The Belhaven University Department of Music
Dr. Stephen W. Sachs, Chair

presents

Faculty Voice Recital
Dr. Rebecca Geihlser, Soprano

assisted by
Michael Adkins, Alto-Saxophone
Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist

Tuesday, March 26, 2013 • 7:30 p.m.
Belhaven University Center for the Arts • Concert Hall
There will be a reception after the program. Please come and greet the performers. Please refrain from the use of all flash and still photography during the concert. Please turn off all pagers and cell phones.

**PROGRAM**

**Laudate Dominum from Vesperae Solennes De Confessore**  
_W. A. Mozart • 1756 - 1791_

- **Laudate Dominum omnes gentes**  
Praise the Lord, all nations;
- **Laudate eum, omnes populi**  
Praise Him, all people.
- **Quoniam confirmata est**  
For He has bestowed
- **Super nos misericordia eius,**  
His mercy upon us,
- **Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.**  
And the truth of the Lord endures forever.
- **Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.**  
Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,
- **Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper.**  
as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever.
- **Amen.**

**Pie Jesu from Requiem**  
_Gabriel Fauré 1845 - 1924_

- **Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem**  
Merciful Jesus, Lord, grant them rest
- **dona eis requiem sempiternam requiem**  
grant them rest, eternal rest.

**Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen**  
_Hugo Wolf 1860 - 1903_

- **from Italiensche Liederbuch**
- **Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:**  
How long has my yearning always been:
- **Ach wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!**  
Ah, if only a musician loved me!
- **Nun ließ der Herr mich meinen Wunsch Erlangen**  
Now the lord has granted me my wish
- **Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.**  
And sends me one, all pink and white.
- **Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,**  
Here he comes, with gentle manner,
- **Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.**  
And lowers his head, and plays the violin.

**Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll es nicht**  
_Taken from Italiensche Liederbuch_  
_Hugo Wolf 1860 - 1903_

- **Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll es nicht;**  
They told me your mother does not want it;
- **So bleibe weg, mein Schatz, tu ihr den Willen.**  
So stay away, my darling, carry out her wishes.
- **Ach Liebster, nein! tu ihr den Willen nicht,**  
Ah, dearest, no! Do not carry out her wish -
- **Besuch mich doch, tu's ihr zum Trotz, im stillen!**  
Do visit me, do it in spite of her, in secret!
- **Nein, mein Geliebter, folg ihr nimmermehr,**  
No, my beloved, never listen to her,
- **Tu's ihr zum Trotz, komm öfter als bisher!**  
Do it in spite of her, come here often!
- **Nein, höre nicht auf sie, was sie auch sage;**  
No, do not listen to what she might say;
- **Tu's ihr zum Trotz, mein Lieb, komm alle Tage!**  
Do it in spite of her, my love, come every day!

**Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt?**  
_Hugo Wolf 1860 - 1903_

- **Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt?**  
Why this rage, my darling, that inflames you?
- **Ich bin mir keiner Sünde ja bewußt,**  
I am conscious of no sin.
- **Ach, lieber nimm ein Messer wohlgespitzt**  
Ah, rather take a well-sharpened knife
- **Und tritt zu mir, durchbohre mir die Brust.**  
And come to me, and pierce my breast.
- **Und taugt ein Messer nicht, so nimm ein Schwert,**  
And if a knife does not serve, take a sword,
- **Daß meines Blutes Quell gen Himmel fährt.**  
That the fountain of my blood ascends to heaven.
- **Und taugt ein Schwert nicht, nimm des Dolches Stahl**  
And if a sword doesn't serve, take a steel dagger
- **Und wasch in meinem Blut all meine Qual.**  
And wash in my blood all my torment.
Verschling der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte
Let my lover’s house be engulfed by the abyss,
Verschling’ der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte,
And a lake foam over the place this very hour,
An ihrer Stelle schäum’ ein See zur Stunde.
Let the heavens pour lead bullets over it,
Bleikugeln soll der Himmel drüber schütten,
And a serpent dwell there over the ground.
Und ein Schlange hause dort im Grunde.
Let a poisonous serpent dwell there,
Drin hause eine Schlange gift’ger Art,
That would poison he who was untrue to me.
Die ihn vergifte, der mir untreu ward.
Let a serpent dwell there, swollen with venom,
Drin hause ein Schlange, giftgeschwollen,
And bring death to him who means to betray me!
Und bring’ ihm Tod, der mich verraten wollen!

