

Saturday, May 6
Music Theatre Workshop
Once Upon a Time
Wartburg Auditorium
7:00 pm

Saturday, May 6
Senior Voice Recital
Aaron Steckman, bass
H. F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 pm

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

Carthage Chamber Series
262-551-5363

Racine Symphony Orchestra
262-636-9285

Theatre Production
262-551-6661

Carthage

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



Department of Music

presents

**A Whole New World:
Songs of Discovery and Adventure**

**A Vocal Recital by:
Jamie Wilson, baritone
Jennifer Hansen, soprano**

**With Gregory Berg, piano
Jane Livingston, piano**

**Saturday, May 6, 2006
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:30 PM**



Bella siccome un angelo (from Don Pasquale)	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Mondnacht Widmung Der Sandmann	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
	Jamie Wilson
Les Nuits d'Été	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Villanelle Le Spectre de la Rose L'île Inconnue	
	Jennifer E. Hansen
Duet (from <i>Die Zauberflöte</i>)	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
	Jennifer E. Hansen and Jamie Wilson
<i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i> Woodcutter's Song Song of the Pilgrim Watchful's Song	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
	Jamie Wilson
The Light in the Piazza (<i>The Light in the Piazza</i>)	Adam Guettel (b. 1965)
I Know the Truth (<i>Aida</i>)	Elton John (b. 1947)
No Good Deed (<i>Wicked</i>)	Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
	Jennifer E. Hansen
A Whole New World (<i>Aladin</i>)	Alan Menken (b. 1949)
	Jamie Wilson and Jennifer E. Hansen

Beautiful as an angel (*Bella siccome un angelo*)

Beautiful as an angel
On earth as a pilgrim.
Fresh as a lily
That opens upon morning.
Eyes that speak and laugh,
Glances that conquer the heart,
Hair that surpasses ebony,
Enchanting smile!

A soul innocent and ingenuous
That ignores itself.
Modesty incomparable
Goodness that makes one fall in love.
To the poor piteous,
Gentle, sweet, loving!
Heaven made her be born
To make a heart beat!

Mondnacht

It was as if the sky
Had quietly kissed the earth,
So that in a shower of blossoms
She must only dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the fields,
The ears of corn waved gently,
The forests rustled faintly,
So sparkling clear was the night.

And my soul stretched
its wings out far,
Flew through the still lands,
as if it were flying home.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,

o you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
your gaze transfigures me before you;
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

Der Sandmann

I wear two fine little boots,
With wonderfully soft little soles.
A little bag is on my back.
Quickly I patter up the stairs.
And when I come into the room,
The children say their evening prayer.
From my bag two little grains
I sprinkle on their little eyes,
Then they will sleep the whole night through
In God's and his angels' care!

From my bag two little grains
I sprinkle on their little eyes:
Now will come to the good children
A nice and joyful dream.
And quickly now with bag and staff
I hurry down the stairs again!
I can no longer tarry here,
Must go today to many more—
There you nod already and laugh in your dream,
And I hardly opened my little bag.

The Nights of Summer (Les Nuit d'Été)

Villanelle (Villanelle)

When the new season will come,
When the frosts will have vanished,
We two shall go, my lovely one,
To gather lilies-of-the valley in the woods.
Under our feet, picking the pearls

Which one sees trembling in the morn;
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;
Spring has come, my lovely one;
This is the blessed month for lovers;
And the bird smoothing its wings,
Says a poem on the rim of its nest.
Oh, come then to this mossy bank
To talk of our glorious love,
And tell me with your voice to sweet,
Forever!

Far, far away, straying from our path
Putting to flight the hidden rabbit
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs
Admiring its bent antlers;
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

The Spectre of the Rose (Le Spectre de la Rose)

Open your closed eyelid
Gently touched by a virginal dream!
I am the spectre of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.
You have taken me still covered with the pearls
Of the sprinkler's silvery tears,
And amidst brilliant festivities,
You carried me through the night.
O you, who were the cause of my death,
Without your being able to escape him
My rose-coloured spectre will come
Every night to dance at your bedside.
But have no fear at all: I do not ask
Either a mass or De Profundis.
This fragrant perfume is my soul,
And I am from paradise.
My destiny could be envied,
And to have so beautiful a fate,
More than one would have given his life;
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster were I repose,

A poet wrote with a kiss:
"Here lies a rose
Which all kings might envy."

The Island Uncharted (*L'Île Inconnue*)

Tell me, young fair one,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells its wing,
The wind will blow!
The oar is of ivory
The flag of silk
The rudder of pure gold;
For ballast I have an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For foam I have a seraph.
Tell me, young fair one,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells its wing,
The wind will blow.
Is it to the Baltic Sea?
To the Pacific Ocean?
Towards the island of Java?
Or is it to Norway,
To gather the snow flowers,
Or the flowers of Angsoka?
Tell me, young fair one,
Tell me, where do you wish to go?
Lead me, says the fair one,
To the faithful shore,
Where one loves always!
This shore, my fair one,
Is not known at all, in the land of loves!
Sweetheart, where would you go?
The wind will softly blow.

Duet from The Magic Flute (Die Zauberflöte)

Pa-pa-pa, pa-pa-pa. papagena
pa-pa-pa-, pa-pa-pa-, papageno.

PAPAGENO
Have you now yielded to me?

PAPAGENA
Now I have yielded to you!

PAPAGENO
Now, then be my dear little wife!

PAPAGENA
Now, then be the dove of my heart,
The dove of my heart!

PAPAGENO
My dear little wife,
dove of my heart,

PAPAGENO AND PAPAGENA
What joy that will be
If the Gods think of us,
And give us children of our love
And give us children of our love
Such dear little children, little children,
Little children, little children,
Such dear little children.
First a little Papageno,
Then a little Papagena,
Then again a Papageno,
Then again a Papagena
Papageno, Papagena, Papageno, etc.
It is the highest of feelings
If many (of them) to Papageno will be
In the care of their parents.
If many to Papageno will be
In the care of their parents.