.
I: Then it is I who shall speak to you, Sire.
On Spanish soil never has heresy prevailed,
but there is one who wants to undermine the edifice divine.
A friend of the King, his faithful companion,
the demon tempting that pushes him to ruin.
Carlo's betrayal, which has caused you to become so enraged,
is a futile sport in comparison to this other man's betrayal
And I, the Inquisitor, who have often raised my powerful hand over
hordes of vile culprits,
for great men here on earth, I allow a dangerous rebel and the King to go
about unchecked.
F: To pass the sorrowful days in which we live,
I have searched in vain in my court for what I need-
A man! A loyal heart! I found him!
I: Why a man? Why then are you called a King, if there be a lesser man
equal to you?
F: No more, friar!
I: The ideas of the innovators have penetrated you!
You wish to break with your feeble hand the holy yoke extending over
the Roman Catholic globe!...
Return to your duty! The church can offer complete forgiveness to the
man who has hope and repents:
I ask for the Sire of Posa.
F: No! Never!
I: Oh King, if I weren't with you in the royal palace this very day,
I swear it to God, tomorrow you'd be at the Grand Inquisitor's, at the
supreme tribunal.
F: Friar! I have suffered your cruel talk too much already!
I: Why then evoke the ghost of Samuel?
I have given to your powerful realm two Kings up to now!...
The work of so many days you want to destroy, demented one!...
Why do I find myself here? What wants the King from me?
F: My father, that between us, peace may dwell again.
I: Peace?

F: Forget that which has passed between us.
I: Maybe!
F: So the throne must always bow to the altar!

Wanderers Nachtlied (Wanderer's Night-Song)
Above all the hill-tops is rest,
in all the tree tops you feel hardly a breath.
The little birds are silent, silent in the woods.
Wait now, soon you will rest also.

Night and Dreams *Nacht und Träume*
Hallowed night, you sink down;
Downward float also the dreams,
like your moonlight, through space,
through the silent bosom of people.
They listen to you with pleasure-
cry out, when the day breaks:
Come back, hallowed night;
lovely dreams, come back.

Auf dem Kirchhofe (At the Churchyard)
The day was rain-heavy and stormy,
I had been at many a forgotten grave;
weather beaten stone and cross, old wreathes,
the names overgrown, hard to read.
The day was stormy and rain-heavy,
upon all the graves froze the words: They were.
Like the dead storm the coffins slumbered,
upon all the graves thawed quietly: Healed.

Die Mainacht (The May Night)
When the silvery moon shines through the shrubs,
and its slumbering light spreads over the lawn,
and the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly from bush to bush.
Covered by foliage a pair of doves coos their enchantment to me;
but I turn myself, I seek darker shadows,
and the lonely tear flows.
When, oh smiling image,
which like morning-glow shines through the soul,
do I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear trembles hotter, hotter down my cheek.

Per questa bella mano (By your lovely hand)
By your lovely hand, by your beautiful eyes,
I vow, my dearest, that never will I love another but you.
The breezes, the plants, the rocks, which well know my sighs,
Will tell you of my constant loyalty.
Look brighter, oh stern visage, and tell me whether you hate or love me!
Your tender looks have won me, I want you to call me always yours.
Neither earth nor heaven could change that desire within me.

Trio

May the winds be gentle, the seas calm,
and may all the elements comply with our wishes.

