

THE BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Dr. Stephen W. Sachs, Chair

presents

Faculty Recital

featuring

Gena Everitt,

soprano

assisted by Rodney Vaughn, tenor

Song Xie, violin &

Dr. Stephen Sachs, piano

Saturday, February 19, 2011

7:30 p.m.

Belhaven University Center for the Arts

Concert Hall

BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY 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 2010-2011.” 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.

If you would like to receive email news-concert updates from the Belhaven University 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 recitals/concerts to be presented by the Music Department during the 2010-2011 Academic Year.

*Thank you to those working behind the scenes to make today’s program a success: music faculty supervisor, Dr. Andrew Sauerwein; student workers –door manager, Hannah Thomas; **ushers, Brooke Edwards & Lydia Moore**; stage manager, Sam Johnson; stagehands, Gina Condly & Rebekah Saks; Roddy Merritt, sound tech; Alex Nitzberg, lighting; page turner, Maggie McLinden; reception hostesses, Rachel Gorman, Hannah Cross, & Ellen Wise.*

Upcoming Events:

<i>Sat. Feb. 26, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Joshua Harton Sr. Trumpet Recital</i>
<i>Thurs.-Sat., March 3-5, 7:30pm, Blackbox Theatre</i>	<i>Musical Theatre: “The Light in the Piazza”</i>
<i>Tuesday, March 8, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Collaborative Arts Concert</i>
<i>Tuesday, March 22, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Faculty Recital – Dr. Stephen Sachs, pianist</i>
<i>Friday, April 8, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Orchestras & Strings Concert</i>
<i>Saturday, April 9, 3:00pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>All State Strings Concert</i>
<i>Saturday, April 9, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Guitar Ensemble Concert</i>
<i>Tuesday, April 12, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>BU & Jackson Community Symphonic Band,</i>
	<i>Jazz Ensemble & Percussion Ensemble Concert</i>
<i>Saturday, April 16, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Choral Concert - “Iberian Romance”</i>
<i>Tuesday, April 19, 7:30pm, Concert Hall</i>	<i>Best of Belhaven II</i>

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

PROGRAM

Pur ti miro from *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Pur ti miro, pur ti stringo
Pur ti godo, pur t'annodo
Più non peno, più non moro,
O mia vita, o mio tesoro

I adore you, I embrace you,
I desire you, I enchain you.
no more grieving, nor more sorrow,
O my dearest, O my beloved.

Io son tua, speme mia
Dillo di l'idol mio.
Tu sei pur, si mio ben,
Si mio cor, mia vita, si.

I am yours, O my love.
Tell me so, you are mine
mine alone, O my love.
Feel my heart, see my love, see.

Mrs. Gena Everitt, soprano; Rodney Vaughn, tenor

Selige Nacht

Joseph Marx
(1992-1964)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind
Und uns'rer Atemzüge Frieden trug er hinaus
in die helle Mondnacht
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich ein
Rosenduft an uns'rer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Traüme.
Traüme des Rausches
so reich an Sehnsucht

In the arms of love we fell blissfully
asleep
The summer wind eavesdropped at the
open window
And carried the peace of our breathing
into the brightly moonlit night
And from the garden a scent of roses
cautiously found its way to our bed of
love.
And gave us wonderful dreams,
dreams of ecstasy,
so full of desire.

Die Nachtigall

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Das macht es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

It has happened because the nightingale
has sung the whole night.
because of her sweet call,
because of its echo and re-echoes,
the roses have sprung up.
She was once a wild blossom
Now she walks in deep thought
Carries in her hand her summerhat
And endures silently the sun's heat
And knows not what to do.

Mrs. Gena Everitt, soprano

Dichterliebe

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen

When all the buds are bursting open
There, from my own heart,

Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,²
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;¹
Sie selber, aller Liebe wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und
Sonne, Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine

Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound
The song of the nightingale

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;
I love only them.
She herself--the source of all love--
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun
I love only that which is small
Fine, pure--the one, the one!,

Rodney Vaughn, tenor

Stornello

Son come chicchi della melograna
Vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi
Gareggiar colla fragola montana
Pel profumo dell'alito tu puoi
Come le piante che gemme odorate
Distillano dal tronco e dalla chioma
Tu stilli dale tue labbra rosate
Baci che sono del tuo cor l'aroma.

Fammi nutrir di baci si soavi
Come si nutre di rugiada il fiore
Baciarmi sempre come mi baciavi
La prima volta che ti strinsi al core!
Se tu fossi rugiada le tue stille
Di vita altrici negheresti al fior?
Baciarmi dunque e fa nove scintilla
Arder di vita in quest'arido cor!
Son come i chicchi della melograna
Vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi!

Pietro Cimara
(1887-1967)

Like the seeds of the pomegranate
are your velvet and vermilion lips
with the mountain strawberry
the perfume of your breath can compete
Like plants that grow fragrant buds
from their trunks and foliage,
you exude from your rosy lips
Kisses that have the aroma of your heart

Nourish me with gentle kisses
as the flower is nourished with dew.
kiss me always as you kissed me
The first time I embraced you!
If you were dew, would you deny your
Life-giving nourishment to the flower?
Kiss me then and make new sparks
That burn with life in this barren heart!
Like the seeds of the pomegranate
Are your velvet and vermilion lips!

