



Carthage

Department of Music

presents

Songs of Life and Love

A Senior Voice Recital by

Caitlin Smulski, Soprano

with

Gregory Berg, piano

Sunday, April 20th, 2008

H.F. Johnson Recital Hall

1:30 p.m.

Chamber Ensemble Concert

Sunday, April 20
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

Musical: Children of Eden

Friday, April 25 7:30 p.m.
Saturday, April 26 7:30 p.m.
Sunday, April 27 3:00 p.m.
Wartburg Auditorium

Student Recital – Steve Grenawalt

Saturday, April 26
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

Organ Studio Recital

Tuesday, April 29
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:00 p.m.

Musical: Children of Eden

Thursday, May 1 7:30 p.m.
Friday, May 2 7:30 p.m.
Saturday, May 3 7:30 p.m.
Wartburg Auditorium

Student Recital – Christina Guma

Saturday, May 3
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
1:30 p.m.

Student Recital – A.J. Hanson

Saturday, May 3
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
4:00 p.m.

Wind Orchestra and Concert

Band
Sunday, May 4
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

Student Recital – Shannon Burke

Friday, May 9
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital – Janet Olson

Saturday, May 10
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

Church Choir Festival Concert

Saturday, May 10
A.F. Siebert Chapel
7:30 p.m.

Choral Ensembles

Sunday, May 11
A.F. Siebert Chapel
3:00 p.m.

Student Recital - Bryan Chung

Friday, May 16
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
7:30 p.m.

Student Recital - Natalie Alford

Saturday, May 17
H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

For current recital information and updates please call 262-551-5363

Ushers courtesy of Lambda Kappa Professional Music Fraternity



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

Basta, vincesti... Ah non lasciarmi, no
(from *Didone abbandonata*)

W.A. Mozart
(1756 - 1791)

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op.42
(Poems by Adelbert v. Chamisso)

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund
An meinem Herzen
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Hôtel (from *Banalities*)

Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
(from the *Tales of Hoffman*)

Jacques Offenbach
(1819 - 1880)

----- *Intermission* -----

The Praises of God, Op.29 (from *Hermit Songs*)

Samuel Barber
(1910 - 1981)

See How They Love Me

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Hello! Oh, Margaret, it's you (*The Telephone*)

Gian-Carlo Menotti
(1911 - 2007)

Ms. Smulski's recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a performance emphasis in the music major. Caitlin Smulski is a student of Nancy Henninger.

Basta, vincesti... Ah non lasciarmi, no

Silence! you've conquered! Here it is, your letter.
See how much, though you're thankless, I still adore you.
A single look alarms me And, leaving me defenseless,
With ease disarms me.
By your glance I am shaken.
Will your heart play the traitor?
Am I forsaken?

Ah! do not let us part,
my own Beloved.

To whom will go my heart if you deceive me?
Ah! Love, we must not part; Ah! Love, never leave me;
To whom will go my heart If you deceive me?
To whom will go my heart, to whom,
If you deceive me, If you deceive me?

The dread of parting fills me,
To say farewell, Love, chills me;
And lost hope now kills me,
While Death's mantle stills me.
If longing could recapture our happiness that vanished,
We might find new rapture,
And heartache banished.

Ah! Love, do not leave me,
Ah! Love, do not leave me.
Ah! do not let us part,
My own Beloved, my own Beloved.
To whom will go my heart, If you deceive me?

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen (Since I saw him)

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen (He, the Most Glorious of All)

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.
Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben (I Can't Grasp it, nor believe it)

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger (Thou Ring on my Finger)

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself along and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern (Help Me, Ye Sisters)

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.

6. Süßer Freund (Sweet Friend)

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;

Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.
About the signs

I have already asked Mother;
my good mother has
told me everything..
She has assured me that
by all appearances,
soon a cradle
will be needed.

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust (At my Heart, At my Breast)

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!

Thou dear, dear angel thou,
thou lookst at me and smiles!

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan
(Now Thou Hast Given Me, For the First time,pain)

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,
how it struck me.

Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness,
O thou my world!

Hôtel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

Les oiseaux dans la charmille

This aria is taken from the first act of *Les contes d'Hoffmann*. It is sung by a Olympia, a mechanical wind up doll. Hoffman is tricked into believing she is real and falls in love with her.

The birds in the hedges,
The star of daylight in the sky,
Everything speaks to a young girl
of love!

Ah! This is the sweet song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and sounds
And sighs, in its turn,
Moves her heart, which trembles with love!
Ah! This is the darling song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!