




Carthage

Department of Music

Presents

The Things We Do for Love

A Senior Recital by:
Amanda Soos

Accompanied by:
Melissa Cardamone, Piano

Saturday, May 18th, 2013
3:00pm

H.F. Johnson Recital Hall
Carthage College
Kenosha, WI

A current calendar of music events for 2012-2013 can be found at
www.carthage.edu/music

Ushers Provided by Lambda Kappa Professional Music Fraternity



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

L'âme évaporée (Bourget)
Mandoline (Verlaine)
Beau Soir (Bourget)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Aufenthalt (Rellstab)
Lied Der Mignon (Goethe)
Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

~Intermission~

As If We Never Said Goodbye
Sunset Boulevard

Andrew Lloyd Webber
(b. 1948)

In His Eyes
Jekyll & Hyde

Featuring Sydney Rovik

Frank Wildhorn
(b. 1958)

Nothing
A Chorus Line

Marvin Hamlisch
(1944- 2012)

Happily Ever After
Once Upon a Mattress

Richard Rodgers
(1902- 1979)

L'âme évaporée

*L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils
chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?*

*N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?*

Mandoline

*Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tercis et c'est
Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle [fait]' maint vers tendre.*

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,*

*Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

The Vanishing Soul

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds
chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that
remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped
me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Tercis and Aminte,
And there's the eternal Clitandre,
And there's Damis who,
For many a heartless woman,
wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
The mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the
breeze.

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les
rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur
les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble
sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé ;

Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que
le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme
s'en va cette onde :
Elle à la mer, -- nous au
tombeau !

Aufenthalt

Rauschender Strom,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.

Wie sich die Welle
An Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen
Mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen
Wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich
Mein Herze schlägt.

Und wie des Felsen
Uraltes Erz,
Ewig derselbe
Bleibet mein Schmerz.

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

Dwelling

Rushing torrent,
Howling forest,
Awesome crag,
My dwelling.

Just as each wave
follows upon the last,
My tears flow,
Eternally renewed.

High in the surging
treetops' sway
My heart
beats incessantly;

And, like the ore
within the ancient stone,
My pain remains
unchanged forever.

Lied Der Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich [ans]' Firmament
Nach [jener]' Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Only one who knows longing

Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.

Ach! he who loves and knows
me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

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.

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

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

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

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

They Say It's Wonderful
Annie Get Your Gun

Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

Featuring Alex Campea

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

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

The Miller's Son
A Little Night Music

Steven Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

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

On My Own
Les Miserables

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
[Ach]' dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

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

A Trip to the Library
She Loves Me

Jerry Bock
(1928- 2010)

Featuring Preston Smith

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

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

I Want The Good Times Back
The Little Mermaid

Alan Menken
(b. 1949)

Featuring Alex Campea and Preston Smith

Amanda is a student of Lorian Schwaber. This recital is presented as a thesis recital fulfilling the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Music Theatre.