



Student Recital – Maureen Rancourt
Sunday, May 20
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

For current concert information and updates
please call 262-551-5859



Department of Music

presents

Connections!
A Junior Voice Recital

Kristen Barnes, soprano
Shannon Burke, mezzo-soprano
Carol Wallace, pianist

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Sunday, May 20, 2007
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
1:30 p.m.

Carthage

Carthage Music Department
2001 Alford Park Drive
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140
262-551-5859

Cleopatra's arias from Giulio Cesare
V'adoro, pupille
Piangerò la sorte mia
Kristen Barnes

George Frideric Handel
(1685 - 1759)

Les roses d'Ispahan
Fleur desséchée
Shannon Burke

Gabriel Fauré
(1845 - 1924)
Pauline Viardot
(1821 - 1910)

Vergebliches Ständchen
Nacht und Träume
Kristen Barnes

Johannes Brahms
(1833 - 1897)
Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

Waldesgespräch
Shannon Burke

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

Sous le dôme épais, from *Lakmé*
Shannon Burke and Kristen Barnes

Léo Delibes
(1836 - 1891)

Intermission

Cherubino's arias from Le Nozze di Figaro
Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio
Voi, che sapete
Shannon Burke

W. A. Mozart
(1756 - 1791)

Chanson d'amour
La statue de bronze
Kristen Barnes

Gabriel Fauré
(1845 - 1924)
Eric Satie
(1876 - 1957)

Und ob die Wolke, *Der Freischütz*
Shannon Burke

Carl Maria von Weber
(1786 - 1826)

Four Emily Dickenson Songs
A Letter
How the Waters Closed
Wild Nights
There Came a Wind like a Bugle

Lee Hoiby
(1926)
Emily Dickinson
(1830 - 1886)

from *My Antonia*
The Hired Girls
Antonia in the Field
Shannon Burke

Libby Larsen
(1950)

Come Dance With Me, *Hansel and Gretel*
Engelbert Humperdinck
(1854 - 1921)

Engelbert Humperdinck
(1854 - 1921)

Handel's fifth full-length opera *Giulio Cesare in Egitto/Julius Caesar in Egypt* tells of Caesar's rise to power in Egypt as well as the struggle between Ptolemy and Cleopatra, brother and sister, to achieve sole power. The conflict is resolved when Ptolemy is killed and Cleopatra offers Ptolemy's crown to Caesar so they may rule Egypt together.

"*V'adoro pupille*" occurs in the 2nd act. Cleopatra seeks to enchant Caesar by staging a tableau of Mount Parnassus. She sings disguised as the seductive Lydia on the throne of virtue surrounded by her muses.

"*Piangerò la sorte mia*" occurs after Ptolemy's forces have defeated Cleopatra's. Imprisoned and convinced she will be executed, Cleopatra laments her fate.

V'adoro, pupille

I adore you, eyes, lightning bolts of love;
your sparks are welcome in my breast.
My sad heart, which calls you its dearly beloved
In every hour, longs for you to be compassionate.

Piangerò la sorte mia

Thus, in a single day,
Must I lose ceremony and greatness? Alas, wicked fate!
Caesar, my godlike beloved, is probably dead,
Cornelia and Sextus are defenceless
And cannot come to my aid. O gods!
There is no hope left to my life.

I shall lament my fate,
So cruel and so pitiless,
As long as I have breath in my breast.
But when I am dead
My ghost will, wherever he may be,
Torment the tyrant by night and by day.
I shall etc.

Les roses d'Ispahan/The roses of Isfahan

Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

The roses of Isfahan in their sheath of moss,
The jasmines of Mosul, the flowers of the orange tree
Have a scent less fresh, have an aroma less sweet,
O fair Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral, and your soft laughter
Sounds better than flowing water and with sweeter voice,
Better than the joyful wind that rocks the orange tree,
Better than the bird singing on the edge of a mossy nest.

O Leilah! Ever since with their light soaring
All the kisses have fled from your lips so sweet

There is no more scent in the pale orange tree,
Nor celestial aroma from the roses in their moss.

Oh! May your young love, that light butterfly,
Come back toward my heart on a speedy and gentle wing,
And may it again scent the flower of the orange tree,
The roses of Isfahan in their sheath of moss

Fleur desséchée/ Pressed flower

Alexandre Pushkin (1799-1873)

In this old book you have been forgotten
Flower without scent or color
But a strange reverie
Fills my heart when I see you.

What day, what place witnessed your birth?
What was your destiny? Who picked you?
Who knows? Perhaps I knew
Those whose love preserved you!

Faded rose, do you recall
The first hours or the farewells?
The conversations in the meadow
Or in the silent wood?

Is he still living? Does she exist?
On which branches do their nests sway?
Or like you, who were so lovely,
Are their charming looks withered?

Vergebliches Ständchen/Futile Serenade

Anton Wilhelm Florentin von Zuccalmaglio (1803-1869)

(He)
Good evening, my darling,
Good evening, my dear!
I'm here out of live for you;
Ah, open the door for me!