De Reve from Prose lyriques
La nuit a des douceurs de femme,
The night has the tenderness of a woman,
Et les vieux arbres, sous la lune d’or,
And the old trees under the golden moon,
Songent! A Celle qui vient de passer,
Are dreaming of her who has just passed by,
La tête emperlée,
Her head wreathed in pearls.
Maintenant navrée, à jamais navrée,
Now brokenhearted, forever brokenhearted,
Ils n’ont pas su lui faire signe…
They could not beckon to her. . .
Toutes! Elles ont passé:
They are all gone, all of them,
Les Frêles, les Folles,
The frail, the frenzied,
Semant leur rire au gazon grêle,
Sowing their shrill laughter on the lawn,
Aux brises frêleuses
The enchanting caress
la caresse charmreuse des hanches fleurissantes.
of their fragrant hips on the breezes.
Hélas! de tout ceci,
Alas! Of all this,
plus rien qu’un blanc frisson…
nothing is left but a pale tremor. . .
Les vieux arbres sous la lune d’or
The old trees under the golden moon
Pleurent leurs belles feuilles d’or!
Are shedding like tears their lovely leaves of gold!
Nul ne leur dédiera
No one will dedicate to them again
Plus la fierté des casques d’or,
The glory of those golden helmets,
Maintenant ternis, à jamais ternis:
Now tarnished, tarnished forever:
Les chevaliers sont morts
The knights have died
Sur le chemin du Grâal!
On the road to the Grail!
La nuit a des douceurs de femme,
The night has the tenderness of a woman,
Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,
Hands seeming to lightly touch our souls,
Mains si folles, si frêles,
Hands so frenzied, so frail,
Au temps où les épées chantaient pour Elles!
For whom swords sang in olden times!
D’étranges soupirs s’élèvent sous les arbres:
Strange sighs arise from under the trees:
Mon âme c’est du rêve ancien qui t’étreint!
My soul is an ancient dream, which embraces you!

De Greve
Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,
Over the ocean falls the twilight,
Soie blanche effilée.
White unraveled silk.
Les vagues comme de petites folles,
The waves, like small wild creatures,
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l’école,
Chatter, like little girls coming from school,
Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,
In the rustling of their dresses,
Soie verte irisée!
Green iridescent silk!
Les nuages, graves voyageurs,
The clouds, ponderous travelers,
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,
Gather for the coming storm,
Et c’est un fond vraiment trop grave
A background really far too dark
A cette anglaise aquarelle.
For this English watercolor.
Les vagues, les petites vagues,
The waves, the little waves,
Ne savent plus où se mettre,
Car voici la méchante averse,
Froufrous de jupes envolées,
Soie verte affolée.
Mais la lune, compatissante à tous,
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit,
Et caresse lentement ses petites amies,
Qui s’offrent, comme lèvres aimantes,
A ce tiède et blanc baiser.
Puis, plus rien...
Plus que les cloches attardées
des flottantes églises,
Angelus des vagues,
Soie blanche apaisée!

Mais la lune, compatissante à tous,
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit,
Et caresse lentement ses petites amies,
Qui s’offrent, comme lèvres aimantes,
A ce tiède et blanc baiser.
Puis, plus rien...
Plus que les cloches attardées
des flottantes églises,
Angelus des vagues,
Soie blanche apaisée!

De Fleurs
Dans l ennui si désolément vert
De la serre de douleur,
Les fleurs enlacent mon Coeur
De leurs tiges méchantes.
Ah! quand reviendront autour de ma tête
Les chères mains si tendrement désenlaceuses?
Les grands Iris violets
Violèrent méchamment tes yeux,
En semblant les refléter, -
Eux, qui furent l eau du songe
Où plongèrent mes rêves si doucement,
Enclos en leur couleur;
Et les lys, blancs jets d eau de pistils embaumés
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche,
Et ne sont plus que pauvres malades sans soleil!

Dr. Rebecca Geihsler, Soprano; Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist

INTERMISSION
I Never Saw Another Butterfly

1. The Butterfly
   Lori Laitman b. 1955
   Words by Pavol Friedmann

   The last, the very last
   So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
   Perhaps if the sun’s tears would sink
   against a while stone . . .
   Such, such a yellow
   Is carried lightly ‘way up high.
   It went away I’m sure because it wished to
   kiss the world goodbye.
   For seven weeks I’ve lived in here,
   Penned up inside this ghetto.
   But I have found what I love here.
   The dandelions call to me
   And the white chestnut branches in the court.
   Only I never saw another butterfly.
   That butterfly was the last one.
   Butterflies don’t live in here,
   in the ghetto.

2. Yes, That’s The Way Things Are
   Koleba (M. Kosek, H. Lowery, Bachner)

   I. In Terezin in the so-called park
   A queer old granddad sits
   Somewhere there in the so-called park.
   He wears a beard down to his lap
   And on his head, a little cap.

   II. Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums,
   He’s only got one single tooth.
   My poor old man with working gums,
   Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup.
   My poor old graybeard!

