

The Belhaven University Department of Music

Dr. Stephen W. Sachs, Chair

presents

Lauren Pratt

Senior Voice Recital

assisted by Mr. Tim Dail, pianist

Saturday, April 21, 2012 • 3:00 p.m.

Belhaven University Center for the Arts • Concert Hall

*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

Quando men vo from *La Boheme*

*Quando men vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottile,
che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira, felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!*

Giacomo Puccini • 1858-1924

When I walk all alone in the street
People stop and stare at me
And look for my whole beauty
From head to feet
And then I taste the slight yearning
which transpires from their eyes
and which is able to perceive from manifold charms
to most hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire
is all around me, it makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember and struggle,
You refuse me?
I know it very well:
you don't want to show your anguish,
but you feel as if you're dying!

Le réveil de la mariée from *Five Greek Folk Songs*

*Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne, ah!
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!*

Maurice Ravel • 1875-1938

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge, ah!
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks my heart is ablaze from them!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring you,
To use to tie up your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, come let's marry!
In our two families, all are related by marriage!

Lâ-bas, ver l'église from *Five Greek Folk Song*

*Lâ-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!*

Down there, by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, oh Virgin saint,
The church of Saint Constantine,
They are gathered,
Brought together in infinite numbers,
Of the world, oh Virgin saint,
The bravest people in the world!

Quel gallant m'est comparable? from *Five Greek Folk Songs*

*Quel gallant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!*

What gallant can compare with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, Lady Vassiliki!
See, hanging on my belt,
Pistols and a curved sword...
And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentilles from *Five Greek Folk Songs*

O joie de mon âme,

Oh joy of my soul,

*Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! Tous now pauvres cœurs soupirent!*

Joy of my heart,
Treasure which to me is so dear;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love passionately,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a beautiful blond angel,
Beneath the bright sun,
Alas! All outpour hearts sigh!

Tout gai! from *Five Greek Folk Songs*

*Tout gai! gai, Ha! Tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...*

All are happy, happy, ah, all are happy!
Beautiful legs, trala, which dance,
Beautiful legs; the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la la la...

Il fervido desiderio

*Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?
Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?*

Vincenzo Bellini • 1801-1835

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?
When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Vaga Luna, che inargenti

*Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;
Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervid desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta I palpiti e I sospir.
Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenir,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Ella è sol, sì, nell'avvenir.
Dile pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.*

Pretty moon, who silvers
These brooks and these flowers
And inspires the elements to
The language of love,
You alone are now witness
To my fervent desire,
And to her with whom I am in love
Recount the heartbeats and the sighs.
Tell her also that distance
Cannot assuage my sorrow,
That if I nourish one hope,
It is only, yes, for the future.
Tell her also that day and night
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a promising hope
Comforts me in love.

Ma rendi pur content

*Ma rendi pur content
Della mia belle il core
E ti perdono, amore,
Se lieto il mio non è.
Gli affani suoi pavento
Più degli affani miei,
Perchè più vivo in lei
Di quell ch'io vivo in me.*

But please do make contented
My beautiful one's heart
And I will forgive you, love,
If mine is not happy.
I dread her anxieties
More than my anxieties,
Because I live more though her
Than I live for myself.

L'abbandono

*Solitario zeffiretto,
A che movi tuoi sospiri?
Il sospiro a me sol lice,
Chè, dolente ed infelice,
Chiamo Dafne che non ode
L'insoffribil mio martir.
Langue invan la mammolette
E la rosa e il gelsomino;
Lunge son da lui che adoro,
Non conosco alcun ristoro
Se non viene a consolarmi
Con bel guardo cilestrino.
Ape industrie, che vagando
Sempre vai di fio in fiore,
Ascolta:
Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,
Di' che rieda a chi l'adora,
Come riedi tu nel seno
Delle rose al primo albor.*

Lonely little breeze,
To whom are you directing your sighs?
The sighing is granted to me only
Because, sorrowful and unfortunate,
I call to Dafne, who does not heed
My insufferable pain.
The little violet, and the rose and
The jasmine, languish in vain;
Far away am I from him whom I adore.
I know no comfort
If he does not come to console me
With his beautiful sky blue eyes.
Industrious bee, who is always
Roving from flower to flower,
Listen:
If you should recognize him wherever he is dwelling,
Say that he may return to the one who adores him,
Like you return to the bosom
Of the roses at the break of day.

INTERMISSION

Nun Wandre, Maria

*Nun wandre, Maria, nun wandre nur fort.
Schon krähen die Hähne, und nah ist der Ort.
Nun wandre, Geliebte, du Kleinod mein,
Und balde wir werden in Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
Wohl seh ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden;
Kann deine Schmerzen, ach, kaum verwinden.
Getrost! Wohl finden wir Herberg dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
Wär erst bestanden dein Stündlein, Marie,
Die gute Botschaft, gut lohnt ich sie.
Das Eselein hie gäb ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.*

Hugo Wolf • 1860-1903

Ride onward, sweet Mary, ride onward, keep on,
the roosters are crowing, we're close to the town.
Ride onward, beloved, where comfort waits;
we'll soon be arriving at Bethlehem's gates.
And there you may slumber safe and warm.
The roosters are crowing, we're nearing the town.
See how you falter, so weak and weary!
Nor can I ease your pain, dearest Mary.
Take heart, for shelter awaits us now.
The cocks are crowing, we're nearing the town.
Oh! that your time had arrived, little dear:
good news that I'd give anything to hear.
This donkey I'd give if it were done.
The roosters are crowing come, near is the town.

