THE BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
Dr. Stephen W. Sachs, Chair

presents

Senior Voice Recital
John Mathieu, Bass-Baritone

assisted by
Maggie McLinden, Accompanist

Friday April 12, 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

Zion’s Walls
The Little Horses

John Mathieu, Bass-Baritone; Maggie McLinden, Accompanist

Cantata: Ich habe genug

1. Ich habe genug
   Ich habe genug
   Ich habe den Heiland,
   das Hoffen der Frommen,
   Auf meine begierigen Arme
   genommen; Ich habe genug!
   Ich hab ihn erblickt,
   Mein Glaube hat Jesum
   Ans Herze gedrückt;
   Nun wünsch ich, noch heute
   Mit Freuden
   Von hinnen zu scheiden.
   
   I have enough
   I have taken the Saviour,
   The hope of righteousness,
   In my eager arms
   I have enough!
   I have beheld Him,
   My faith has impressed Jesus
   To my heart;
   Now I wish, this very day
   With joy
   Henceforth to depart.

2. Ich habe genug
   Ich habe genug
   Mein Trost ist nur allein,
   Dass Jesus mein und
   Ich sein eigen möchte sein.
   Im Glauben halt ich ihn,
   Da seh ich auch mit Simeon
   Die Freude jenes Lebens schon.
   Lasst uns mit diesem Manne ziehn!
   Ach! möchte mich von meines
   Leibes Ketten
   Der Herr erretten;
   Ach! wäre doch mein Abschied hier,
   Mit Freuden sagt ich, Welt, zu dir:
   Ich habe genug!
   
   I have enough
   My consolation is this alone,
   I am Jesus’ beloved and
   He is mine.
   In faith I hold Him,
   I see in Simeon
   The joy of the life to come.
   Let us be like this man!
   Ah! Free my body from
   These chains
   The Lord save me;
   Ah! If my farewell were soon
   With joy I say, world, to you:
   I have enough!

3. Schlummert ein
   Schlummert ein, ihr matten Augen,
   Fallet sanft und selig zu,
   Welt, ich bleibe nicht mehr hier,
   Hab ich doch kein Teil an dir,
   Das der Seele könnte taugen.
   Hier muss ich das Elend bauen,
   Aber dort, dort werd ich schauen
   Süßen Friede, stille Ruh.
   
   Slumber, you weary eyes,
   Fall softly and blissfully you,
   World, I do not stay here,
   For I have no part with you,
   That is pleasing to my soul.
   Here I must be in misery
   But there, I look expectantly for
   Sweet peace, quiet peace.
4. Mein Gott!

Mein Gott!
Wenn kömmt das schöne: Nun!
Da ich im Friede fahren werde
Und in dem Sande kühler Erde
Und dort bei dir im Schoße ruhn?
Der Abschied ist gemacht,
Welt, gute Nacht!

My God!
When comes the beautiful: Now!
I, in joy, go willfully
And in the cool Earth
And there within your bosom?
My farewell is done,
World, good night!

5. Ich freue mich

Ich freue mich auf meinen Tod,
Ach! hätt er sich schon eingefunden.
Da entkomm ich aller Not,
Die mich noch auf der Welt gebunden.

Joyfully I look to my death,
Ah! If only it were here.
Then shall I escape the despair
That binds me on Earth.

Conducted by Dr. Christopher Shelt
John Mathieu, Bass-Baritone; Josh Nichols, Organ; Julie Hudik, Oboe;
Shellie Brown, Violin; Jocelyn Zhu, Violin; Rachel Eason, Viola; Nancy Bateman, Cello

INTERMISSION

Il rival salvar tu dei... Suoni la tromba from I Puritani
Giorgio: Il rival salvar tu dei, il rival salvar tu puoi.
Riccardo: Io nol posso . .
G: No? Tu nol vuoi?
R: No!
G: Tu il Salva!
R: No, ah! no, ei perirà . .
G: Tu quell'ora ben rimembri che fuggi la prigioniera?

R: Si . .
R: Tua favella ormai . .
G: È vera!
R: Parla aperto!
G: Ho detto assai!
R: Fu voler del Parlamento se ha colui la pena estrema;
dei ribelli l'ardimento in Artur si domerà.

Io non l'odio, io nol pavento, ma l'indegno perirà.
G: No! Un reo tormento or t'invade e accieca . .
Ah trema! Il rimorso e lo spavento la tua vita strazierà . .