3. Birdsong
   Anonymous

   He doesn’t know the work at all
   Who stays in his nest and doesn’t go out.
   He doesn’t know what birds know best
   Nor what I want to sing about,
   That the world is full of loveliness.
   When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
   And earth’s aflood with morning light,
   A blackbird sings upon a bush
   To greet the dawning after night.
   Then I know how fine it is to live.
   Hey, try to open up your heart
   To beauty: go to the woods someday
   And weave a wreath of memory there.
   Then if the tears obscure your way
   You’ll know how wonderful it is
   To be alive
4. The Garden
A little garden
Fragrant and full of roses.
The path is narrow
And a little boy walks along it.
A little boy, a sweet boy,
Like that growing blossom.
When the blossom comes to bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

5. Man Proposes, God Disposes
I. Who was helpless back in Prague,
   And who was rich before,
   He’s a poor soul here in Terezin,
   His body’s bruised and sore.

   II. Who was toughened up before,
       He’ll survive these days.
       But who was used to servants
       Will sink into his grave.

6. The Old House
   Deserted here, the old house
   stands in silence, asleep.
   The old house used to be so nice,
   Before, standing there,
   it was so nice.
   Now it is deserted,
   Rotting in silence—
   What a waste of houses,
   a waste of hours.

   Dr. Rebecca Geihsler, Soprano; Michael Adkins, Alto Saxophone

That’s Him from One Touch of Venus
Kurt Weil 1900 - 1950

Stay Well from Lost in the Stars
Marc Blitzstein 1905 - 1964

I Wish it So from Juno
Dr. Rebecca Geihsler, Soprano; Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist

PROGRAM NOTES

The texts for I Never Saw Another Butterfly are taken from a collection of children’s drawings and poems from the Terezin Concentration Camp, 1942-9144. Terezin was “Hitler’s gift to the Jews.” The world was told that he had built a city for the Jews to protect them from the vagaries and stresses of war. But Terezin wasn’t a gift or a protection. It was a death camp, perhaps not by the usual definition. It was not like Auschwitz-Birkenau or Treblinka where hundreds of thousands were gassed or murdered in other ways each year. Terezin was a ghetto where at the height of the war over 55,000 Jews were kept, crammed into the living space of 5,000. As one would expect starvation and disease proved rampant. Thousands died of malnutrition and exposure. A short film was made to show this mythic city to which Hitler sent the Jews from Czech Lands and eight other countries. Musicians, writers, artists, and leaders were sent there for “safer”
keeping than was to be afforded elsewhere in Hitler’s quest to stave off any uprisings or objections around world. This ruse worked for a very long time. The Red Cross was even once allowed to visit and Terezin was spiced up for the occasion. The Red Cross reported that while war time conditions made all life difficult, life at Terezin was acceptable given all of the pressures and concluded that the Jews were being treated “all right.” Nearly two hundred thousand men, women and children passed through Terezin’s gates as a way station to other concentration camps. Of the vast majority of Czech Jews who were taken to Terezin, 97,297 died among whom were 15,000 children. Only 132 of those children were known to have survived. The residents of Terezin included teachers, one of which was a woman named Friedl Dicker-Brandeis. She had been a former student of Bauhaus in Weimar, Germany and was herself an accomplished artist, designer, and teacher. Mrs. Dicker-Brandeis saw that the children of Terezin needed a form of artistic expression as a way to cope or moderate the chaos of their lives. She, along with others, defied camp rules to offer the children art therapy in the guise of art lesson, to teach literature, and to organize poetry contests, recitation, and cultural programs. One of her surviving students, Raja Engländorová, wrote in her memoirs, “I remember Mrs. Brandeis as a tender, highly intelligent woman, who managed—for some hours every week—to create a fairy world for us in Terezin . . . a world that made us forget all of the surrounding hardships that we were not spared despite our young ages.” In addition to artists and teachers, there were so many musicians in Terezin, there could have been two full symphony orchestras performing simultaneously daily.

A number of distinguished composers created works at Terezin including Brundibar or the Bumble Bee, a children’s operetta and a number of chamber compositions, which only now are being resurrected and played in Europe and the United States. Lori Laitman, the composer of this set, chose some of these poems after a good friend suggested them to her. She was immediately struck by the poems and said, “One cannot help but be touched by the hope and innocence that these children put into their poetry, despite their terrible surroundings.” She chose 6 six poems that each have very different imagery, allowing for a variety of musical styles and felt that the alto saxophone would be the ideal accompaniment—haunting, soulful, and with echoes of Klezmer music. Unfortunately, little is known about the children of Terezin. Camp records generally provided only dates of birth, arrival at Terezin, and departure, destination, and fate. Paul Friedmann was born on January 7, 1921, was deported to Terezin on April 26, 1942, and died in Auschwitz on September 29, 1944. Koleba is a group of three children (Kosek, Lowy, and Bachner) whose initials were combined to create their “name.” Miroslav Kosek was born on March 30, 1932 in Bohemia and was sent to Terezin on February 15, 1942. He died on October 4, 1944 at Auschwitz. Hanuš Lowy was born in Ostrava on June 29, 1931, was deported to Terezin on September 30, 1942, and died in Auschwitz on October 4, 1944. There is no information on Bachner. Franta Bass was born in Brno on September 4, 1930. He was sent to Terezin on Dec. 2, 1941, and died in Auschwitz on October 28, 1944.

