

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

presents

*Faculty Voice Recital*  
*Gena Everitt, soprano*

*assisted by*

*Colman Pearce, piano*

*Lester Senter Wilson, piano*

Monday, March 31, 2014 • 7:00 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

- Vado, ma dove?, K. 583  
*Vado, ma dove? O Dei!  
Se de' tormenti suoi,  
Se de' sospiri miei  
Non sente il ciel pietà!  
Tu che mi parli al core  
Guida i miei passi amore;  
Tu quell ritegno or toglì  
Che dubitar mi fa.*
- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart • 1756 - 1791  
I go, but where? Oh, Gods!  
If for his torment  
and for my sighs  
Heavens feels no pity!  
You who speak to my heart  
Guide my steps, love.  
Remove that hesitation  
That makes me doubt.
- Porgi, amor from *Le Nozze di Figaro*  
*Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro,  
Al mio duolo, a'miei sospir!  
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,  
O mi lascia almen morir.*
- O Love, give me some remedy  
For my sorrow, for my sighs!  
Either give me back my darling  
Or at least let me die.
- Gena Everitt, Soprano; Colman Pearce, Piano*
- Il Maestro e lo Scolare from Theme & 7 Variations  
Joseph Haydn • 1732 - 1809
- Four Ländler, D. 814  
I. Moderato  
II. Moderato  
III. Poco Allegro  
IV. Moderato Espressivo  
Franz Schubert • 1797 - 1828
- Slavonic Dance in A flat, Op. 46, No. 6  
Antonín Dvořák • 1841 - 1941  
*Colman Pearce & Lester Senter Wilson, Piano*
- Cradle Song  
Richard Strauss • 1864 - 1947
- Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,  
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.  
Blüten schimmern da, die leben  
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.*
- Dream, dream, my sweet life,  
of the heaven that brings flowers.  
Shimmering there are blossoms that live on  
the song that your mother is singing.
- Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,  
Von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß  
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,  
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.*
- Dream, dream, bud of my worries,  
of the day the flower bloomed;  
of the bright morning of blossoming,  
when your little soul opened up to the world.
- Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,  
Von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,  
Da die Blume seiner Liebe  
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.*
- Dream, dream, blossom of my love,  
of the quiet, of the holy night  
when the flower of his love  
made this world a heaven for me.

## Schlechtes Wetter

*Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,  
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;  
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue  
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.*

It is terrible weather:  
it's raining and storming and snowing;  
I sit at the window and gaze  
out into the darkness.

*Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,  
Das wandelt langsam fort;  
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen  
Wankt über die Straße dort.*

There, a lonely light is gleaming,  
and it moves slowly onward;  
a little old woman with a lantern  
totters across the street there.

*Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier  
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;  
Sie will einen Kuchen backen  
Für's große Töchterlein.*

Flour and eggs, I think,  
and butter - she has bought;  
she plans to bake a cake  
for her grown-up darling daughter.

*Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl  
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;  
Die goldnen Locken wallen  
Über das süße Gesicht.*

She is lying at home in an armchair  
and she blinks sleepily in the light;  
her golden curls straying  
over her sweet face.

## Ich Schwebe

*Ich scwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,  
die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,  
in meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen  
wei der geliebten Scheidegruß.  
Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,  
das spricht so zage, zart und rein,  
leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise  
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.  
Mein schimmernd' Aug' indess mich füllen  
die süßesten der Melodien,  
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen,  
mein lächelnd' Lieb' vorüberziehn.*

I float as if upon angel wings,  
my feet barely touch the earth,  
in my ears I still hear the sound  
Of my beloved's parting words.  
It sounds so lovely, gentle and soft,  
that speaks so timidly, tenderly and purely,  
softly lulls the lingering melody  
In my pleasure-filled dream.  
My shining eyes, while I am filled  
with these sweetest of melodies,  
sees without robes or coverings,  
my smiling love passing by.

