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

presents

Tony Peacock &
Roberta Sachs
Junior Vocal Recitals

April 2, 2009
7:30 p.m.
Belhaven College Center for the Arts
Concert Hall
BELHAVEN COLLEGE 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 College 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 of Belhaven College directs you to “Arts Ablaze 2008-2009.” Read of the many excellent performances and presentations scheduled throughout this academic year at Belhaven College by the Arts Division. Please take a complimentary copy of “Arts Ablaze 2008-2009” with you.

The Music Department would like to thank our many community partners for their support of Christian Arts Education at Belhaven College through their advertising in “Arts Ablaze 2008-2009.” It is through these and other wonderful relationships in the greater Jackson community that makes an evening like this possible at Belhaven. We praise God for our friends and are truly thankful for their generosity. Please mention The Arts at Belhaven College when you visit our community partners.

If you would like to receive email news-concert updates from the Belhaven College Music Department, please add your name and email address to the sign up sheet on the table in the foyer. It would be our pleasure to keep you informed regarding the 33 recitals/concerts to be presented by the Music Department at Belhaven during Spring Semester, 2009.

Thank you to those working behind the scenes to make tonight’s program a success: student workers – Blakeney Hatcliff, door manager; Johanna Paszalek and Hannah Cross, ushers; Sarah Valle, stage manager; Valerie Tate, sound technician; Art Alford, light technician; Anna Kathryn Clarke and Chris Carlson, reception assistants.

Upcoming Events:
Saturday, April 4, 2:00p.m., Concert Hall: Erin Desmond & Julia Watkins Junior Piano & Violin Recital
Saturday, April 4, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Guitar Ensemble Concert
Tuesday, April 7, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Belhaven College & Jackson Community Symphonic Band & Jazz Ensemble Concert
Thursday, April 14, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Suzanne Baucum Senior Guitar Recital
Wednesday, April 15, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: John Phillips Senior Composition Recital
Thursday, April 16, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Arthur Alford Senior Composition Recital
Tuesday, April 21, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Best of Belhaven II
Thursday, April 23, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Belhaven College and Jackson Community Symphony Orchestra Concert
Saturday, April 25, 7:30p.m., Concert Hall: Vocal Arts Concert – The Color of Jazz

There will be a reception after the program in the foyer. Please come and greet the performers.
Please refrain from the use of all flash photography during the concert.
Please turn off all pagers and cell phones.
PROGRAM

Mighty Lord and King All Glorious

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Nell

Ta rose de poupére à ton clair soleil,
O Juin étincelle enivré,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.
Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte soupir de volupté;
Plus d’un ramier chante au bois écarté,
O mon Coeur, sa plainte amoureuse.
Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflame,
Etoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon coeur, en mon coeur charmé!
La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu’en mon coeur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Lydia

Lydia, sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L’or fluide que tu denoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur;
Oublions l’éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers, tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une oduer divine en ton sein;
Les delices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t’aime et meurs, ô mes amours,
Mon âme en baisers m’est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Ta rose de poupére à ton clair soleil,
O Juin étincelle enivré,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
My heart and your rose are alike.
Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Sounds a voluptuous sigh;
Plus d’un ramier chante au bois écarté,
My heart and your rose are alike.
Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte soupir de volupté;
Plus d’un ramier chante au bois écarté,
My heart and your rose are alike.
Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflame,
Under the soft shelter of shady boughs
Etoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon coeur, in my heart,
La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Sounds a voluptuous sigh;
Taira son murmure éternel,
The singing sea, along the shore,
Avant qu’en mon coeur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This thing day is the best of all;
Let us not forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance in your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

Je t’aime et meurs, ô mes amours,
I love you and die, oh my love;
Mon âme en baisers m’est ravie!
Kisses have carried away my soul!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Oh Lydia, give me back my life,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours!
That I may die, forever die!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Yes, you know it, beloved soul,
That I am tormented far from you,
Love makes the heart suffer,
Thanks to you.

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quält,
That I am tormented far from you,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Love makes the heart suffer,
Habe dank.
Habe dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an’s Herz dir sank,
Habe dank.

Once I held, the one who delighted in freedom,
High the amethyst cup
And you blessed the drink,
Thanks to you.

And exorcised the evil ones therein,
Until I, as I had never been,
Holy, holy onto your heart I sank,
Thanks to you.

Der Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.
"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."
"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?
"Sei ruhig, bleib ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.
"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehen?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."
"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!

Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!
Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ähzhende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Who rides there so late through the night dark and drear?
The father it is, with his infant so dear;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.
"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide?"
"Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side!
"Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train?"
"My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain."
"Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh come thou with me!
Full many a game I will play there with thee;
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,
"My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."
"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
"The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;"
"'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves."
"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there!
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,
"They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."
"My father, my father, and dost thou not see,
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?"
"My darling, my darling, I see it aight,
'Tis the aged grey willows deceiving thy sight."
"I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty, dear boy!
"And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."
"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,

"Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last."
The father now gallops, with terror half wild,
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child;
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,--
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

Tony Peacock, tenor; Sarah Sachs, accompanist

Come Away Death

O Mistress Mine,

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
Man of la Mancha
Mitch Leigh, lyrics / Joe Darion, music
(b. 1928) / (1917-2001)

Reviewing the Situation
Lionel Bart
(1930-1999)
Tony Peacock, tenor; Rachel Center, accompanist

INTERMISSION

Ch’io mai vi posa from Siroe
G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Ch’io mai vi posa
Lasciar d’amare,
Non lo credete,
Pupille care!
Nè men per gioco
V’ingannerò, nò,
Voi foste, e siete
Le mie faville,
E voi sarete,
Care pupille,
Il mio ben foco
Fin ch’io vivro.

That I could ever
Cease to love you!
Do not believe,
O dearest eyes,
Not even in jest
Will I deceive you.

Quia respexit from Magnificat
J. S. Bach

Quia respexit humilitatem
Ancillaæ suæ:
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me
Dicent.

For he has regarded the low estate
Of his handmaiden:
Behold, for from this time,
May I be called blessed.

Dr. Andrew M. Sauerwein, oboe

Mandoline
Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C’est Tircis et c’est Aminte,
Et c’est l’éternel Clitandre,
Et c’est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

The serenaders
And their lovely listeners
Exchange trivial banter
Under the singing boughs.

It is Tircis and Aminte,
And the tiresome Clitandre,
And Damis, who for many a
Cruel woman writes many a tender verse.

Their short silken jackets,
Their long dresses with trains
Their elegance, their merriment,
And their soft blue shadows,
Tourbillonnent dans l’extase
D’une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirl wildly in rapture
Of a pink and gray moon,
And the mandolin chatters on
Amid the shivering breeze.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Your soul is a landscape refined
Where masks and comedians go charmingly
Playing the lute and dancing and half
Sad under their fantastic disguises.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
 Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

All while singing in the minor mode
Love as victor and the easy life,
They don’t seem to believe in their happiness
And their song itself mixes with the moonlight,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,

With the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which makes the birds dream in the trees
And the fountains sob with ecstasy,

Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

The great fountains narrow among the statues.

Elle a fui, la tourterelle from Les Contes d’Hoffman

Elle a fui, la tourterelle!
Ah! souvenir trop doux! Image trop cruelle!
Hélas! à mes genoux, je l’entends, je le vois!

She has flown, the turtledove!
Ah, memory too sweet! Image too cruel!
Alas, at my knees, I hear him, I see him!

Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui, loin de toi;
Mais elle est toujours fidèle,
Et te garde sa foi.

She has flown, she has flown, far from you;
But she is always faithful,
And for you keeps her faith.

Mon bien-aimé, ma voix t’appelle,
Oui, tout mon cœur est à toi.

My beloved, my voice calls you,
Yes, all my heart is for you.

Chère fleur qui viens d’éclore,
Par pitié, réponds moi!

You who know if he loves me still,
If he keeps his faith for me!

Toi qui sais s’il m’aime encore,
S’il me garde sa foi!

My beloved, my voice begs you,
Ah, that your heart would come to me.

Elle a fui, loin de toi;
Mais elle est toujours fidèle,
Et te garde sa foi.

She has flown, she has flown, far from you;
But she is always faithful,
And for you keeps her faith.

Mon bien-aimé, ma voix t’implore,

Yes, all my heart is for you.

Ah! que ton cœur vienne à moi.

Ah, that your heart would come to me.

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht’s von Ort zu Ort.
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum im Garten,
Die erste Blüt am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

The Muses Son

Through field and forest to rove,
My little song to whistle,
So I go from place to place.
And to the rhythm stirs
And to the measure moves
Everything on me and beyond.

