

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

presents

Faculty Voice Recital

Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler,

Soprano

assisted by Mr. Tyler Kemp

Tuesday, April 8, 2014 • 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

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 dolce catene sí grate al mio cor.
Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart • 1756 - 1791

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 a bit of anger nor fear survive in it.

De Reve from *Prose lyriques*

*La nuit a des douceurs de femme,
Et les vieux arbres, sous la lune d'or,
Songent! A Celle qui vient de passer,
La tête emperlée,
Maintenant navrée, à jamais navrée,
Ils n'ont pas su lui faire signe...
Toutes! Elles ont passé:
Les Frêles, les Folles
Semant leur rire au gazon grêle,
Aux brises frôleuses
la caresse charmeuse
des hanches fleurissantes.
Hélas! de tout ceci,
plus rien qu'un blanc frisson...
Les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or
Pleurent leurs belles feuilles d'or!
Nul ne leur dédiera
Plus la fierté des casques d'or,
Maintenant ternis, à jamais ternis:
Les chevaliers sont morts
Sur le chemin du Grâal!
La nuit a des douceurs de femme,
Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,
Mains si folles, si frêles,
Au temps où les épées
chantaient pour Elles!
D'étranges soupirs s'élèvent
sous les arbres:
Mon âme c'est du rêve ancien
qui t'étreint!*

Claude Debussy • 1862 - 1918

The night has the tenderness of a woman,
And the old trees under the golden moon,
Are dreaming of her who has just passed by,
Her head wreathed in pearls.
Now brokenhearted, forever brokenhearted,
They could not beckon to her. . .
They are all gone, all of them,
The frail, the frenzied,
Sowing their shrill laughter on the lawn,
The enchanting caress
of their fragrant hips
on the breezes.
Alas! Of all this,
nothing is left but a pale tremor. . .
The old trees under the golden moon
Are shedding like tears their lovely leaves of gold!
No one will dedicate to them again
The glory of those golden helmets,
Now tarnished, tarnished forever:
The knights have died
On the road to the Grail!
The night has the tenderness of a woman,
Hands seeming to lightly touch our souls,
Hands so frenzied, so frail,
For whom swords sang
in olden times!
Strange sighs arise
from under the trees:
My soul is an ancient dream,
which embraces you!

De Greve from *Prose lyriques*

*Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,
Soie blanche effilée.
Les vagues comme de petites folles,
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école,
Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,
Soie verte irisée!
Les nuages, graves voyageurs,
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,
Et c'est un fond vraiment trop grave
A cette anglaise aquarelle.
Les vagues, les petites vagues,
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!*

Over the ocean falls the twilight,
White unraveled silk.
The waves, like small wild creatures,
Chatter, like little girls coming from school,
In the rustling of their dresses,
Green iridescent silk!
The clouds, ponderous travelers,
Gather for the coming storm,
A background really far too dark
For this English watercolor.
The waves, the little waves,
Know no more where to go,
For here comes now the wretched downpour,
The rustling of billowing skirts,
Bewitched green silk!
But the moon, compassionate to all,
Comes to quiet this gray conflict,
And slowly caresses her little friends,
Who offer themselves, like loving lips,
To this warm and white kiss.
Then, nothing more. . .
Nothing about the tardy bells
of the floating churches,
Angelus of the waves,
White smooth silk!

De Fleurs from *Prose lyriques*

*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!
Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,
Tueur de rêves: Tueur d'illusions,
Ce pain béni des âmes misérables!
Venez! Venez! Les mains salvatrices!
Brisez les vitres de mensonge,*

In the boredom, so drearily verdant,
Of the greenhouse of sorrow,
The flowers entwine about my heart
With their evil stems.
Oh! When will reappear about my head
Those dear hands, so tenderly soothing?
The large violet iris
Maliciously has despoiled your eyes
By seeming to mirror them,
They that were, in the dream, the water
Into which my illusions so gently descended,
Enveloped in their color;
And the lilies, white fountains of fragrant pistils,
Have lost their pure grace,
And are but poor sick objects without sun!
Sun! Friend of evil flowers,
Destroyer of dreams, destroyer of illusions,
That blessed bread of souls in misery!
Come! Come! Oh, hands of salvation!
Break the glass panes of lies,

*Brisez les vitres de maléfice,
Mon âme meurt de trop de soleil!
Mirages!
Plus ne refleurira la joie de mes yeux,
Mes yeux sont las de pleurer!
Eternellement ce bruit fou
Des pétales noirs de l'ennui,
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma tête,
Dans le vert de la serre de douleur!*

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

Break the glass panes of sorcery,
My soul is dying of too much sun!
Mirages!
Nevermore will joy bloom again in my eyes,
And my hands are weary of weeping!
Eternally this senseless noise
Of black petals of boredom,
Falling, drop by drop, on my head,
In the verdure of the greenhouse of sorrow!

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
from *Italiensche Liederbuch*

Hugo Wolf • 1860 - 1903

*Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:
Ach wäre doch ein Musiker mir gut!
Nun ließ der Herr mich meinen Wunsch Erlangen
Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.*

How long has my yearning always been:
Ah, if only a musician loved me!
Now the lord has granted me my wish
And sends me one, all pink and white.
Here he comes, with gentle manner,
And lowers his head, and plays the violin.

Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll es nicht
from *Italiensche Liederbuch*

*Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll es nicht;
So bleibe weg, mein Schatz, tu ihr den Willen.
Ach Liebster, nein! tu ihr den Willen nicht,
Besuch mich doch, tu's ihr zum Trotz, im stillen!
Nein, mein Geliebter, folg ihr nimmermehr,
Tu's ihr zum Trotz, komm öfter als bisher!
Nein, höre nicht auf sie, was sie auch sage;
Tu's ihr zum Trotz, mein Lieb, komm alle Tage!*

They told me your mother does not want it;
So stay away, my darling, carry out her wishes.
Ah, dearest, no! Do not carry out her wish -
Do visit me, do it in spite of her, in secret!
No, my beloved, never listen to her,
Do it in spite of her, come here often!
No, do not listen to what she might say;
Do it in spite of her, my love, come every day!

Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt?
from *Italiensche Liederbuch*

*Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt?
Ich bin mir keiner Sünde ja bewußt,
Ach, lieber nimm ein Messer wohlgespitzt
Und tritt zu mir, durchbohre mir die Brust.
Und taugt ein Messer nicht, so nimm ein Schwert,
Daß meines Blutes Quell gen Himmel fährt.
Und taugt ein Schwert nicht,
nimm des Dolches Stahl
Und wasch in meinem Blut all meine Qual.*

Why this rage, my darling, that inflames you?
I am conscious of no sin.
Ah, rather take a well-sharpened knife
And come to me, and pierce my breast.
And if a knife does not serve, take a sword,
That the fountain of my blood ascends to heaven.
And if a sword doesn't serve,
take a steel dagger
And wash in my blood all my torment.

Verschling der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte,
from *Italiensche Liederbuch*

*Verschling' der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte,
An ihrer Stelle schäum' ein See zur Stunde.
Bleikugeln soll der Himmel drüber schütten,*

Let my lover's house be engulfed by the abyss,
And a lake foam over the place this very hour.
Let the heavens pour lead bullets over it,

<p><i>Und ein Schlange hause dort im Grunde. Drin hause eine Schlange gift'ger Art, Die ihn vergifte, der mir untreu ward. Drin hause ein Schlange, giftgeschwollen, Und bring' ihm Tod, der mich verraten wollen!</i></p>	<p>And a serpent dwell there in the ground. Let a poisonous serpent dwell there, That would poison he who was untrue to me. Let a serpent dwell there, swollen with venom, And bring death to him who means to betray me!</p>
<p><i>Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler, Soprano; Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist</i></p>	

INTERMISSION

<p>But you do not know this man from <i>A View from the Bridge</i> Steal Me, Sweet Thief from <i>Old Maid and the Thief</i></p>	<p>William Bolcom • b. 1938 Gian Carlo Menotti • 1911 - 2007</p>
<p><i>Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler, Soprano; Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist</i></p>	

<p>Departure I Won't Mind</p>	<p>Jeff Blumenkrantz • b. 1965</p>
<p><i>Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler, Soprano; Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist</i></p>	

<p>The Red Dress Once I Was Joy</p>	<p>Ricky Ian Gordon • b. 1956</p>
<p><i>Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler, Soprano; Mr. Tyler Kemp, Accompanist</i></p>	

BIO

Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler, 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 served as the music director Belhaven's 2012 production of *Into the Woods*, 2014 production of *Curtains* and has recently sung the role of Letitia in Mississippi Opera's production of *Old Maid and the Thief*. Dr. Geihlsler 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 Lambda and the National Association of Teachers of Singing. Past operatic and musical theatre roles include: Gretel in *Hansel and Gretel*, Ms. Silverpeal in *The Impresario*, 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*. She lives in Clinton with her husband and five children.

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 2013-2014.” 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, Kyle Carter; ushers, Lydia Moore & Brandon Smith; stage manager, Hannah Wilson; recording/sound/lighting, Justin Nipper; videographer, Cory Smith, photographer, Hannah Wilson; reception hosts, Rebecca Franklin & Scott Foreman.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Friday, April 11, 6:30pm, Concert Hall	Tianna Rogers Senior Collaborative Piano Recital
Saturday, April 12, 2pm, Concert Hall	Katie Rowan Senior Collaborative Piano Recital
Saturday, April 12, 7:30pm, Concert Hall	Choral and Vocal Arts Concert
Monday, April 14, 7:30pm, Concert Hall	Best of Belhaven III
Monday, April 17, 4:00pm, Recital Room	Trevor Hunt Guest Guitar Recital
Monday, April 21, 7:30pm, Concert Hall	Jocelyn Zhu Senior Violin Recital
Monday, April 28, 7:30pm, Concert Hall	Rachel Walczak & Jessica Ziegelbauer Junior Piano & Voice Recital
Thursday, May 1, 7:30pm, Concert Hall	Morgan Robertson Senior Musical Theatre Project

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, MUSIC MAJORS

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BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS



Dr. Rebecca Geihler

A FACULTY VOICE RECITAL WITH DR. REBECCA GEIHLER, SOPRANO
ASSISTED BY MR. TYLER KEMP, PIANO

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 2014. 7:30PM

COMPLIMENTARY ADMISSION
DOORS OPEN AT 7:00PM

BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY
CENTER FOR THE ARTS:
CONCERT HALL
LOCATED AT:
835 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
JACKSON MS. 39202
FOR MORE INFO:
601.974.6494

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