## Cäcilie

*Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,  
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,  
Aug in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest dein Herz!*

If you but knew, sweet,  
what 'tis to dream of fond, burning kisses,  
of wand'ring and resting with the belov'd one;  
gazing fondly  
caressing and chatting,  
could I but tell you,  
your heart would assent.

*Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,  
Um schauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.*

If you but knew, sweet,  
the anguish of waking thro' nights long and lonely  
and rocked by the storm when no-one is near  
to soothe and comfort the strife weary spirit.  
Could I but tell you,  
you'd come, sweet, to me.

<p><i>Wenn du es wüßtest, Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit Weltschaffendem Atem, Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen, Zu seligen Höhen, Wenn du es wüßtest, wenn du es wüßtest, Du lebstest mit mir</i></p>	<p>If you but knew, sweet, what living is, in the creative breath of God, Lord and Maker to hover, up borne on dove-like pinions to regions of light, if you but knew it, could I but tell you, you'd dwell, sweet, with me.</p>
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*Gena Everitt, Soprano; Colman Pearce, Piano*

## INTERMISSION

Elle a fui, la tourterelle!

Jacques Offenbach • 1819 - 1880

*From Le Contes D'Hoffmann*

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

She has fled, the turtledove!  
Ah, memory too sweet,  
Image too cruel!  
Alas, at my knees,  
I hear him, I see him!  
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.  
Mon bienaimé, ma voix t'appelle,  
Oui, tout mon coeur est à toi.*

She has flown, the turtledove,  
She has flown far from you;  
But she is always faithful  
And keeps her vow  
My beloved, my voice calls you  
Yes, all my heart is yours

*Chère fleur qui viens d'éclorre  
Par pitié réponds moi!  
Toi qui sais s'il m'aime encore,  
S'il me garde sa foi!  
Mon bienaimé, ma voix t'implore,  
Ah! que ton coeur vienne à moi.  
Elle a fui, la tourterelle,  
Elle a fui loin de toi.*

Dear flower, just opened,  
Have pity, answer me.  
You who knows if he still lives me,  
If he keeps his vow.  
My beloved, my voice begs you,  
Ah, let your heart come to me.  
She has flown, the turtledove,  
She has flown far from you.

Le Filles de Cadix

Leo Delibes • 1836 - 1891

*Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,  
Et nous dansions un bolero  
Au son des castagnettes:  
Dites-moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien, ce matin.  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...  
Ah! ah!  
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.*

We were coming from seeing the bull,  
Three boys, three girls,  
On the grass the weather was fair,  
And we were dancing a bolero  
To the sound of castanets;  
Tell me, neighbor,  
If I look well  
And if my skirt  
Looks good on me, this morning,  
Do you find my waist slender?  
Ah! Ah!  
The girls of Cadiz rather like that.

*Et nous dansions un bolero  
 Un soir, c'était dimanche.  
 Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo  
 Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,  
 Et la poing sur la hanche:  
 Si tu veux de moi,  
 Brune au doux sourire,  
 Tu n'as qu'a le dire,  
 Cet or est à toi.  
 Passez votre chemin, beau sire...  
 Ah! Ah!  
 Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.*

And we were dancing a bolero  
 One evening--it was Sunday,  
 Toward us came a hidalgo  
 Covered with gold, a feather in his hat,  
 And his fist on his hip:  
 If you want me,  
 Brunette with the sweet smile,  
 You have only to say so,  
 This gold is yours.  
 Go on your way, good sir,  
 Ah! Ah!  
 The girls of Cadiz don't understand that.

*Et nous dansions un boléro,  
 Au pied de la colline.  
 Sur le chemin passa Diégo,  
 Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un manteaux  
 Et qu'une mandoline:  
 La belle aux doux yeux,  
 Veux-tu qu'à l'église  
 Demain te conduise  
 Un amant jaloux?  
 Jaloux! jaloux! quelle sottise!  
 Ah! ah!  
 Les filles de Cadix craignent ce défaut là!*

And we were dancing a bolero,  
 At the foot of the hill.  
 On the road passed by Diego,  
 Who for worldly goods has only a coat  
 And a mandolin:  
 Beautiful one with sweet eyes,  
 Do you want to the church  
 Tomorrow to be conducted  
 By a jealous lover?  
 Jealous! Jealous! what stupidity!  
 Ah! Ah!  
 The girls of Cadiz fear that fault!