BIOS

Dr. Rebecca Geihsler, a native of New Orleans, has served as an Adjunct Music Instructor at Belhaven University since 2009 teaching Private Voice, Music History, Popular Music, Music Appreciation and Vocal Fundamentals. She also served as the music director Belhaven’s 2012 production of Into the Woods. Dr. Geihsler holds a Bachelor of Arts in Music from Centenary College of Louisiana, a Masters of Music in Vocal Performance and Doctor of Arts in Vocal Pedagogy from the University of Mississippi, where she held a University Fellowship and an Assistantship in Opera. She has been a finalist in both State and Regional NATS Student Auditions and represented the University of Mississippi on several occasions in performances at the National Opera Association Convention and the Midwest Opera Festival. She is a member of Pi Kappa Lamda and the National Association of Teachers of Singing. Past operatic and musical theatre roles include: Gretel in Hansel and Gretel, Ms. Silverpeal in The Impressario, Little Red in Little Red Riding Hood, Lauretta in Gianni Schicchi, Ann Page in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Marianne in Tartuffe, Papagnena in The Magic Flute, Casilda in The Gondoliers, Tuptim in The King and I, and Minnie Fay in Hello Dolly.

Mr. Tyler Kemp is a native of Louisville, MS. He received the Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance from Mississippi College in 2007 and the Master of Music in Piano Performance from Mississippi College in May of 2012. While at MC, Mr. Kemp was the recipient of the Theodore Presser Scholarship and the B. G. Walden Memorial Scholarship, and was
chosen to perform on the MC Honors Recital in the spring of 2012. He works at Belhaven University as Staff Accompanist and is pianist at Alta Woods Baptist Church. As a freelance musician, he arranges and accompanies for several area choirs and ensembles.

**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC MISSION STATEMENT**

The Music Department seeks to produce transformational leaders in the musical arts who will have profound influence in homes, churches, private studios, educational institutions, and on the concert stage. While developing the God-bestowed musical talents of music majors, minors, and elective students, we seek to provide an integrative understanding of the musical arts from a Christian world and life view in order to equip students to influence the world of ideas. The music major degree program is designed to prepare students for graduate study while equipping them for vocational roles in performance, church music, and education. The Belhaven University Music Department exists to multiply Christian leaders who demonstrate unquestionable excellence in the musical arts and apply timeless truths in every aspect of their artistic discipline.

The Music Department would like to thank our many community partners for their support of Christian Arts Education at Belhaven University through their advertising in “Arts Ablaze 2012-2013.” It is through these and other wonderful relationships in the greater Jackson community that makes many of our concerts possible at Belhaven. We praise God for our friends and are truly thankful for their generosity. Please mention The Arts at Belhaven University when you visit our community partners.

For a complete listing of Music Department scheduled spring semester programs, please visit our website at http://www.belhaven.edu/music/recitals.htm. A complete listing of major Belhaven University arts events may be found at http://www.belhaven.edu/arts/schedule.htm.

*Thank you to those working behind the scenes to make today’s program a success: music faculty supervisor, Dr. Stephen Sachs; student workers—house manager, Amanda Williams; ushers, Stephen Craig & Rebekah Saks; stage manager, Rachel Gari; stagehands, Ellie Wise & Gray Barnes; recording/sound, Joy Kenyon; lighting, Andrew Craig; reception assistants, Anne Wegener & Jessica Charitos; videographer, Andrew Craig; photographer, Stephen Craig; page turner, Katie Rowan.*

**UPCOMING EVENTS**

- **Tuesday, April 2, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Brooke Edwards Junior Voice Recital
- **Thursday, April 4, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Lydia Moore Junior Voice Recital
- **Saturday, April 6, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Orchestra Concert
- **Tuesday, April 9, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Morgan Robertson & Ellie Wise Joint Junior Voice Recital
- **Wednesday, April 10, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Skyler Bready Senior Composition Recital
- **Friday, April 12, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - John Mathieu Senior Voice Recital
- **Saturday, April 13, 2:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Tianna Rogers Junior Piano Recital
- **Saturday, April 13, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Choral and Vocal Arts: Jazz Vibrations
- **Monday, April 15, 7:30pm, Concert Hall**
  - Best of Belhaven II