

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

presents

Faculty Voice Recital
Gena Everitt, Soprano
assisted by
Colman Pearce, Accompanist

Tuesday, February 19, 2013 • 7:30 p.m.
Belhaven University Center for the Arts • Concert Hall

*After the recital, 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

Abendemfindung

*Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.
Bald vielleicht
(mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.
Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.
Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.
Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! Schäume
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart • 1756 - 1791

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.
Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.
Soon, perhaps
(the thought gently arrives like the west wind -
a quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.
If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.
And You [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck
Me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.
Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

Ridente la calma

*Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.
Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio bene,
Le dolci catene sí grate al mio cor.
Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti un segno di sdegno e timor.*

May a happy calm arise in my soul
and may neither a bit of anger nor fear survive in it.
In the meantime you are coming, my beloved, to grasp
those sweet chains that make my heart so grateful.
May a happy calm arise in my soul
and may neither anger nor fear survive in it.

Wir wandleten

*Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
ich war so still und du so stille,
ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
was du gedacht in jenem Fall.
Was ich gedacht,
unausgesprochen verbleibe das!
Nur Eines sag' ich:
So schön war alles, was ich dachte,*

Johannes Brahms • 1833 - 1897

We wandered together, the two of us,
I was so quiet and you so still,
I would give much to know
What you were thinking at that moment.
What I was thinking,
let it remain unuttered!
Only one thing will I say:
So lovely was all that I thought -

*so himmlisch heiter war es all'.
In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
sie läuteten wie gold'ne Glöckchen:
so wunderschön, so wunderbarlich
ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.*

So heavenly and fine was it all.
The thoughts in my head
rang like little golden bells:
So marvelously sweet and lovely
That in the world there is no other echo.

Immer leise

*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.
Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehen,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du einmal noch mich sehen
Komm, o komme bald!*

My slumber grows ever more peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now does my anxiety
lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.
Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the forest:
if you wish to see me once more,
come, o come soon!

Botschaft

*Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzuflihn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;
Sprich: »Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn.*

Blow, Breeze, gently and lovingly
about the cheeks of my beloved;
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!
If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor wretched me,
tell her: "Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his condition;
However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one,
are thinking of him!"

Ständchen

*Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.
Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,*

Open up, open, but softly my dear,
So as to wake no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes
A leaf on bush or hedge.
So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.
With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
To steal to me in the garden.
The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.
Sit, here it darkens mysteriously
Beneath the lindens,

Richard Strauss • 1864 - 1949

*Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.*

The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

Morgen!

*Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird ins die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .*

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

*Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Sweichen. . .*

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

Zueignung

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.*

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

*Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.*

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

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

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.

INTERMISSION

Beau soir

Claude Debussy • 1862 - 1918

*Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;*

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields,
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things
And it climbs up towards the troubled heart.

*Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, -- nous au tombeau!*

A plea to relish the charm of life
While there is youth and the evening is fair,
For we pass away, as the wave passes:
The wave to the sea, we to the grave!

Mandoline

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

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

*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,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.
Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Chanson triste

*Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.
Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.*

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.
You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;
And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Henri Duparc • 1848 - 1933

La zagala alegre

*A una donosa zagala
Su vieja madre reñía
Cuando pasaba las horas
Alegres, entretenidas;
Y ella, su amor disculpando,
Con elocuencia sencilla,
Cantando al son del pandero,
Así mil veces decía:
Ahora que soy niña, madre,
Ahora que soy niña,
Déjeme gozar ahora,
Sin que así me riña.
¿Qué mal nos hace Salicio
Si cuando pasa me mira,
Y me tira de la saya
O en el brazo me pellizca?
No piense, madre, que busca
Mi deshonra; no lo diga:
Mi gusto sólo, y su gusto,
Queréndome así codicia.*

A pretty shepherd maiden
is scolded by her old mother
for passing the time away
freely and gaily;
the maiden defended her love
with a simple eloquence,
singing to the sound of her tambourine
she repeated a thousand times:
Now that I am still young, mother,
now that I am still young,
let me have my pleasures
without quarreling so with me.
What harm does Salicio do to us
in looking at me in passing
and tugging at my skirt
or pinching me on the arm?
Do not think, mother, that I intend
to shame myself, do not say that:
My contentment is only your happiness,
while being so petty with me.