*Gena Everitt, Soprano; Colman Pearce, Piano*

Ma mère l'Oye

Maurice Ravel • 1875 - 1937

- I. *Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant*  
Pavane of Sleeping Beauty
- II. *Petit Poucet*  
Little Tom Thumb
- III. *Laideronnette, impératrice des pagodes*  
Little Ugly Girl, Empress of the Pagodas
- IV. *Les entretiens de la belle et de la bête*  
Conversation of Beauty and the Beast
- V. *Le jardin féerique*  
The Fairy Garden

*Colman Pearce & Lester Senter Wilson, Piano*

La zagala alegre

Eduard Toldrà • 1895 - 1962

*A una donosa zagala  
 Su vieja madre reñia  
 Cuando pasaba las horas  
 Alegres, entretenidas;  
 Y ella, su amor disculpando,  
 Con elocuencia sencilla,  
 Cantando al son del pandero,  
 Así mil veces decía:*

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:

*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,  
Queriéndome así codicia.*

*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.*

Nadie

*Nadie puede ser dichoso,  
Señora, ni desdichado,  
Sino que os haya mirado.*

*Porque la gloria de verso  
En ese punto se quita  
Que se piensa mereceros.*

*Así que, sin conoceros,  
Nadie puede ser dichoso,  
Señora, ni desdichado,  
Sino que os haya mirado.*

Madre, unos ojuelos vi

*Madre, unos ojuelos vi.  
Verdes, alegres y bellos.  
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,  
Y ellos se burlan de mí!*

*Las dos niñas de sus cielos  
Han hecho tanta mudanza,  
Que la calor de esperanza  
Se me ha convertido en celos.  
Yo pienso, madre, que vi  
Mi vida y mi muerte en ellos  
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,  
Y ellos se burlan de mí!*

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.

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...

No one can be happy,  
my lady, nor unhappy,  
if he has not looked at you.

For the joy to have seen you  
disappears as soon as  
one believes to merit it.

So that, without knowing you,  
no one can be happy, my lady,  
nor unhappy,  
if he has not looked at you.

Mother, I saw a pair of eyes,  
green, happy and handsome.  
Oh, how I am dying for them,  
but they only scoff at me.

These two heavenly pearls  
have changed so very much,  
the color of hope  
has become for me the color of jealousy.  
I feel, mother,  
that I am equally close to life and death.  
Oh, how I am dying for them,  
but they only scoff at me.

*¡Quién pensara que el color  
De tal suerte me engañara!  
Pero ¿quién no lo pensara,  
Como no tuviera amor?  
Madre, en ellos me perdí,  
Y es fuerza buscarme en ellos.  
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,  
Y ellos se burlan de mí!*

Who would have thought that the color  
of such happiness would deceive me so?  
But who of those who do not know love  
do not think in such a way?  
Mother, I lost myself to them,  
but I do not find myself in them.  
Oh, how I am dying for them,  
but they only scoff at me.

Signore, ascolta! from *Turandot*

*Signore, ascolta! Deh!, signore, ascolta!  
Liù non regge più!  
Si pezza il cuore!  
Ahimè, quanto cammino  
col tuo nome nell'anima  
col nome tuo nell'labbra  
Ma se il tuo destino,  
doman, sarà deciso,  
noi morrem sulla strada dell'esilio.  
Ei perderà suo figlio...  
io l'ombra d'un sorriso!  
Liù non regge più!  
Ha pietà!*

Sir, listen! Ah, sir, listen!  
Liu can bear no more!  
Her heart is breaking!  
My, how long I've walked  
With your name in my soul  
With your name on these lips!  
But if your destiny  
Tomorrow, will be decided,  
We will die on the road of exile.  
He'll lose his son  
I, the shadow of a smile.  
Liù can bear no more!  
Pities!

