



Guest Recital – Jennifer Bratz, piano
Monday, March 5
H.F. Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Guest Recital – Gene Pokorny, tuba
Wednesday, March 7
A.F. Siebert Chapel
6:00 p.m.

String Chamber Ensemble Concert
Thursday, March 8
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Caitlin Smulski
Friday, March 23
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Kelly Stengert
Saturday, March 24
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Tour Finale Concert
Carthage Choir
Sunday, March 25
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

“Via Crucis”
Wind Orchestra
Wednesday, March 28
First United Methodist Church
6:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Brittany Foraker
Friday, March 30
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.

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

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

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

Student Recital – Arnold Wernecke
Friday, April 13
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.

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

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

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



Department of Music

presents

Starry Night

A Senior Voice Recital by

Jennifer Ledanski, Mezzo – Soprano
with
Rita Torcaso, Soprano

Gregory Berg, Piano

Saturday, March 3, 2007
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Carthage

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

He was despised (*Messiah*)

George Fredrick Handel
(1685 - 1759)

Woe unto them who forsake him (*Elijah*)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809 – 1847)

Agnus Dei (*Mass in b Minor*)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685 - 1750)

Cara e dolce
O cessati di piagarmi
Gia'il sole dal gange

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659 – 1725)

To greet you, my lady
(*The Marriage of Figaro*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756 – 1791)

Intermission

Auf dem Kirchhofe
Alte Liebe
Vergebliches Standchen

Johannes Brahms
(1833 – 1897)

Beau soir
Les Angelus
Nuit d'etoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862 – 1918)

What is this feeling? (*Wicked*)
Rita Torcaso, Soprano
For good (*Wicked*)
Rita Torcaso, Soprano

Stephen Schwartz
(1948)

Agnus Dei – Lamb of God

Lamb of God
Who takes away the sins of the world,
Have Mercy on us.

Cara e dolce – Dear and very sweet

Dear and very sweet,
sweetest liberty,
however much my heart weeps for you.
Caught in the bonds of a golden head of hair,
it feels the cruelty of an eye that shoots arrows.

The hard ropes
that unbending fate
gives me in mercy
tie my feet together
and deny pity to my long suffering.

O cessate di piagarmi – O stop wounding me

O stop wounding me,
O leave me to die!
eyes so ungrateful,
merciless,
more than ice and more than marble
cold and deaf to my sufferings!
More than a snake, more than an asp,
cruel and unhearing to my sighs,
eyes so proud,
unseeing and ferocious,
you have power to make me well again,
and you enjoy my fainting.

Già il sole dal Gange – Already, from over the Ganges, the sun

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Auf dem Kirchhofe – In the graveyard

The day was heavy with rain and disturbed by storms;
I was walking among many forgotten graves,
with weathered stones and crosses, the wreaths old,
the names washed away, hardly to be read.

The day was disturbed by storms and heavy with rain;
on every grave froze the words "we were."
The coffins slumbered calmly like the eye of a storm, and on every grave
melted quietly the words: "we were healed."

Alte liebe – Old love

The dark swallow is returning
From a distant land.
The blessed storks come back
And bring new happiness.

On this spring morning
So overcast and warm
It seems to me I have found again
The sorrow of a former love.

It's as if someone gently
Touched me on the shoulder,
As if I heard a rustling
Like the flight of a dove.

There's a knocking at my door,
And yet no one is out there;
I breathe the scent of jasmine,
But I have no bouquet.

Someone calls me from the distance,
An eye looks on me,
An old dream seizes me
And leads me on its way.

Vergebliches Ständchen – Futile serenade

He:
Good evening, my treasure,
good evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door,
open the door for me!

She:
My door is locked,
and I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in,
It would all be over for me!

He:

The night is so cold,
and the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, sweet girl!

She:

If your love starts dying,
then let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying,
go home to bed, and rest!
Good night, my boy!

Beau soir – Beautiful evening

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields,
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things
And it climbs up towards the troubled heart.
A plea to relish the charm of life
While there is youth and the evening is fair,
For we pass away, as the wave passes:
The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Les Angelus - Angels

Christen bells of Matins,
Asking the heart not to lose hope!
Angelus, made angelic by the dawn!
Alas! Where are your beguiling prayers?
You were filled with such gentle madness!
Presages of coming love!

Today my grief is supreme,
And all the Matins are abolished.
I live only in the shadow and night;
The tired angelus is lamenting death,
And there, in my resigned heart, sleeps
The lonely widow of all hope.

Nuit d'etoiles – Starry night

Starry night, beneath your pinions, beneath your breeze and your
perfumes, Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing, I dream of a love long past.

Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with gloom my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my darling, Quivering in the dreamy wood.

In the shadows of the greenwood, When, alone, I am sighing low,
You come back, O! poor soul awaken'd,
Pure and white as snow in your shroud.

I watch here at this, your small fountain your blue eyes like the sky;
This rose, it is my dear hope,
And these fair stars they are your eyes.