Music When Soft Voices Die

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Why, No One to Love

Stephen Foster & Arr. by W. M. Swenson
(1826-1864) & (b. 1973)

Love Went A-Riding

Frank Bridge
(1879-1941)

Mrs. Gena Everitt, soprano

INTERMISSION

Le Bonheur est chose l'égère

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Le Bonheur est chose légère, passagère
On croit l'attendre, on le poursuit, q
Il s'enfuit!
Hélas! Vous en voulez un autre
Que le nôtre
Il faut à vos ardents desires
Des plaisirs.
Dieu vous preserve des alarmes
Et des larmes
Qui peuvent assombrir le cours
Des beaux jours.

Happiness is a light thing, fleeting,
One tries to attain it, one pursues it
It flies away!
Alas, you want another happiness
then ours;
Your ardent desires demand of you
Some pleasures.
May God preserve you from troubles,
And from tears
that can darken the course
Of beautiful days.

Si jamais votre Coeur regretted
La retraite
Qu'aujourd'hui vous abandonnez,
Revenez!
De tous les chagrins de votr'âme,
Je réclame
Pour notre fidèle amitié
La moitié.

If your heart ever regrets
the withdrawal
which you today abandon
Return!
of all the sorrows of your soul
I demand
for the sake of our friendship
the half!

Mrs. Gena Everitt, soprano; Song Xie, violin

Vocalise-etude (En forme de *Habanera*)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Tu es tres volage, N'est-ce pas ton age?
Ton Coeur trop leger aime le partage.

Et, l'ame un peu folle, papillon frivole,

Tu ne peux pas t'engager a ne plus voltiger!

Je t'aime, quand meme, eprise, conquise, sourmise,

You are very fickle, is it not your age?
Your heart too light likes to share love
among many.
And your mind, a bit silly, frivolous
butterfly,
You cannot make yourself stop
fluttering about!
I love you, all the same, smitten,
Conquered, subdued,

Je viens a toi des que je vois tes yeux.
J'hésite, mais, vite craintive, captive
J'arrive si-tot que ton regard me dit: Je veux!
Je tente ma chance, c'est de la demence!
Car j'en souffrirai, je le sais d'avance
Qu'importe! je l'ose, oui, je suis ta chose,
Et, sans penser aux regrets, aux chagrins que
j'aurai...

Je t'aime

Tu es tres volage, N'est-ce pas ton age?
Ton Coeur trop leger aime le partage.
Et, l'ame un peu folle, papillon frivole,
Tu ne peux pas t'engager a ne plus voltiger!
Je t'aime, quand meme, eprise, conquise, sourmise,
Je viens a toi des que je vois tes yeux.
J'hésite, mais, vite craintive, captive
J'arrive si-tot que ton regard me dit: Je veux!
Je tente ma chance, c'est de la demence!
Car j'en souffrirai, je le sais d'avance
Qu'importe! je l'ose, oui, je suis ta chose,
Et, sans penser aux regrets, aux chagrins que
j'aurai...

I come to you as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but, quickly apprehensive,
Captive
I grasp right away what your glance tells
me: *I want you!*
I try my luck, it is insanity.
Because I will suffer for it, I know in
advance
Who cares! I'll risk it, yes, I am your
property
And, without thinking of the regrets, and
sorrows I will have...

Oscar Strauss
(1870-1954)

You are very fickle, is it not your age?
Your heart too light likes to share love
among many.
And your mind, a bit silly, frivolous
butterfly,
You cannot make yourself stop
fluttering about!
I love you, all the same, smitten,
Conquered, subdued,
I come to you as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but, quickly apprehensive,
Captive
I grasp right away what your glance tells
me: *I want you!*
I try my luck, it is insanity.
Because I will suffer for it, I know in
advance
Who cares! I'll risk it, yes, I am your
property
And, without thinking of the regrets, and
sorrows I will have...

Mrs. Gena Everitt, soprano

C'est ainsi que tu es

Ta chair, d'âme mêlée,
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe,
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es,
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue,
Tu puisses croire et dire,
Que je t'ai bien connue.

Your flesh, mingled with soul,
Entangled hair,
Your foot running through time,
Your shadow which spreads
And murmurs at my temples,
There, that is your portrait,
That is how you are,
And I want to write it for you
So that, night having come,
You can believe and say
That I have known you well.

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Main dominée par le Coeur

Main dominée par le cœur
Cœur dominé par le lion
Lion dominé par l'oiseau
L'oiseau qu'efface un nuage
Le lion que le désert grise
Le cœur que la mort habite
La main refermée en vain
Aucun secours tout m'échappe
Je vois ce qui disparaît
Je comprends que je n'ai rien
Et je m'imagine à peine
Entre les murs une absence
Puis l'exil dans les ténèbres
Les yeux purs la tête inerte.