Du Bist die Ruh

*Du bist die Ruh, Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du Und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier Mein Aug und Herz.
Kehr ein bei mir, Und schließe du
Still hinter dir Die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz Von deiner Lust.
Dies Augenzelt Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt, O füll es ganz!*

Franz Schubert • 1797-1828

You are peace, the mild peace,
You are longing and what stills it.
I consecrate to you full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here my eyes and heart.
Come live with me, and close
quietly behind you the gates.
Drive other pain out of this breast!
May my heart be full with your pleasure.
The tabernacle of my eyes by your radiance
Alone is illumined, O fill it completely!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

*Meine Ruh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt Ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn Ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.
Nach ihm nur schau ich Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang, Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln, Seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck, Und ach, sein Kuß!
Meine Ruh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.
Mein Busen drängt sich Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen Und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn, So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen Vergehen sollt!*

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.
Where I do not have him, that is the grave,
The whole world is bitter to me.
My poor head is crazy to me,
My poor mind is torn apart.
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.
For him only, I look out the window
Only for him do I go out of the house.
His tall walk, his noble figure,
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,
And his mouth's magic flow,
His handclasp, and ah! His kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I will find it never and never more.
My bosom urges itself toward him.
Ah, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him, as I would wish,
At his kisses I should die!

Allerseelen

*Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.*

Richard Strauss • 1864-1949

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.
Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.
Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their fragrances;
one day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you
again, as once I did in May.

Breit' über mein Haupt

*Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.*

Spread over my head your black hair,
and incline to me your face,
so that into my soul, so brightly and clearly,
will stream your eye's light.
I do not want the splendor of the sun above,
nor the glittering crown of stars;
I want only the night of your locks
and the radiance of your gaze.

From *Hermit Songs*

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Promiscuity
Crucifixion
Praises of God
Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber • 1880-1964

Signore, Ascolta! from *Turandot*

Signore, ascolta! Ah, signore, ascolta!
Liù non regge più!
Si spezza il cuor! Ahimè, ahimè
Quanto cammino col tuo nome nell'anima
col nome tuo sulle 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!
ah, pietà!

Giacomo Puccini

My lord, listen! I pray, lord, listen!
Liù can bear no more!
Her heart breaks! Alas, alas
I have walked far with your name in my heart
with your name on my lips
But if your destiny must be decided tomorrow,
we will die on the road to exile,
He will lose his son...
I, the shadow of a smile!
Liù can bear no more!
ah, have pity!

Lauren Pratt, Soprano; Mr. Tim Dail, Accompanist

PROGRAM NOTES

Opening and closing the program are two arias from Giacomo Puccini's *La Bohème* (**Quando men vo**) and *Turandot* (**Signore ascolta**). Known to many as the face of Opera, Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924) was the consummate Italian verismo composer. *Verismo*, Italian for truth, presented realism on stage through plotlines dealing with everyday affairs (disease, love, betrayal, murder, death, etc). Puccini's heroines (Mimi, *La Bohème*; Liù, *Turandot*) play out a common theme of whole-hearted devotion to their lovers, which ultimately causes their demise, but provide the audience with the heart-wrenching catharsis of ultimate sacrifice. His opera *Il Tabarro* so deftly defines the iconic opera compositions of Puccini: "Chi ha vissuto per amore, per amore si morì" (He who has lived for love, has died for love).

French composer Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) composed the *5 Mélodies populaires grecques*, with the librettist Michel D. Calvocoressi, based on traditional Greek songs. This set runs the gamut of emotions, from love and loss, to an upbeat dance number. **Le réveil de la mariée** (*The bride's awakening*) is a groom's joyful song calling to his bride, while *Là-bas, vers l'église* (*Over there, near the church*) uses the melodic legato vocal line to depict sobbing over lost loved ones. The very naked accompaniment of **Quel gallant m'est comparable?** (*What gallant can compare with me?*) is in stark contrast to the moving melody and is coupled with the speaker's evident excess of self-confidence. **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques** (*Song of the lentisk gatherers*) is a somber song of longing by the peasant girls for the local blonde heartthrob. It is every bit as emotional and descriptive as one would expect the diary of a girl with an infatuation to be. **Tout gai!** (*All merry!*) ends the set with a rousing pub dance after a hard day's work.