Se il rival per te fia spento un'altra alma seco andrà!
R: Chi?
G: Pensa, o figlio! Due vittime farai! e dovunque tu
n'andrai l'ombra lor ti seguirà!
Se tra il buio un fantasma vedrai bianco, lieve . .
che geme e sospira sarà Elvira che s'aggira e ti
grida: io son morta per te.

Vincenzo Bellini • 1801 - 1835

Giorgio: You must save your rival; you can save him.
Riccardo: I cannot.
G: No? You do not wish to?
R: No!
G: Save him!
R: No, ah! no, he shall die.
G: Do you remember well that hour when the prisoner escaped?
R: Yes . .
G: And was the guilt entirely Arthur's?
R: What you are saying now . .
G: Is true!
R: Speak clearly!
G: I have said enough!
R: It was the will of Parliament if he has a death sentence; the rebels' boldness will be tamed by punishing Arthur.
I do not hate him, I do not fear him, but the wretch shall die.
G: No! Your bitter pain now overwhelms and blinds you . . Ah, tremble! Remorse and dread will torment your life . .
If your rival dies through you, another life will go with him!
R: Who?
G: Consider, my son! You will have two victims!
And wherever you go, their shades will follow you!
If through the darkness you see a white, fluttering phantom which laments and sighs it will be Elvira who hovers near you and cries: I died through you.
Quando il cielo è in tempesta più scuro, odi un’ombra affanosa, che freme . . . sarà Artur che t’incalza, ti preme, ti minaccia de’ morti il furor!

R: Se d’Elvira il fantasma dolente m’apparisca, m’incalzi e s’adiri, mi sapranno ottenere mercé.

G: Sarà Elvira che mesta s’aggira e ti grida: Io son morta per te. Sarà Artur che t’incalza e preme, ti minaccia de’ morti il furor!

When the sky is darkened by storms, there is heard a restless ghost who rages . . . it will be Arthur who pursues you, oppresses you, threatens you with the anger of the dead!

R: If the grieving phantom of Elvira appears to me, pursues me and haunts me, my prayers and sighs will be able to obtain mercy.

G: If the abhorred phantom of Arthur should rise, all bloody, from Hell, my tremendous fury would make him sink back into the abysses forever.

G: It will be Elvira who sadly hovers near you and cries: I died through you. It will be Arthur who pursues you, oppresses you, threatens you with the anger of the dead!

R: If the grieving phantom of Elvira appears to me, pursues me and haunts me, my sighs will be able to obtain mercy from her.

G: Richard! Richard! Let the grief which so moves me vanquish your noble soul . . .

R: Your tears have vanquished me . . . see, my eyes are wet.

G: He who truly loves his country, honors mercy.

R: Perhaps, at the light of dawn the enemy will attack us . . . If he is there! . . .

G: If he is there? He will die.

R: He will die, yes, he will die.

G: My hand is not yet cold! I will fight with you, yes.

R: If he comes armed then, he will die by my hand.

G: Let it be a voice of terror . . . Our country,

G, R: Let it be a voice of terror. . . . Our country, victory, honor.

Fin ch’han dal vino from Don Giovanni

Till they have some wine and are hot-headed,

Let’s prepare a great party.

In the piazza you find some girl,

Try to make her come here with you.

Let the dance be wild,

A menuet, a folia,

And an allemande you shall lead.

Meanwhile I shall have my own fun

Making love to this or that girl.

Ah, my list tomorrow morning

Shall have at least ten new entries.
Le temps des lilas

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passée, le temps des œillets aussi.
Le vent a changé, les ciels sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.
Oh ! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las ! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!
Et toi, que fais-tu? Pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Le colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'acoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.
Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!
Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Four Scriptural Songs

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Denn es gehet dem Menschen
wie dem Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr
denn das Vieh:
denn es ist alles eitel.
Es fährt alles an einem Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
und wird wieder zu Staub.

Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter
die Erde fahre?
Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist, den
daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit,
denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,
daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Wherefore, I perceive there is nothing better,
that a man should rejoice in his own works;
for that is his portion:
for who shall bring him
to see what shall be after him?

III. O Tod, wie bitter bist du

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
wen an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
der gute Tage und genug hat
und ohne Sorge lebet;
und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
und noch wohl essen mag!
O Tod, wie bitter bist du!
O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
der da schwach und alt ist,
der in allen Sorgen steckt,
und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
noch zu erwartet hat!
O Tod, wie wohl tust du!