*Gena Everitt, Soprano; Colman Pearce, Piano*

## **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, Rachel Walczak; ushers, Julie Wolfe & Kyle Carter; stage manager, Evangeline Wilds; stagehand, Rebecca Franklin; recording/sound/photographer, Justin Nipper; lighting, Cierra Lee; videographer, Cory Smith.*

## UPCOMING EVENTS

Thursday, April 3, 7:30pm, Concert Hall  
Friday, April 4, 7:30pm, Concert Hall  
Saturday, April 5, 3pm, Concert Hall  
Saturday, April 5, 7:30pm, Concert Hall  
Tuesday, April 8, 7:30pm, Concert Hall  
Friday, April 11, 6:30pm, Concert Hall  
Saturday, April 12, 2pm, Concert Hall  
Saturday, April 12, 7:30pm, Concert Hall  
Monday, April 14, 7:30pm, Concert Hall  
Monday, April 21, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Mr. Owen Rockwell Faculty Percussion Recital  
Alesia Sterling Junior Voice Recital  
Instrumental Arts Concert  
Brooke Edwards Senior Voice Recital  
Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler Faculty Voice Recital  
Tianna Rogers Senior Collaborative Piano Recital  
Katie Rowan Senior Collaborative Piano Recital  
Choral and Vocal Arts Concert  
Best of Belhaven III  
Jocelyn Zhu Senior Violin Recital

## DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, FACULTY AND STAFF

Dr. Stephen Sachs, pianist, chair • Dr. Paxton Girtmon, director of bands, woodwind specialist • Sylvia Hong, Artist-in-Residence • 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 • Tracy Bedgood, low brass adjunct • Dennis Bonds, jazz guitar adjunct • Richard Brown, string bass adjunct • Sybil Cheesman, flute adjunct • Dr. Dennis Cranford, music theory adjunct • Sarah Elias, piano adjunct, theory adjunct • Tyler Kemp, staff accompanist • 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 • Alcinia Armstrong • Daniel Bravo • Skyler Bready • Jimmy Brown • Charlton Bruce • Thomas Kyle Carter • Jessica Charitos • Clay Coward • Andrew Craig • Stephen Craig • Brooke Edwards • John Farrar • Levi Scott Foreman • Rebecca Franklin • Rachel Gari • Dorothy Claire Glover • Byron Hammond • Joshua Harton • Eric Hartzog • Daniel Hicks • Anne Hilleke • Andrew Horton • Lydia Jones • Temperance Jones • Joy Kenyon • Brooke Kressin • Miranda Kunk • Cierra Lee • Rachael McCartney • Joseph McCullough • Thorburn McGee • Lydia Moore • William Murphy • Daniel Nasif • Justin Nipper • Victor Piantanida • Grace Anna Randall • Elisabeth Roberts • Morgan Robertson • Tianna Rogers • Charity Ross • Kaitlin Rowan • Alexandra Sahli • Michael Shofner • Brandon Smith • Cory Smith • Alesia Sterling • Alexia Valente • Megan van der Bijl • Elizabeth Walczak • Rachel Walczak • Anna Watson • Hannah Wilson • Ellen Wise • Julie Wolfe • Jocelyn Zhu

## DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 2013 GRADUATES

Maggie McLinden



BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS

# *Gena Everitt*

*soprano and friends*

FACULTY VOICE RECITAL WITH GENA EVERITT  
COLMAN PEARCE - PIANO  
LESTER SENTER WILSON - PIANO

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 2014. 7:00PM

COMPLIMENTARY ADMISSION

DOORS OPEN AT 6:30PM

BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY  
CENTER FOR THE ARTS:  
CONCERT HALL  
LOCATED AT:  
835 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
JACKSON, MS  
FOR MORE INFO:  
(601) 974.6494

**BELHAVEN**  
**UNIVERSITY**

*One Standard is Christ*