Hand dominated by the heart
heart dominated by the lion
Lion dominated by the bird
The bird offset a cloud
The lion the desert gray
The heart that death lives
The hand closed in vain
Any help any escapes
I see what disappears
I understand I have nothing
And I just imagine.
Between the walls absence
Then exile in darkness
Eyes pure head inert.

Rodney Vaughn, tenor

Cantares

Joaquin Turina
(1882-1949)

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

I felt you close to me but yet I fled
from you.
Your image is in the shadow
of my mind.
You spoke to me again yesterday
and I listened to you spellbound
Without understanding
And I watched you without seeing.

El Mirar de la Maja

Enrique Granados
(1871-1915)

¿Por qué es en mis ojos
Tan hondo el mirar
Que a fin de cortar desdenes y
Enojos los suelo entornar?
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán
Que si acaso con calor los clavo
en mi amor;
Son rojo me dan?
Pore so el chispero a quien mi
alma dí,
Al verse ante mí me tira el sombrero
Y diceme así: "Mi Maja, no me mires más,
Que tus ojos rayos son
Y ardiendo en passion la muerte me dan."

Why is the look in my eyes
so deep?
Trying to cut scorn and anger
I tend to close them.
I wonder what fire they carry within
that if by chance with heat I fix them
On my love;
They make me blush,
For this, the spark to whom my soul
I gave,
upon appearing before me tilts his hat
and says to me: "My Maja! Don't look at
Me anymore because your eyes are lightening,
and burning in passion, they give me Death."

Del Cabello más sutil

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena

From the softest hair
which you wear in braids,
I shall make a chain

Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

To draw you to my side.
Darling, I would like to be
a jug in your house,
So I could kiss your mouth
Whenever you take a drink.

Al Amor

Dame, amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después. . .
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y. . . contemos al revés.

Give me, love, kisses without count
seizing my hair,
And one thousand one hundred after them
And after eleven hundred more and after
and after. . .
Of many thousands, three!
And so that nobody knows it,
Let's forget the count and
And . . . count backwards.

Chiquitita la novia

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.

A tiny little bride,
A tiny little groom,
A tiny little parlor,
And a bedroom;
And that's why I want
a tiny little bed and
A mosquito net.

Mrs. Gena Everitt, soprano

BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC FACULTY AND STAFF

Dr. Stephen Sachs, pianist, chair; Dr. Paxton Girtmon, director of bands, woodwind specialist; Dr. Andrew Sauerwein, composer, theorist; Dr. Christopher Shelt, coordinator of vocal activities, director of choral ensembles, 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; Dr. Dennis Cranford, music theory adjunct; Mark Davis, low brass adjunct; Ken Graves, clarinet adjunct; Carol Durham, organ adjunct; Gena Everitt, vocal adjunct; Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler, vocal adjunct; Recca Girtmon, drill team instructor adjunct; Kenneth Graves, clarinet adjunct; Anne Gray, vocal adjunct; Amy Houghton, classical guitar adjunct, director of guitar ensembles; Paul Heindl, percussion adjunct, director of percussion ensembles; Andrew Lewis, piano adjunct, Randy Mapes, double reed adjunct; Anne Katherine Ragsdale, piano adjunct, Elizabeth Richardson, vocal adjunct; Carolyn Sachs, piano adjunct, Singing Christmas Tree director; Nicole Harwell, staff accompanist; Lloyd Turner, trumpet adjunct; Valerie Tate, administrative assistant

BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, OUR MUSIC MAJORS!

Alyssa Aycok, Michael Baker, Bethany Basham, Jacqueline Bateman, Sarah Bravo, Skyler Bready, Jimmy Brown, Shellie Brown, Chris Carlson, Nicole Colyer, Gina Condly, Clay Coward, Andrew Craig, Hannah Cross, Anna Cullnane, Eleana Davis, Erin Desmond, Rachel Eason, Brooke Edwards, Stephen Fairchild, John Farrar, Levi Foreman, Matthew Forester, Rachel Gorman, Cory Gray, Curtis Harris, Joshua Harton, Eric Hartzog, Blakeney Hatcliff, Amanda Hester, Daniel Hicks, Ellie Honea, Emmerly Jefferson, Sam Johnson, Abigail Johnston, Daniel Johnston, Temperance Jones, Jensen Kelley, Alicia Kleeves, Malcom LaTour, Joshua Lee, John Mathieu, Joseph McCullough, Maggie McLinden, Roddy Merritt, Lydia Moore, Joey Nelms, Joshua Nichols, Alex Nitzberg, William Anthony Peacock, Lauren Pratt, Libby Roberts, Morgan Robertson, Kaitlin Rowan, Rebekah Saks, Michael Shofner, Clarence Smith, Zachary Stafford, Stefanie Stoll, Hannah Thomas, Marie Tolliver, Keeyonia Tyler, Megan van der Bijl, Travis White, Abby Wiggins, Ellen Wise, Jocelyn Zhu, Robert Wesley Zickau

BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 2009 GRADUATES!

Micheal Hall, Ann Howard, Victoria Senete, Victoria Swilley