



Department of Music

presents

Tis I'll Be Here In Sunshine or In Shadow

A Senior Voice Recital by

Brittany Foraker

Friday, March 30, 2007
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Jennifer Diethart
Saturday, March 31
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30- p.m.

Student Recital – Trevor Parker
Friday, April 20
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

Palm Sunday Concert, College Choirs
Sunday, April 1
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

String Chamber Ensemble Recital
Saturday, April 21
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00- p.m.

Spring Concert – Jazz Ensemble
Featuring guest artist Antonio Garcia
Monday, April 2
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

**Graduate Student Recital –
Steven Carmichael**
Saturday, April 21
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

**Great Lakes Navy Band
Carthage Concert Band**
Wednesday, April 4
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

**Spring Tour Finale Concert
Lincoln Chamber Singers**
Sunday, April 22
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Arnold Wernecke
Friday, April 13
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

**Spring Concert
Guitar Ensemble**
Wednesday, April 25
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

**Student Recital – Bryan Chung &
A.J. Hanson**
Saturday, April 14
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Emily Theine
Friday, April 27
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

**Chamber Music Series –
Adaskin String Trio**
Sunday, April 15
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

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

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Fraternity



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

From *Susannah*
Ain't It a Pretty Night
The Trees on the Mountains

Carlisle Floyd
(b. 1926)

From *Les nuits d'été*
L'Absence
Villanelle

Hector Berlioz
(1803 – 1869)

Les Cloches

Claude Debussy
(1862 - 1918)

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten
(from BWV 78, *Jesu, der du meine Seele*)

J.S. Bach
(1685 - 1750)

O zitt're nicht (*Die Zauberflöte*)

W.A. Mozart
(1756 – 1791)

Intermission

Scene from *La traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813 – 1901)

Song for a Girl

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Der Jüngling an der Quelle
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Die junge Nonne

Franz Schubert
(1797 – 1828)

If music be the food of love (first version)
If music be the food of love (first version)

Henry Purcell
(1659 – 1695)

L'Absence

Return, return, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!

Between our hearts, how great a distance!
So much space between our kisses!
O great unappeased desires!

Return, return, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!

From here to there how many plains,
How many towns and villages,
How many valleys and mountains,
To weary the hooves of the horses.

Return, return, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!

Villanelle

When the new season comes,
When the cold has vanished,
We shall go together, my fair one,
To gather the lilies of the valley in the woods.

Our feet scattering the pearls of dew
That are seen trembling at the morn,
We shall go to hear the blackbirds warbling.

The spring has come, my fair one,
It is the month blessed by lovers;
And the bird preening its wing,
Sings a refrain on the edge of the nest.
Oh! Come then to this mossy bank
To talk of the delights of our love,
And say to me in your sweet voice for ever!

Far, very far, straying from our paths,
Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit,
and the deer, in the mirror of the springs
admiring its great blending antlers;
then towards home, quite happy, quite contented,
with interlaced fingers for baskets,
let us return bringing the strawberries from the woods.

Les Cloches

The leaves opened on the edge of the branches,
delicately,
The bells rang, lightly and clearly,
In the mild sky.

Rhythmical and gervent like and anthem,
This distant call
Brought to my mind the Christian whiteness
Of the alter flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,
And in the great forest
Seemed to make green again the
Whithered leaves
Of bygone days.

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch emsigen Schritten

We hasten with failing
but diligent paces,
O Jesus, O master, to you for your help
You seekest the ailing and erring most faithful,
Ah, hearken, as we
Our voices are raising to beg thee for succor!
Let on us your countenance smile ever gracious!

Der Hölle Rache

Hell's Revenge cooks in my heart,
Death and despair flame about me!
If Sarastro does not through you feel
The pain of death,
Then you will be my daughter nevermore.
May you be disowned forever,
May you be disowned forever,
Destroyed be forever
All the bonds of nature,
If not through you
Sarastro becomes pale! (as death)
Hear, Gods of Revenge,
Hear a mother's oath!

Scene from *La traviata*

Violetta: [Looking in a mirror] Oh, the pallor! [Seeing Alfredo] You here?

Alfredo: Is the anxiety past that troubled you?

V: I'm better.

A: You will kill yourself this way. You must take better care of yourself.

V: How can I?

A: Oh, if you were mine, I would watch protectively over your gentle days.

V: What are you saying? Does anyone care for me?
A: No one in the world loves you . . .
V: No one?
A: . . . only I alone!
V: That's true! I had forgotten I had such a great love! [laughing]
A: You laugh? Do you have a heart?
V: A heart? Yes, maybe . . . and why are you asking?
A: Ah, if that were so, you wouldn't be able then to mock me.
V: Do you speak truly?
A: I do not deceive you.
V: Has it been long that you loved me?
A: Ah, yes! For a year. One day, happy, eternal, you flashed before me, and from that day, trembling, I've lived in an unknown love. In that love which is the pulse of the entire universe, mysterious, aloof, cross and delight of my heart.
V: If that is true, then flee from me! I offer only friendship; I can't love you, nor bear such a heroic love. I am frank, ingenuous, you must look for another. You will not find it difficult to forget me. Love then no more. Does this agreement suit you?
A: I obey you. I'll leave.
V: You go that far? Take this flower.
A: Why?
V: In order to return it.
A: When?
V: When it has withered.
A: Oh heavens! Tomorrow!
V: Well, then . . . tomorrow.
A: I am so happy!
V: You still say you love me?
A: Oh, how much I love you!
V: You're leaving?
A: I leave.
V: Good-bye.

Der Jungling an der Quelle

Softly rippling spring!
You swaying, whispering poplars,
Your sleepy murmuring only awakens my love.
I came to you looking for relief,
and to forget her, that obstinate girl,
Ah, and the leaves and the brook
are sighing for you, Louise!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window;
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Die junge Nonne

How the howling storm roars though the treetops! The rafters are rattling,
The house is trembling! Thunder is rolling, lightning is flashing,
And the night is as dark as the grave! Be that as it may, thus a storm was
raging

Still recently also in me! Life roared, as the storm roars now,
My limbs trembled as the house trembles now, love flamed
As the lightning now flames, and my heart was as dark as the grave,
Now rage, you wild, powerful storm; in my heart there is peace,
In my heart there is calm; the loving bride is waiting for her bridegroom,
Purified in the testing fire, wed to eternal love.

I wait, my Savior, with yearning gaze! Come, heavenly bridegroom,
Take your bride, release my soul from earthly bonds!
Listen, the little bell sounds peacefully from the tower!
The sweet pealing lures me all-powerfully to the eternal heights.
Hallelujah!

