



Carthage

Department of Music presents

What Shall We Remember?

A Faculty Recital by:

Jennifer Woodrum, Clarinet

Sarah Gorke, Soprano

Accompanied by:

Fumi Nakayama, piano

Tuesday, October 22, 2013 - 7:30 p.m.

H.F. Johnson Recital Hall

Carthage College-Kenosha, WI

A current calendar of music events for 2013-2014 can be found at
www.carthage.edu/music

Ushers provided by Lambda Kappa Professional Music Fraternity



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Ms. Gorke	J.S. Bach (1685-1715)	<u>Zerfließe, mein Herze</u> Zerfließe, mein Herze in Fluten der Zähren Dem Höchsten zu Ehren! Erzähle der Welt und dem Himmel die Not: Dein Jesus ist tot!	Dissolve, my heart, in floods of tears to honor the Almighty! Tell the world and and heaven your pain: your Jesus is dead!
Nr. 2.	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	<u>Zueignung</u> Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank.	I'm tormented far from you love makes the heart suffer Thanks to you.
Ms. Woodrum		Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnestest den Trank, Habe Dank.	Once I held, the one who delighted in pleasure. high the amethyst cup and you blessed the drink Thanks to you.
Ms. Gorke and Ms. Woodrum	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen. Heilig an das Herz dir sank Habe Dank.	And exorcised the evil ones Until I, as I'd never been holy on your heart I sank Thanks to you.
Intermission		<u>Die Georgine</u> Warum so spät erst, Georgine? Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt, Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt. Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte? Wie lebst du diese Tage hin? Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte, Du feuergelbe Träumerin! Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte, Begöße dich mit Junilicht? Doch ach, dann wärst du nicht die Letzte, Die stolze Einzige auch nicht. Wie, Träumerin, lock' ich vergebens? So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand, Ich hab' den Frühling dieses Lebens wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt. Und spät, wie dir, du Feuergelbe, Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz; Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe Entzücken Und derselbe Schmerz	Why so late, Dahlia? The Rose-fairytale is told and the honey-filled bee has Chosen its bed for sleeping. Aren't the nights too cold? How do you live these days away? If brought the spring to you now, You fiery-yellow dreamer, If I sprinkled you with May's dew If I poured the light of June over you but, ah, you wouldn't be the last Or the only proud one. How, dreamer, do I entice you in vain? So give me your sisterly hand I have not known the Mayday of life Just as you haven't known the spring and as late, you fiery-yellow flower, so the love stole into my heart no matter if late or early, it is the same delight and the same pain.
Ms. Gorke	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)		
Piano	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)		
Ms. Woodrum			
Ms. Gorke	Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)		
Ms. Gorke			

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten
Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig

Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten trag' herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
wie einst im Mai.

When on the highest
rock I stand,
into the deep valley I look
and sing.

Far, from the deep dark valley
whirls upwards the echo
from the cliffs.

Further my voice penetrates,
the clearer it rings back to me
from below.

My sweet dwells far from me
so I yearn ardently for her
yonder.

In deep sorrow I pine away,
for me has joy gone away.
On earth, hope is gone;
I am so lonely here.

So lovingly in the forest it rang
so lovingly it resounded in the night
it draws toward heaven
with wondrous power.

The spring will come,
the spring, my joy;
now will I make ready
The preparations for my journeying

Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
carry the last red astors here,
and let us again talk of love
Like once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
and if anyone sees it, it makes no difference
give me only one of your sweet glances
Like once in May.

Today it blossoms and smells sweet on each grave
one day in the year indeed the dead are free.
Come to my heart, that I have you again,
Like once in May.

Originally from Marshfield WI, Soprano Sarah Gorke received her Masters of Music in Classical Vocal Performance from Roosevelt University and her Bachelor of Arts from Carthage College. She has sung professionally with the Ravinia Festival, Music by the Lake, the Grant Park Chorus in Chicago and the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra Chorus, where she was part of the Professional Core. Solo concert highlights include Gounod's "Mass for St. Cecilia", Rutter's "Mass for the Children" (Weston Noble conducting), Schubert's "Mass in G", Stravinsky's Les Noces and Handel's "Messiah" (with the Milwaukee Symphony). Sarah's accolades include being selected as a finalist in the Bel Canto Regional Artists Competition, a multiple-time finalist in the the NATS district auditions, and was a scholarship recipient to the German Art-Song Text Workshop in Vienna, where she studied the music of Franz Schubert. Currently, Sarah is an Adjunct Professor of Voice and the Ensemble Tour Manager at Carthage. Sarah's hobbies include camping, being an "auntie" to her friends' beautiful children, watching predictably cheesy reality television, and continually reassuring herself she is technically too young to be a spinster.

A founding member of Chicago's Fifth House Ensemble, Jennifer Woodrum's commitment to engaging audiences through the performance of chamber music both old and new sends her to world-renowned venues all over the country. Jennifer performs solo recitals regularly as a sponsored artist of several Chicago music clubs including the Chicago Musicians' Club of Women, the Union League Civic and Arts Foundation, and the American Opera Society. She is on faculty at Carthage College and is on the teaching artist roster for the Ravinia Festival. Jennifer holds a Bachelors and Masters degree in Music Performance from Northwestern University where she studied with Russ Dagon. Jennifer has been a member of the Civic Orchestra of Chicago and the Rockford Symphony. She has performed with the Elgin Symphony, the Ravinia Festival Orchestra, the South Bend Symphony, and the Grant Park Symphony. A devoted mother to two beautiful children and two highly energetic dogs, Jennifer sees life as a constant challenge to achieve balance. A self-proclaimed health nut, in terms of bacon and butter being health foods, Jennifer loves spending time cooking delicious traditional foods.