I can hardly await,
The first flower in the garden,
The first bud on the tree.
They greet my songs,
And when the winter comes again,
I still sing that dream.
Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng’ und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön.
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich beider Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen

Der Nußbaum

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, luftig
Breitet er blättrig die Äste aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d’ran;
Linde Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend, beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das
Dächte die Nächte
Und Tagelang, Wüßte, ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern, wer mag verstehn so gar
Leise Weis’?
Flüstern von Bräut’gam und nächstem Jahr.
Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum.
Sehnend, während
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

Widmung (Dedication)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schweben,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

You my soul, you my heart
You my delight, o you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, into which I soar,
O you my grave in which
I have buried forever my sorrows!
Du bist die Ruh’, du bist der Frieden,
You are rest, you are peace,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
You were given to me by heaven.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Your love makes me feel worthy,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Your glance has transfigured me in my eyes.
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
You lift me lovingly above myself,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess’res Ich!
My guardian spirit, my better self!

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
You my soul, you my heart
Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz,
You my delight, o you my pain,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
You my world in which I live,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
My heaven you, into which I soar,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess’res Ich!
My guardian spirit, my better self!

Why do they shut me out of heaven
Aaron Copland and Emily Dickinson
(1900-1990)(1830-1886)
Heart we will forget him

St. Ita’s Vision from The Hermit Songs
Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

O mio babbino caro from Gianni Schicchi
Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

O mio babbino caro,
O my daddy dear,
Mi piace, è bello;
He pleases me, he is handsome;
Voa’andare in Porta Rossa
I want to go to Porta Rossa
A comperar l’anello!
To buy the ring!
Si, si, ci voglio andare!
Yes, yes I want to go there!
E se l’ami indarno,
And if I love him in vain,
Andrej sul Ponte Vecchio,
I will go to the Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttar mi in Arno!
To throw myself into the Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
I am tortured and tormented!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
O God, I want to die!
Babbo, pietà!
Daddy, have pity!

Roberta Sachs, soprano; Sarah Sachs, accompanist

Program Notes

Mighty Lord and King All Glorious: This piece comes from Bach’s Christmas Oratorio, first performed on the Christmas of 1734. This piece is a celebration of our mighty God’s coming to earth in the form of man. Listen for the joyful rhythms and harmony, as well as a good bit of syncopation.

Nell along with Lydia, is a part in a set of three love songs. Listen for the non-stop sixteenths in the accompaniment and the beautiful flowing melody which really brings out the longing in this unnamed man’s heart.

Lydia is slower and more thoughtful than Nell, but the desire for love is still there. Listen for the chromatic descent in the melody near the end of each line, a well written part that really brings out the text.
**Zueignung:** This piece comes from Straus’s Op. 10 collection, often considered the start of Straus’s lieder-writing career, and is perfectly suited for the text. The somber tones of the piano, along with the melody, really bring out this character’s devotion to the loved one.

**Der Erlkönig:** This piece comes from the Romantic Era, a time when emotion reigned supreme. The first thing one should notice is the sixteenth note pulse that represents the horse as it pounds its way home. Listen for the child’s fear, the father’s reassurance, and the Erl-King’s pleasantly sinister coo.

**Come Away Death:** The text of *Come Away Death* comes from William Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*. The song is a lamentation of love for a maiden, for want of love has “killed” this man. Listen to this hopeless lamentation as this man explains his “death” to her.

**O Mistress Mine,** The text of *O Mistress Mine* is all from *Twelfth Night*. A far giddier song than previous, this is a man calling out to a potential lover, telling her he’s the real deal. “And don’t waste your time, for youth only lasts so long!” Listen especially close to the end. What is the maiden’s answer?

**Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind:** The text of *Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind* is taken from another of Shakespeare’s plays, *As You Like It*. There are two basic ideas in the piece. One is a curse, for the singer’s love has been spurned. The other, a jolly ditty, basically saying, “Oh well! Life’s for full of lying people and false loves, so let’s just make merry!”

**Man of la Mancha:** Join everybody’s favorite mentally imbalanced hero as he sets off upon his quest to stamp out the forces of evil. This song is the epitome of Don Quixote’s good meaning ideals. The song exudes bravery and the highest order of morals and chivalry, even if the singer is a little nuts.

**Reviewing the Situation** comes from the hit musical *Oliver*. This song is sung by Fagan, the ring-leader of a group of orphan boys, while he tries to cope with the way he’s led his life. Listen to him as he struggles to join the side of good in the face of hardship.