O death, how bitter
is the remembrance of thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things:
 yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!
O death, how bitter art thou!
O death, acceptable is thy sentence to the needy,
and to him whose strength faileth, that is now in the
last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!
O death, how acceptable is thy sentence!

At The River

John Mathieu, Bass-Baritone; Maggie McLinden, Accompanist

PROGRAM NOTES

Copland wrote his second American song cycle in 1952
after achieving enormous popularity in his first cycle. In
the premier performance, Copland accompanied
legendary baritone William Warfield. Zion’s Walls is
one of the most well-known revivalist songs, credited to
John McCurry and The Little Horses is a traditional
Southern lullaby.

Ich habe genug was written in February 1727 for the
Feast of the Purification of Mary. This beautiful cantata
has become one of Bach’s most famous works,
reworked for high voice as well. Bach almost perfectly
paints his text here, especially in the famous aria
Schlummert ein (Softly Slumber)...He ends the work
with Simeon’s powerful statement to God—with joy I
go, in peace.

Il rival salvar tu dei...The Puritan, Riccardo is promised
Elvira’s hand in marriage, but she has fallen for a
Royalist, Arturo. Arturo aids a spy in escaping and is has
become a fugitive. Giorgio and Riccardo argue over
what Elvira’s reaction would be to Arturo’s death. They
both agree that if he is fighting for the Royalists, he
must die. They sing the famous war duet Suoni la
tromba to end the second act.

Fin ch’han dal vino (’Till they are tipsy)...Don Giovanni is
up to no good again and commands his servant
Leporello to throw a wild party. By the end of the night
he will add ten to his list!

Maurice Bouchor’s poem Le temps des lilas comes from
his volume of poetry entitled “La mort de l’amour.” (The
death of love)...This is perhaps Chausson’s most famous
melody, which he also used in the third movement of
his orchestral song cycle Poème de l’amour et de la mer.
Chausson wrote Le colibri as part of his seven songs of
Opus 2. He brilliantly fuses music and poetry,
continuing with the Parnassian poet Charles Marie René
Leconte de Lisle’s objectivity, and precise description.
Chausson uses such powerful imagery, color, and veiled
sensuality in this work.

Four Scriptural Songs...Brahms composed this cycle in
anticipation of his friend Clara Schumann’s death in
1896. The first song Denn es gehet dem Menschen is
taken from Ecclesiastes 3: 19-22, talking about God’s plan for each person. He reminds us that we are no better than the animals, from dust we came, and to dust we return. **O tod, wie bitter bist du** comes from the book of Ecclesiasticus which is not found in the Hebrew Bible. This song bridges the way to the final song of the cycle which, like the cantata, displays death as joyous. This is my favorite song to interpret in this program.

**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, Alexis Butler; ushers, Rebekah Saks & Daniel Nasif; stage manager, Thorburn McGee; stagehands, Daniel Hause; recording/sound, Clay Coward; lighting, Cierra Lee; reception assistant, Dixie Lee Trimm; videographer, Morgan Robertson; photographer, Mrs. Mathieu; page turner, Lydia Jones._

**UPCOMING EVENTS**

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**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, FACULTY AND STAFF**

Dr. Stephen Sachs, pianist, chair • Dr. Paxton Girtmon, director of bands, woodwind specialist • Sylvia Hong, pianist • Dr. Andrew Sauerwein, composer, theorist • Dr. Christopher Shelt, coordinator of vocal activities, director of choral ensembles, Singing Christmas Tree director • Song Xie, violinist, director of string ensembles • Nancy Bateman, cello adjunct • Dennis Bonds, jazz guitar adjunct • Richard Brown, string bass adjunct • Melvin Champ, assistant band director adjunct • Sybil Cheesman, flute adjunct • Lee Craig, drill team instructor • Dr. Dennis Cranford, music theory adjunct • Tyler Kemp, staff accompanist • Mark Davis, low brass adjunct • Kenneth Graves, clarinet adjunct • Carol Durham, organ adjunct • Gena Everitt, vocal adjunct • Dr. Rebecca Geihsler, vocal adjunct • Christina Hrivnak, vocal adjunct • Kenneth Graves, clarinet adjunct • Amy Houghton, classical guitar adjunct, director of guitar ensembles • Owen Rockwell, percussion adjunct, director of percussion ensembles • Amanda Mangrum, harp adjunct • Randy Mapes, double reed adjunct • Carolyn Sachs, piano adjunct • Margaret Sprow, music ministries adjunct • Lloyd Turner, trumpet adjunct • Valerie Tate, administrative assistant
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