

COMING EVENTS IN
SIEBERT CHAPEL

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

USHERS FOR MUSIC EVENTS ARE PROVIDED BY:
LAMBDA KAPPA FRATERNITY

CARTHAGE COLLEGE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
PRESENTS

KRISTIN ECKHOLM
SOPRANO

IN A
SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

ASSISTED BY
SHAWN MCCALLISTER
ACCOMPANIED BY
GREGORY BERG

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1996
7:00 PM

RECITAL HALL
JOHNSON ARTS BUILDING
CARTHAGE COLLEGE
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Winterreise Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Die Post
Der Leiermann
Die Krähe

Kristin Eckholm

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Porgi, amor from *The Marriage of Figaro*..... W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Nebbie
Notte Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Kristin Eckholm

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Alla caccia dell'alme..... Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Shawn McCallister

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Seven Songs from The Pilgrim's Progress
.....R. Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

The Woodcutter's Song
The Bird's Song

Kristin Eckholm

The Song of the Leaves of Life and the Water of Life

Kristin Eckholm and Shawn McCallister

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

Kristin Eckholm is a student of Gregory Berg.
Shawn McCallister is a student of Dr. Richard Sjoerdsma.

Translations

Die Post- The Post

From the road comes a posthorn's sound;
What ails it that it surges so,
My heart?
The post brings no letter for you.
Why then do you leap so high,
My heart?

Yes, the post is coming now from the town
Where once I had a darling sweetheart,
My heart!
Do you want to go across and see
And ask how many things may be doing there,
My heart?

Der Leiermann- The Hurdy Gurdy Man

Out behind the village there stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
With numbed fingers he grinds all he can.

Barefoot on the ice, he totters to and fro,
And his little platter stays ever empty of coins.

No one wants to hear him, no one gives him a glance,
And the dogs snarl around the old man.

And he lets it all go in, just as it will,
He grinds away, and his barrel- organ never stops.

Strange old man! Shall I go with you?
Will you grind away on your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?

Die Krähe- The Crow

A crow set out
From the town with me,
Till today it has been flying
Continually around my head.
Crow, strange creature!
Are you determined no to leave me?
Do you intend soon to grasp
My body for your prey?
Well, I shall not go much further
With my walking stick.
Crow, let me at last see
Faithfulness unto the grave!

Porgi amor- from *The Marriage of Figaro*

Grant me love,
Some consolation for my sorrows and my sighs.

Either restore my treasured love to me,
Or let me die.

Nebbie- Mists

I suffer.
Far, far away
The sleepy mists
Arise from the silence
Softly.
Loudly croaking the ravens
Trusting their black wings
Traverse the heath
Fiercely.
From the air to the raw storm
The sorrowful trees offer,
Praying, their nude branches.
How cold I am!
I am alone;
From the gray overhanging sky
A dead sigh
Flies;
And repeated to me:
Come,
Dark is the valley.
Oh sad, oh unloved one,
Come!
Come!

Notte

In a fantastic garden, scented with roses,
Caressed by restful shadows,
A thought and a passion disturb
The supremely quiet air
Like a trembling shudder:

The dark grief of death's story
Recalls the fall of the weak.
Perhaps that's why a shower of exquisite dew
Within the half-open petals
Lies upon the hidden miseries and abandoned elations,
Upon the shifting dreams and anxieties,
And on the fleeting joys that break our disillusionment,
Our night of weeping fears.

Alla caccia dell'alme

Oh, Barbarous Chloris
Oh, you lovers
The Barbarous Chloris
Oh, you lovers
Go away to hunt for souls and hearts
Already she places the snares and she extends the nets
At the passage the impious beauty awaits you.

But wither she is cruel or faithless
Oh, God she pleases me.
And although you are hurt
Oh heart, you are bound to that beautiful face.

My wounded heart you are caught
Do not hope any more to spread your fight from this beauty
In her snares you console yourself
You are caught
Don't hope to flee from bondage
In her snares you console yourself
For in her snares you are not the first and you are not alone.

The Woodcutter's Song

He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have;
Little it be or much;
And Lord, contentment still I crave;
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little and here after bliss,
Is best from age to age.

The Bird's Song

The Lord is my shepherd:
Therefore can I lack nothing.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For though art with me.
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me,
All the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord,
For ever.

The Song of the Leaves of Life and the Water of Life

Unto him that overcometh,
Shall be given of the Tree of Life,
Which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.
On either side of the river,
Groweth the Tree of Life,
The Leaves of the Tree are for thy healing.

In the midst of that fair City,
Flows the river of Water of Life,
Clear as Crystal.
Who so will,
Let him take of the Water of Life, freely.

Who so drinketh of this water shall never thirst.
Take thou the Leaves of the Tree of Life.
So shall thou enter in through the Gates of the City.

I'd like to thank Gregory Berg for all the support he has given me over the last four years. I truly appreciate all he's done for me. I'd also like to thank Shawn McCallister, a great friend who agreed to assist me at a moment's notice. To all of you, my friends, who came tonight, I can't thank you enough for your support. Last but not least, Mom and Dad, you are the best!! I Love You!!