

Coming Events
Siebert Chapel

Ann Nogal, Junior Clarinet Recital
Sunday, April 21
2:00 PM

Lyra Quartet Lecture/Recital
Thursday, April 25
2:00 PM

Rebecca Whelpley, Senior Organ Recital
Saturday, April 27
4:00 PM

Springfest Family Weekend Band/Choir Concert
Sunday, April 28
4:00 PM

Ushers for music events are provided by:
Lambda kappa fraternity

Departmental Recital
Thursday, May 2, 2:00 PM

Lambda Kappa, "Anything Goes"
Thursday, May 2
7:30 PM, Recital Hall

Kristin Eckholm, Senior Voice Recital
Friday, May 3
7:00 PM Recital Hall

Ruth Peck, Junior Organ Recital
Saturday, May 4
4:00 PM

Margaret Mau, Senior Piano Recital
Sunday, May 5
4:00 PM

Departmental Recital
Thursday, May 9, 2:00 PM

Piano Recital of American Music
Friday, May 10
7:30 PM

Spring Honors Recital
Sunday, May 12
4:00 PM

Ushers for music events are provided by:
Lambda Kappa Fraternity



The Carthage Music Department
Presents

Stacy Galler
Soprano
in a
Junior Voice Recital

assisted by
Ann Nogal, Clarinet
Gregory Berg, Pianist

Friday, April 19, 1996
7:30 PM

Recital Hall
Carthage College
Kenosha, Wisconsin

I

*Auf dem Kirchofe.....Johannes Brahms
Vergebliches Ständchen (1833-1897)
In Waldeseinsamkeit

II

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen.....Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Ann Nogal, clarinet

III

Six Poems by Emily Dickinson..... John Duke
(1899-1984)

1. Good morning, Midnight
2. Heart! We will forget him!
3. Let down the bars, Oh Death
4. An awful tempest mashed the air
5. Nobody knows this little Rose

The audience is asked not to applaud until the end of a section.

Stacy Galler is a student of Dr. Richard Sjoerdsma.

*This piece is dedicated to the victims of the Oklahoma City Federal Building bombing, which happened one year ago today, April 19, 1995. May they rest in peace.

I would like to thank Dr. Sjoerdsma, Gregory Berg, and Ann Nogal for all their assistance in the preparation of this program. I would also like to thank my Lambda Kappa Fraternity brothers, and especially, my parents and grandparents for all their love and support. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for them.

Translations

'Auf dem Kirchofe' Detlev von Liliencron
'In the Churchyard'

Rainy and storm-tossed passed the day;
by many a forgotten grave I'd stood-
worn stones and crosses, ancient wreaths,
names overgrown and hardly to be read.

Storm-tossed and rainy passed the day;
on every grave the icy word: Deceased.
Dead to the storm the coffins slumbered,
on every grave thawed mutely now: Released.

'Vergebliches Ständchen' Lower Rhine Folk Song
'The Vain Serenade'

He:
Good evening, my love, good evening, my child!
I come out of love for you,
Ah, open your door to me,
open your door!

She:
My door is locked, I'll not let you in,
my mother advises wisely,
were you in here by right,
it were all over with me.

He:
So cold is the night, so icy the wind,
that my heart will freeze,
my love will die,
open to me, my child.

She:
If your love will die, then let it die,
and if it keeps on dying,
go home to bed, to rest!
Good night, my lad!

'In Waldeseinsamkeit' Karl von Lemcke
'In Forest Solitude'

I sat at your feet
in forest solitude;
the breeze and longing
stir the spreading trees.

I sank in silent struggle
my head upon your lap,
and my trembling hands
I clasped about your knees.
The sun went down,
the day glowed all away.
And far, far, far off
sang a nightingale.

'Der Hirt auf dem Felsen' Wilhelm Müller: after "The Shepherd"
'The Shepherd on the Rock'

When on the highest rock I stand,
gaze down into the deep valley
and sing:
from afar in the deep dark valley
floats up the echo
of the ravines.

The further my voice reaches,
the clearer its echo
from below.
So far away my loved one lives,
wherefore I yearn so ardently to be
where she is.

With deep grief I am consumed,
my joy has gone,
abandoned am I by earthy hope,
and so lonely here.

So longingly sounded my song in the wood,
so longingly through the night,
drawing hearts to heaven
with wondrous power.
Spring is coming,
spring, who is my friend,
and now I make ready,
make ready to journey.

The further my voice reaches,
the clearer is the echo
from below.

1. Good morning, midnight,
I'm coming home.
Day got tired of me
How could I of him?

Sunshine was a sweet place
I liked to stay.
But morn didn't want me now,
So good night day!

I can look - can't I -
When the East is red?
The hills have a way then
That puts the heart abroad.

You are not so fair, midnight,
I chose Day.
But please take a little girl
He turned away!

2. Heart!
We will forget him!
You and I tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I remember him!

3. Let down the bars, Oh Death -
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night
Thine the securest fold
Too near thou art for seeking Thee
Too tender to be told.

4. An awful tempest mashed the air
The clouds were gaunt, and few.
A black - as of a spectre's cloak
Hid heav'n and earth from view.
The creatures chuckled on the roofs
And whistled in the air
And shook their fists
And gnashed their teeth
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit,
The birds arose,
The monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast
And peace was Paradise!

5. Nobody knows this little rose
It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee.

Only a bee will miss it
Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey
On its breast to lie.

Only a bird will wonder,
Only a breeze will sigh.
Ah, little rose, how easy
For such as thee to die!