Eduardo Toldrá • 1895 - 1962

*Ahora que soy niña, madre, etc.
Cuando casada me vea,
hecha mujer de familia,
Me sobrarán mil cuidados,
Me faltará mi alegría.
Por eso quisiera, madre,
Pasar alegres los días
Que me restan de soltera
En bailes, juegos y risas.
Ahora que soy niña, madre, etc.*

Now that I am still young, mother...
When I am married,
a wife with a family,
I will have a thousand worries
and no joy.
For that reason, mother,
I want to happily pass
my remaining days as a maiden
with dancing, games and laughter.
Now that I am still young, mother...

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Xavier Montsalvatge • 1912 - 2002

*Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquitito,
el negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café,
con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes,
Como dos ventanas que miran al mar.
Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo! Y si duermes mucho
el señor de casa promete comprar
Traje con botones para ser un "groom".
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duémete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.*

Hushabye my little tiny one,
little black one who doesn't want to sleep.
Coconut head, little coffee bean,
with soft cottony hair, With eyes wide open
like two windows overlooking the sea.
Close your little eyes frightened little black one;
The white boogey-man is going to come eat you up!
You're not a slave anymore! And if you sleep a lot,
the master of the house promises to buy you
A suit with buttons to be just like a groom.
Hushabye, sleep little black one.
Coconut head, coffee bean.

Cantares

Joaquin Turina • 1882 - 1949

*Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuando más huyo de tí
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.
Vuélvemelo a decir
Pues embelesado ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver.*

Flee as I may your embraces,
closer forever I'm caught;
my ev'ry dream, ev'ry thought
your haunting vision retraces.
Speak more to me,
for yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I listened to you without bearing,
I looked at you without seeing

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter • 1877 - 1953

Down by the Salley Gardens

arranged by Benjamin Britten • 1913 - 1976

Love Went A-Riding

Frank Bridge • 1879 - 1941

Gena Everitt, Soprano; Colman Pearce, Accompanist

BIOS

Gena Everitt, Adjunct Voice professor since 2004, got her Bachelor of Music and Master of Music in Vocal Performance from Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. Mrs. Everitt has been teaching voice in Jackson for 32 years as an independent teacher. She previously taught on the faculty of Jones County Junior College and at Hinds Community College. She has been a frequent recitalist, and soloist in oratorio and opera. She has performed with the Mississippi Opera in the productions of *La Traviata*, *Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Magic Flute*. She is involved with the music ministry of First Presbyterian Church of Jackson as both a soloist and director of ensembles. Post graduate study has been with Richard Miller, Oren Brown, Vera Rosza, and Martin Katz. She and her husband, Jerry, are the parents of two sons. She has recently formed the Exultate Ensemble with Nancy Bateman, cello, Sybil Cheesman, flute, and Connie Wadsworth, piano. The Ensemble has been performing Bach's Cantata No. 82, "Ich habe genug" in the Jackson area.

Colman Pearce, born in Dublin, is a conductor, pianist and composer. He received a B.Mus. (Hons) from University College Dublin, and later studied conducting with Franco Ferrara (Hilversum) and Hans Swarowski (Vienna).

He was Co-Principal Conductor of the RTE Symphony Orchestra from 1978-1980, and Principal Conductor from 1981-1983. In the years 1984-1987, he was Principal Guest Conductor of the Bilbao Symphony Orchestra, and from 1987-1999, was Principal Conductor and Music Director of the Mississippi Symphony Orchestra. He was the recipient of the *Governor's Award for Excellence in the Arts in the State of Mississippi* and was also made a *Freeman of the City of New Orleans*.