(She)
My door is locked;
I will not let you in.
Mother counseled me wisely
That if you were permitted to come in
It would be all over for me!

(He)
So cold is the night,
So icy the wind,
That my heart is freezing;
My love will be extinguished.
Open for me, my dear!

(She)

If your love is being extinguished,
Just let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Go home to bed, to sleep!
Good night, my Lad!

Nacht und Träume/Night and Dreams

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:
Com back, hallowed night;
Lovely dreams, come back.

Waldesgespräch/Conversation in the Wood
from *Liederkreis Op. 39*

Joseph V. Eichendorff

(He)

It is already late, it is already cold;
why do you ride alone through the wood?
The wood is vast and you are alone,
you fair bride! I will lead you home.

(She)

Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
my heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,
o flee! You do not know who I am.

(He)

So richly decked are mount and lady,
so wondrously fair the young form;
now I recognize you - God stand by me!
You are the Witch Loreley.

(She)

You recognize me well - from the lofty cliffs
my castle gazes down into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold -
you shall never again leave this wood.

Lakmé a two act opera by Léo Delibes, libretto by Gille and Gondinet, depicts a fatal love between Lakmé, the daughter of a vehemently anti-British Brahmin priest Nilakantha, and Gerald, an English officer. This Act I duet is sung by Lakmé and her servant, Mallika before Gerald bursts into their Indian forest retreat.

Sous le dôme épais

Edmund Gondinet (1828-1888) and Philippe Gondinet (1831-1901)

Lakmé:

Come, Mallika, the creepers are in flower
They already cast their shadows
On the sacred river which flows,
Calmly and serenely,

Mallika:

Oh! Mistress,
This is the time when your face smiles,
The time when I can read
Lakmé secrets hidden in her heart!

Lakmé:

Dome made of jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Call us together.
Ah! Let us float along
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing,
O the lovely birds sing.
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together.

Mallika:

Under the dome of white jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
On the bank covered with flowers,
Laughing through the morning,
Let us descend together.
Gently floating
On its charming swells
On the river's current:
On the shining waves
One hand reaches out to,
Reaching for the bank,
Where spring sleeps
And the birds, the birds sing
Under the dome of jasmine,
Under the white jasmine,
Ah! Calling us together

Lakmé:

But, I do not know subtle fear,
Enfolds me,
When my father goes alone
To that cursed town;
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

Mallika:

For the god Ganessa protects him,
Let us venture to the joyous pool
The swans with wings of white are happy,
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus. Ah!

Mozart's opera *Le Nozze di Figaro/The Marriage of Figaro* tells the tale of a wild day in the palace of Count Almaviva. The Count, who is trying to seduce Susanna, his valet Figaro's fiancé and his wife's maid, correctly senses an attraction between the page Cherubino, and his wife, the Countess Rosina. In "Non so piu," while clutching Rosina's ribbon, Cherubino describes the emotions that overpower him when he sees women, particularly the owner of the ribbon. In "Voi che sapete, at the request of Susanna, Cherubino serenades the Countess with one of his love songs.

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio

Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749-1838)

Who I am, what I do, I know not,
I am now all on fire, then all ice;
Every woman I see makes me blush,
Every woman makes my heart throb,
The mere mention of love or delight
Both disturbs and unsettles my heart.
A desire that I can not explain
Of affection compels me to speak.
I speak of love awake,
I speak of love in sleep,
To water, shades, and hills,
To flowers, herbs, and fountains,
To echo, air, and winds,
Which bear along with them
The sounds of my laments.
And if no one hears me, I speak of
Love to myself.

Voi, che sapete

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if it is in my heart.
What I feel I shall now tell,
It is new to me, I cannot understand it
I feel a passion, full of desire,
Which now delights and then torments.
Now I am frozen and then all flame
And in an instant am frozen again.
I seek for happiness which is not in me,
I know not who possesses it;
I sigh, lament without desire;
My heart does beat, I know not why.
I find no peace by night nor day,
Yet I am pleased to languish thus.

Chanson d'amour/Love Song

Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Grace of all you say,
O my rebel, o my darling angel
My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you towards whom all my desires fly,
O my wild one, o my rebel!

La statue de bronze/The bronze statue

Léon-Paul Fargue (1876-1957)

The frog of the game tonneau
Gets bored, at evening under the arbor.
She has had enough!
Of being a statue
About to pronounce an important word, the Word!

She would rather be with the others
Blowing music bubbles
With the soap of the moon.
At the edge of the reddish-brown washhouse
Shining over there between the branches...

All day long they keep throwing
Fodder of metal disks
That only pass through her
And go rattling
Into the compartments
Of her numbered pedestal!
And at night, the insects sleep in her mouth.

Der Freischütz by Carl Maria von Weber is considered by many to be the first important German Romantic opera. Agathe is in love with Max, a young hunter who hopes to succeed Agathe's father as head ranger. In this Act III aria, Agathe prays for comfort for she dreamt she turned into a dove and Max shot her.

