



Carthage

Department of Music

presents

Dream with Me

A Senior Voice Recital by

Megan Lyne, Soprano

with

Stephen Smith, pianist

Sunday, May 13, 2007
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
1:00 p.m.

Masterworks Chorale
Sunday, May 13
First United Methodist Church
3:00 p.m.

Jazz Combo Recital
Monday, May 14
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

**Spring Concert
Chamber Orchestra**
Wednesday, May 16
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

Cantus – Chamber Music Series
Friday, May 18
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Jennifer Cobb
Saturday, May 19
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

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

Student Recital – Sarah Gates
Saturday, May 19
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

**Student Recital – Kristen Barnes &
Shannon Burke**
Sunday, May 20
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
1:30 p.m.

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

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Fraternity

Carthage

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

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Anna Najoom, clarinet

Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

C
Air Champêtre

Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Nuit d'étoiles
Duet from *L'enfant Prodigue*

Dr. Sjoerdsma, tenor

Claude Debussy
(1862 - 1918)

Chi'il bel sogno di Doretta from *La Rondine*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858 - 1924)

Csárdás from *Die Fledermaus*

Johann Strauss
(1825 - 1899)

Ah, fors'è lui from *La Traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813 - 1901)

Intermission

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Samuel Barber
(1910 - 1981)

Dream With Me

Leonard Bernstein
(1918 - 1990)

Julia Hornberger, cello

Shepherd On The Rock, Wilhelm Müller and Helmina von Chézy
When I am standing on the highest rock, looking down in the deep valley, I sing, and sing. Far away from the dark, deep valley, the echo comes up, the echo from the gorges.

The further my voice travels, the brighter it comes back again, from down there.

My sweetheart lives so far from me, that's why I'm yearning for her so much, over there.

I am consumed by grief; for me all joy is gone. Hope left me on earth; I am so lonely here. So longing sounds the song in the forest, so longing does it sound through the night. The hearts are drawn to heaven with a magical force.

Springtime will be coming, springtime, my joy. Now I shall make myself ready, prepared to go wandering again

C, Louis Aragon
I have crossed the bridges of Cé
it is there that it all began
a song of bygone days
tells of a wounded knight

of a rose on the carriage-way
and an unlaced bodice
of the castle of a mad duke
and swans on the moats

of the meadow where comes dancing
an eternal betrothed
and I drank like iced milk
the long lay of false glories

the Loire carries my thoughts away
with overturned cars
and the unprimed weapons
and the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken France
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

Air Champêtre, Jean Moréas

Lovely spring, never will I cease to remember
that one day, guided by friendship, entranced,
I gazed on your face, O goddess,
half hidden beneath the moss.

This friend for whom I weep,
would he had remained,
O nymph, a devotee of your cult,
still to consort with the breeze which caresses you,
and respond to your hidden waters.

Nuit d'étoiles, Théodore de Banville

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and perfumes,
sad lyre which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene Melancholy comes to blooms
in the depths of my heart,
and I hear the soul of my beloved
quiver in the dreaming wood.

At our fountain I see again your gazes,
blue as the heavens;
this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Duet from *L'enfant Prodigue*

Azael: I see you again, charming refuge, where for me all is
remembered: here the stone bench and the tranquil river where my
mother formerly came lovingly with me. But I collapse, without
strength and without courage, my feet bloodied; my vision
inundated with tears. Here I would die, in view of my gate, and I
will never enter that humble village. Lord! Lord! I deserve my
fate!

Lia: I flee... I am no longer a mistress of my tears... Ah! That joy
is sadness to the unhappy heart! The more lively pleasures, the
greater my distress! O memories too sad! Azael! Azael! Why have
you left me? Oh what deserted shore, probably far from us, that
son whom I loved so much among others, suffers alone and weak,
imploring his mother...

Azael: Into my senses a ray enters. A less thick veil darkens my
eyelids. Who calls me?

Lia: It is I, your mother!

Azael: My mother! Do your forgive me?

Lia: Ah, raise your pale forehead. Let the past forever remain buried.

Azael/Lia: Happy moment! For years, in my despair, trembling/confused, I awaited/dreamed of your return. And full of gladness, my heart that presses you as before, gives my love.

Azael: Because of my remorse, my illness, my tears, I deserve your pity.

Lia: By your repentant soul, child, you disarm me; is that not punishment enough?

Azael: To bless you, my life, alas, will be too short. I bow at your knees.

Lia: Banish your memories, as one forgets a dream. Take your place among us.

Chi'il bel sogno di Doretta

Who could guess Doretta's sweet dream?

How did its mystery end?

Alas! One day a student kissed her on the lips and that kiss proved to be a revelation; it was passion!

Mad love! Mad intoxication!

Who could describe the insidious caress of a burning kiss like that?

Oh, my dream! Alas, my life!

What do riches matter

if happiness blossoms again in the end!

O golden dream- to be able to love like that!

Csárdás

Sounds of my homeland, you rouse my longing, bring tears into my eyes!

When I hear you, you songs of home, I am drawn back, my Hungary, to you!

O homeland so wondrous, how brightly the sun shines there!
How green your forests, how smiling the meadows,
o land where I was so happy!

Yes, your beloved image quite fills my soul, your beloved image!
And though I am far, so far from you, for all eternity
my thoughts will evermore be dedicated to you alone!

Fervor, zest for life, swell the true Hungarian breast,
Hurrah! For the sprightly dance
the Csárdás sounds loud and clear!

Brown-skinned girl, you must be my dancing partner;
give me your arm quickly, dark-eyed child!

Thirsty tipplers, take up the cup, pass it
swiftly from hand to hand!
Sip the fire, in the tokay, give a cheer to the Fatherland! Ha!

Ah, fors'è lui

How strange! How strange!

That voice has struck deep into my heart!

Would true love be so terrible?

What do you think, my troubled spirit?

No man has ever inspired you...

Oh, I have never known the joy of loving and being loved!
And could I reject him for my life of empty pleasure?

Ah, perhaps he is the one that my heart,
lonely even among crowds,
would often delight in imagining in mysterious colors.
He, who modestly and attentively came to me when I was ill,
and brought on a new fever by awakening love in me!
The love that beats like the pulse of the whole world;
mysterious, unattainable, the torment and joy of my heart.

It's madness! It's just a silly fantasy!
I'm a poor woman,
lonely and abandoned
in this teeming desert they call Paris; what have I to hope for?
What can I do?
Live for pleasure!

I must be entirely free to flutter from one joy to another,
I want my life to continue along the paths of pleasure.
As each day comes, as each day goes,
I shall always gaily turn to new delights
to make my spirits soar.

Knoxville: Summer of 1915, James Agee

We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville Tennessee in that time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.

... It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the tress, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt:

a loud auto: a quiet auto: people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber. A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping; belling and starting, stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter; fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes...

Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there... They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive,

they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, ... with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth lying on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the of hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her; and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home; but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.