As conductor, Colman Pearce's repertoire embraces not only the main symphonic works, but also opera and oratorio. He has directed first performances of many contemporary Irish works, and, with the National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland has recorded CDs of music by Stanford, Victory, Boydell, Buckley, Corcoran, Deane, Bodley and Wilson, on the Naxos/Marco Polo label.

On the Naxos label, Colman Pearce has recorded two one-act operas by Leonardo Balada, (2002) and orchestral music by Balada with the Barcelona Symphony Orchestra (2004).

For Ros Production (U.S.A.), Colman Pearce has recorded "The Memory is a Living Thing", a CD which includes some of his own songs.

As composer, his song cycle "*Summerfest*" was commissioned by RTE and premiered in 1993 with the composer as pianist. His work "*Robinson, a Most Unusual Cat*" was premiered in 1998 (U.S.A.). Two works for Chamber Ensemble, "*Anagram*" (2000), and "*King Cormac at Tara*" (2002) were premiered in Pittsburgh.

More recent works include solos for piano, guitar, violin & piano ("*Amaya*" – *IMRO Composition Award Winner, Arklow Music Festival 2002*), trumpet & piano, a Song Cycle (setting of poems by W.B.Yeats), a *Concerto for Two Mandolins and Orchestra*, and the Secular Cantata "*Like as the Waves*" for solo voices, mixed voice chorus, and orchestra (2009). In 2009, he was conferred with a Ph.D. for composition by St. Patrick's College, Drumcondra, D.C.U.

Throughout his career, Colman Pearce has frequently acted as piano accompanist and collaborator with many fine singers and instrumentalists.

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. Christopher Shelt; student workers –house manager & photographer, Stephen Craig; ushers, Andrew Horton & Grace Andrews; stage manager, Rachel Gari; stagehands, Gray Barnes & Kyle Carter; recording/sound, Grace Anna Randall; lighting& videographer, Justin Nipper.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Tuesday, March 5, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Faculty Voice Recital - Dr. Christopher Shelt: A Teacher with his students

Tuesday, March 19, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Faculty Piano Recital: The Sachs Piano Duo
Belhaven Strings & Chamber Orchestras

Friday, March 22, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

All State Strings Concert

Saturday, March 23, 3pm, Concert Hall

BU & Jackson Community Symphonic Band, Jazz Ensemble & Percussion Ensemble Concert

Saturday, March 23, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

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 Geihlsler, 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

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, MUSIC MAJORS

Michael Adkins • Grace Andrews • Oswald Gray Barnes • Daniel Bravo • Jenae' Brown • Thomas Kyle Carter • Jessica Charitos • Clay Coward • Andrew Craig • Stephen Craig • Brooke Edwards • Levi Scott Foreman • Dorothy Claire Glover • Cory Gray • Byron Hammond • Eric Hartzog • Daniel Hause • Andrew Horton • Emmerly Jefferson • Lydia Jones • Temperance Jones • Joy Kenyon • Brooke Kressin • Cierra Lee • John Mathieu • Rachael McCartney • Thorburn McGee • Maggie McLinden • Christina Mohrman • Lydia Moore • William Murphy • Daniel Nasif • Joshua Nichols • Justin Nipper • Ruth Picha • Heather Plyler • Grace Anna Randall • Elisabeth Roberts • Morgan Robertson • Tianna Rogers • Kaitlin Rowan • Alexandra Sahli • Rebekah Saks • Sadie Sasser • Amy Smith • Clarence Smith • Alexia Valente • Megan van der Bijl • Rachel Walczak • Anne Wegener • Amanda Williams • Ellen Wise • Ellen Julie Wolfe • Jocelyn Zhu

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 2012 GRADUATES

William Anthony Peacock