Und ob die Wolke

Friedrich Kind (1768-1848)

The clouds by tempest may be driven
Across the glorious throne of day;
The Sun that never sets in heaven,
Soon smiles the gathering clouds away;
For though over earth clouds may lower,
Over Heavens will they have no power.
And thus although the clouds of sorry,
A shadow over the soul may throw;
Yet hope that dwells within the morrow,
Though hidden, will not cease to glow;
For Heaven's eye, which never sleeps,
A watch over all its children keeps.

Four Emily Dickinson Songs

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

A Letter

You ask of my companions.
Hills, sir, and the sundown,
and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me.

They are better than beings because they know,
but do not tell;
And the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano.
They are religious, except me,
and address an eclipse ev'ry morning,
whom they call their "Father."

But I fear my story fatigues you.
I would like to learn.
Could you tell me how to grow,
or is it unconveyed,
like melody or witchcraft?

How the Waters Closed

How the waters closed above him,
How the waters closed above him
We shall never know;
How he stretched his anguish to us,
That is covered too.

Spreads the pond her base of lilies
Bold above the boy
Whose unclaimed hat and jacket
Sum the history.

Wild Nights

Wild nights, Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be our luxury!

Futile the winds to a heart in port
Done with the compass
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden. Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor tonight
In thee!
They have awakened by the song birds!

There Came a Wind like a Bugle

There came a wind like a bugle
It quivered through the grass
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the windows and the doors
As from an Emerald Ghost
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed

On a strange mob of panting trees
And fences fled away
And rivers where the houses ran
Those looked that lived that day

The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told
How much can come and much can go,
And yet abide the world!

My Antonia

Based on the novel My Antonia
by Willa Cather (1873-1947)

The Hired Girls

"Now, you're Lena, are you?
And you're Tony and you're Mary!
Have I got it straight?"

They were handsome girls,
The hired girls,
Tony and Lena,
Three Mary's,
The four Danish girls,
And Lena and Tiny.

How they loved to dance! Ah!

They were handsome girls,
The hired girls,
Lena, Tiny, and Tony,
Three Mary's, four Danish girls.

I thought, if not for girls like these in the world there would be no poetry.

Antonia in the Field

When the sun was dropping low
Antonia came up from the fields
How much older she was,
A tall girl,
A strong girl.

"Jim!" she greeted me.
We chatted a moment,
Oh! She was beautiful,
Sunburned,
With her blouse open at the neck
And her throat plastered with dust.
Antonia, my Antonia.

A three act opera by Engelbert Humperdinck, Hansel and Gretel is the familiar Brothers Grimm story of the poor woodcutter's children, who surrounded by angels, survive a frightening night in the deep forest, then outsmart the cannibalistic witch. In Act I, bored, hungry and alone in their cottage, the children sing and dance to keep their minds off of their empty stomachs. (English by Constance Bache)

Gretel:
Brother dance a step or two
Both my hands I offer you,
Right foot first, Left foot then,
Round about and back again

Hansel:
I would dance, but don't know how,
When to turn or when to bow,
Show me what I ought to do,
So that I may dance like you.

Gretel:
With your foot you tap tap tap,
With your hands you clap clap clap,
Right foot first, Left foot then,
Round about and back again!

Hansel:
With your foot you tap tap tap,
With your hands you clap clap clap,
Right foot first, Left foot then,
Round, and back again!

Gretel:
That was very good indeed,
And I'm sure that you'll succeed.
Try again and I can see
Hansel soon will dance like me!

With your foot you tap tap tap,
With your hands you clap clap clap,
Right foot first, Left foot then,
Round about and back again!

Hansel:
With your foot you tap tap tap,
With your hands you clap clap clap,
Right foot first, Left foot then,
Round, about and back again!

Gretel:
Here's a different step to do,
You must do it with me too!
Offer me your arm for dancing,
I accept! Now let's start prancing. Come!

Both:

I love to play and sing and dance all day,
Love to have my fling,
In fact I'd do it every day,
Just play and dance and sing.

Gretel:

Tra-la-la...
Come and have a twirl, my dearest Hansel,
Come and have a dance with me, just so.
Come here to me, Come here to me,
I'm sure you can't say No!

Hansel:

Go away from me, Go away from me,
I'm much too proud for you!
With little girls I do not dance,
And so, my dear, I'm through!

Gretel:

Go, stupid Hans, conceited Hans,
You'll see I'll make you dance! Tra-la-la...
Come and have a dance my dearest Hansel
Come and have a dance with me, just so

Hansel:

O Gretel dear, O sister dear,
Your stocking has a hole!

Gretel:

O Hansel dear, O brother dear,
It's true upon my soul!
But just for that I tell you flat,
Don't dance with me again!

Hansel:

Don't be a cat, it's tit for tat,
I say you dance again.

Gretel:

Tra-la-la...
Come and have a dance, my dearest Hansel
Come and have a dance, my dearest Hans!

Both:

I'll sing a rhyme to keep in time
While I dance with you!

Hansel:

And if the stockings are in holes
Why mother'll knit some new
Come and have a dance, my dearest Hansel!
Only have a dance, my dearest Hansel! Tra-la-la