**Ch’io mai vi possa** is from Handel’s fairly unsuccessful opera, *Siroe, Re di Persia*. The opera centers on Siroe, a Persian prince who gets tangled up in the lies and deception of the ones he loves. *Ch’io mai vi possa* is sung by Siroe’s fiancée, Emira. She is trying to convince Siroe that her love is true after confessing to him that she wants to murder his father.

Bach’s *Magnificat* is the Song of Mary as found in the gospel of Luke. A traditional Catholic text, *Quia respexit* is Mary’s response to the Holy Spirit speaking through Elizabeth, proclaiming the wonder of the virgin conception.

Debussy composed *Mandoline*, a poem by famous French poet Paul Verlaine, in 1882. He was the first noble composer to set Verlaine’s work. *Mandoline* was the third song in a thirteen-piece compilation dedicated to his love interest at that time, Marie-Blanche Vasnier.

**Clair de lune** was Faure’s first setting of Verlaine’s poetry. Verlaine used the eighteenth century paintings by Watteau that depicted the leisure of the wealthy as inspiration. A melancholy piano introduction and the seamless entrance of the voice create the atmosphere of the piece. It captures the contrast between the happy elegance and the haunting sadness found in the “good life”. Faure composed *Clair de lune* in 1887.

*Les Contes d’Hoffmann* is an opera in three acts describing the poet Hoffmann’s misfortunes in love. The third act centers around Antonia who is forbidden to sing because she is ill. Her mother was a famous opera singer and died from a similar illness. Antonia is in love with Hoffmann but her father has separated them. *Elle a fui* is her lamentation and profession of love. Offenbach died before completing *Les Contes d’Hoffmann*.

Schubert composed *Der Musensohn* in 1822, using a poem written by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. *Der Musensohn* was one song in a set of three composed by Schubert dedicated to Josef von Franck. Goethe invented the mythological Son of the Muses to personify the unrest throughout the world and to show that all creation dances to the same tune. Schubert illustrates Goethe’s character with a lively piano accompaniment and a sparkling vocal line.

**Der Nußbaum** was the third composition in a set of 26 that Schumann wrote as a wedding gift to Clara Wieck in 1840. The set was titled *Myrthen or Myrtles*, a plant whose flowers often made bridal wreaths. In *Der Nußbaum*, Schumann uses a poem by Julius Mosen. Wind and waving tree branches can be heard in the piano as well as the voice. It ends with rest and dreams of a future husband.
Schumann’s *Myrthen* also included *Widmung*. Friedrich Rückert was inspired to write *Widmung* and other poems in his collection *Liebesfrühling, or Spring of Love*, in celebration of his own marriage to Luise Wiethaus-Fischer. *Widmung* is the first song in the *Myrthen* set and is Schumann’s dedication of the entire set as well as his declaration of love for Clara. The piece is about passion, almost driving to obsession. It relates a love that cannot be lived without.

Copland’s settings of 12 Emily Dickinson poems, composed from 1949 to 1950, were the first works he had written for solo voice and piano since 1928. The poems that Copland picked were not centered on a single theme, but explored the subjects Dickinson wrote the most about: nature, death, life, and eternity. Copland’s goal was to capture Dickinson’s poetic personality in the music. *Why do they shut me out of heaven* is the third song in the set and is bold and brash. In contrast is the contemplative and melancholy fifth song, *Heart, we will forget him*.

*St. Ita’s Vision* comes from Barber’s collection titled *The Hermit Songs* composed from 1952 to 1953. The texts of all ten songs are settings of anonymous Irish writings of the eighth to thirteenth centuries. Many were found in the margins of copied manuscripts written by monks and church scholars. *The Hermit Songs* emphasize the simple life, being close to nature, animals, and God. The text of *St. Ita’s Vision* comes from the story of the Irish saint, Ita, a nun who asked for the gift of nursing infant Jesus. It was granted through a vision.

The comedy *Gianni Schicchi* premiered in 1918 with two other one-act operas, known collectively as *Il Trittico* or *The Trilogy*. Lauretta sings *O mio babbino caro* to her father, Gianni Schicchi to convince him to help her and her lover, Rinuccio, get married. Rinuccio’s family has disallowed the union because they have been left out on an inheritance and they look down on the Schicchi’s.
Performers from left to right include Dr. Andrew Mark Sauerwein, oboe, Assistant Professor of Music, Rachel Center, piano accompanist for William Anthony (Tony) Peacock, baritone, Roberta Sachs, soprano, Sarah Sachs, Staff Accompanist and pianist for Roberta Sachs