Noted for his dedication to "clarity, elegance of form and melody, and a close union of words and music",

Italian Romantic composer Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) was a great proponent of the *bel canto* style. *Bel canto*, Italian for "beautiful singing", is the complete control of the voice presented in a highly coordinated and trained fashion. **Il fervido desiderio** (*The fervent desire*) exhibits Bellini's signature poetic expression in the rapid note runs, representing the speaker's sighs. **Vaga luna, che inargenti** (*Pretty moon who silvers*) alludes to the Classical tradition of appeal to the gods to bring back a lost love, the desperation of which is evident in the repeated phrases at the end of every section. By far one of my favorite songs for its luscious texture and vocal line, **Ma rendi pur contento** (*But please do make contented*) is a plea to Love for the beloved's happiness, even if it comes at the expense of the lover. **L'abbandono** (*The abandonment*) features a piano introduction of ascending arpeggiations, with a few embellished notes at the top of each run. This playful theme is present throughout the piece, as the speaker describes how her lover has abandoned her.

Austrian Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) was displayed great proficiency in setting music to an emotional text; the interaction between accompanist and singer was viewed as a duet. In **Nun wandre, Maria** (*Now wander on, Mary*), the repetitious notes in the vocal line support the image of the weary traveler Joseph encouraging young Mary to hold out for Bethlehem. This song has required the most emotional and physical growth for me to perform, due to the text's emotional resolve and the vocal line's placement in the *passaggio* (the transition to the higher head voice).

Austrian *Lieder* composer Franz Schubert (1797-1828) is acknowledged as the compositional bridge between the Classical and Romantic eras. Set to the poetry of Rückert, **Du bist die Ruh** (*You are the rest*) is at once an unaffected declaration of and request for requited love. Composer Robert Schumann, a great admirer and friend of Schubert, quoted this song in a composition for his own wedding day. Schubert's setting of **Gretchen am Spinnrade** (*Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel*) from Goethe's drama *Faust*, has incredible text painting, present not only as the spinning wheel in the accompaniment, but also as the tormented girl's descent to madness in the repeated refrain "meine ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmermehr" (my rest is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never more).

German Romantic composer Richard Strauss (1864-1949), while well known for his symphonic poems, has a beautiful collection of *Lieder*. While researching pieces for this recital, I came across two songs that simultaneously have the power of opera and the gentle melodic flow of poetry. **Allerseelen** (*All Souls' Day*), set to Gilm's poem, is about the day when the memories of those who have passed on are revived. **Breit über mein Haupt** (*Spread out over my head*), a scene featuring two lovers, is Strauss' setting to Schack's Naturalism-influenced poem.

My initial approach to the *Hermit Songs* (five of which I am performing), by American Samuel Barber (1910-1981), was one of a trepidation-filled aversion. Yet this collection has proved to be a great stepping-stone in my musicianship, and I count it as the height of my artistic growth thus far. The text for the songs was taken from the margin writings of 8th to 13th c. Irish monks in illuminated manuscripts. The writings vary from reflections on women, religion, and monastic life. **At Saint Patrick's Purgatory** (13th c.) is a request to God

for protection on a pilgrimage. **Promiscuity** (9th c.) is a brief but sly commentary on a woman named Edan. The text painting in **The Crucifixion** (12th c.) is that of Christ's hands being nailed to the cross; listen for the wail of Mary as the vocal line broadens. Equally fast-paced, but righteous of subject, is **The Praises of God** (11th c.); listen for the bird call imitations in the accompaniment. Last but not least, **The Desire for Hermitage** (8th-9th c.) represents the ideal reclusive lifestyle of a monk. The last line has been fundamental in my development both as an individual and as a solo performer: "alone I came into the world; alone I shall go from it."

Though I may walk on and off the stage of life alone, the minutes, hours, days, and years in between entrance and exit are shared with many whom I would like to now thank: to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for allowing me to use my gift to glorify Him in this way; to my parents who have always loved and supported me in this and every endeavor despite the impending "starving artist" years to come; to my teachers, from elementary to undergraduate, who have contributed much of themselves to further my education; to my mentor and voice teacher Ms. Anne Gray, whom I am indebted to for helping steward and grow this precious instrument; to Mr. Tim Dail, a truly gifted pianist and brilliant accompanist, who always brings his sense of humor to work; to my best friend, Emily Goff, for her unflinching artistic and emotional support; to Shellie Brown and Jackie Bateman for understanding me when I can only communicate through puns; and finally, to all those in the audience that have come from near and far to hear my music. I leave you with this quote by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "I thank all who have loved me in their hearts, with thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all who paused a little near the prison wall to hear my music in its louder parts..." - Lauren

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, music ministries, 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.

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, Jimmy Brown; ushers, Amanda Hester & Joy Kenyon; stage manager, Anna Cullnane; stage hand, Clay Coward, recording/sound, Andrew Craig; lighting, Grace Anna Randall, receptionists, .

UPCOMING EVENTS

Monday, April 23, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Tuesday, April 24, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Wednesday, April 25, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Friday, April 27, 2:00pm, Concert Hall

Monday, May 7, 4:00pm, Concert Hall

Rebeka Larson Music Minor

& John Mathieu Junior Voice Recitals

Clay Coward Junior Violin

& Eric Hartzog Junior Guitar Recitals

Chris Carlson, Senior Voice Recital

Bethany Basham Senior Oboe Recital

Emmberly Jefferson Junior Flute Recital

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Matthew Forester