

THE BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Dr. Stephen W. Sachs, Chair

presents

Roberta Sachs,

soprano

Senior Recital

assisted by

Hannah Thomas, accompanist

Jackie Bateman, Mrs. Nancy Bateman, Shellie Brown,

Sam Johnson, Victoria Senete

Friday, February 19, 2010

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 of Belhaven University directs you to “Arts Ablaze 2009-2010.” Read about many of the excellent performances and presentations scheduled throughout this academic year at Belhaven University by the Arts Division. Please take a complimentary copy of “Arts Ablaze 2009-2010” with you.

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 2009-2010”. It is through these and other wonderful relationships in the greater Jackson community that makes an afternoon like this 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 at Belhaven during the Spring Semester, 2010.

Thank you to those working behind the scenes to make today’s program a success: music faculty supervisor, Dr. Stephen Sachs; student workers – Hannah Cross, door manager; Blakeney Hatcliff and Emmerly Jefferson, ushers; Erin Andrus, stage manager; Abigail Crumley, stagehand; Zak Valle, recording/sound technician; Hannah Davis, lighting technician; Ellie Davis, page turner; Tory Senete and Alice Grimwood, reception assistants.

Upcoming Events:

*Friday, February 27, 1:00pm, Concert Hall:
Friday, February 27, 5:00pm, Concert Hall:
Thur., Fri. & Sat., March 4, 5 & 6, 7:30pm,
McCravey – Triplett Student Center Dining Commons
Tuesday, March 9, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Friday, April 9, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Saturday, April 10, 3:00pm, Concert Hall
Tuesday, April 13, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Saturday, April 17, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Tuesday, April 20, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Saturday, April 24, 7:30pm, Concert Hall*

*Hannah Cross and Ellie Honea, Junior Recital
Blakeney Hatcliff, Junior Recital
“You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown”, dessert

Student Composers Concert VII
Belhaven String Chamber Orchestra Concert
All State Strings Concert
Belhaven University & Jackson Community Symphonic
Band, Jazz Ensemble and Percussion Ensemble Concert
Guitar Ensemble Concert
Best of Belhaven II
“Glory To God” – Belhaven University and Jackson
Community Symphony Orchestra & Choral Arts Concert*

There will be a reception in the foyer after the program.

Please come and greet the performer.

Please refrain from the use of all flash photography.

Please turn off all pagers and cell phone

Program

Su le sponde del Tebro

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

1. Sinfonia
2. Recitative

Su le sponde del Tebro
ove le Dee latine
fecero à gl'Archi
lor corde del crine,
cola, cola Aminta il fido
da Clori vilipeso
con dolore infinito
disse al ciel'
disse al mondo, io,
Io son tradito!

On the Tiber's banks
Where the Latin goddesses
made strings of hair
for their bows,
there, there the faithful Aminta,
spurned by Chloris,
with infinite sorrow
said to heaven,
said to the world, I,
I am betrayed!
3. Sinfonia
4. Aria

Contentatevi,
o fidi pensieri,
trattenervi per guardie
al mio core.

Che gl'affanni gigantic guerrieri,
dan' l'assalto
et è duce il dolore.

Be content,
o faithful thoughts
to stay behind and guard
My heart.

For giant warring woes
assail it.
and their leader is sorrow.
5. Recitative

Mesto, stanco e spirante
dal duol' che l'opprimea,
rivolto a gl'occhi suoi,
così, così dicea:

Sad, tired and dying
of the sorrow that oppressed it,
turning to his eyes,
thus, thus he spoke:
6. Largo

Infelici miei lumi,
già che soli noi stiamo,
aprite il varco al pianto,
econcedete al core,
che tramandi su gl'occhi
il mio dolore.

My unhappy eyes,
now that we are alone,
open the gates to weeping,
and let the heart
send my sorrow
to my eyes.
7. Aria

Dite almeno
astir crudely,
quando mai vi offese il petto,
che ricetta
voi lo fate di dolore,

È già martire d'amore
nelle lagrime fedeli
a sperar solo è constretto

Say at least,
cruel stars,
when this breast ever offended you,
that you make it
a receptacle for sorrow.

Already a martyr to love,
In faithful tears
To hope alone he is compelled.
8. Ritornello
9. Recitative

All'aura, al cielo, ai venti

To the air, the sky, the winds,

<p>pastorello gentil così parlava, e pur l'aura crudel fido adorava, ma conoscendo alfine che nè pianti, nè preghi sapevano addolcire un cor di sasso risoluto e costante così disse al suo cor schernito, schernito amante:</p> <p>10. Aria</p> <p>Trala scia pur di piangere, povero afflitto cor, che sprezzato dal tuo fato non ti resta che compiangere d'un infida il suo rigor.</p>	<p>Thus the gentle shepherd spoke, yet still loved faithfully the cruel air, but knowing at last that neither tears nor prayers could soften a heart of stone, determined and constant the scorned lover spoke to his scorned heart:</p> <p>Leave off weeping, Poor afflicted heart, For despised by your fate you have no recourse But to lament the cruelty of a false love.</p>
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Sam Johnson, trumpet; Shellie Brown, violin; Jackie Bateman, violin;
Mrs. Nancy Bateman, cello; Hannah Thomas, harpsichord

If God be for us, who can be against us from <i>The Messiah</i>	George Frederic Handel
Shellie Brown, violin; Hannah Thomas, harpsichord	(1685-1759)

Ich harrete des Herrn		Felix Mendelssohn
Ich harrete des Herrn, Und er neigte sich zu mir, Und hörte mein Fleh'n; Wohl dem, der sine Hoffnung Setzt auf den Herrn.	I waited for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. Blessed is the man who places his trust in the Lord.	(1809-1847)
Victoria Senete, soprano		

Vado, ma dove?		Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Vado, ma dove? O Dei! Se de' tormenti suoi, Se de' sospiri miei Non sente il ciel pietà!	I go, but where? O Gods! If for his torments. If for sighs heaven Does not feel pity!	(1756-1791)
Tu che mi parli al core, Guida i miei passi, amore; Tu quell'ritegno or toglì Che dubitar mi fa.	You who speak to my heart, Guide my steps love; Remove that restraint That makes me doubt.	

INTERMISSION

Four Dickinson Songs	Lori Laitman
Will there really be a morning? I'm Nobody If I...	(b.1955)

Airs Chantés

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Air romantique
J'allais dans la campagne
Avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas;

Un corbeau ténébreux
Escortait mon voyage.
Et dans les flaques d'eau
Retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon
Faisait courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait
Ses longs gémissements:
Mais la tempête était trop faible
Pour mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre
Avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or
Du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours,
D'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien
Change à mon destin.

1. Air champêtre

Belle source,
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié ravi,
J'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,
Perdu sous la mousse,
Sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré,
Cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore
Au soufflé qui t'effleure,
Et répondre à ton flot caché

2. Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent.
Malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, ô remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez
Les deux temples pressés,
De l'entreinte des morts.

Romantic Song
I walked in the countryside
With the wind of the storm,
Beneath the pale morning, beneath the clouds
low;

A raven dark
Accompanied my journey.
And in the puddles of water
Splashed my steps.

The lightning on the horizon
Made flash its flame
And the North Wind redoubled
Its long moans:
But the tempest was too weak
For my soul,
Which drowned out the thunder
With its beating.

From the remains golden
Of the ash and of the maple tree
The autumn composed its sparkling loot.
And the raven always,
With a flight relentless.
Accompanied me without
Changing my fate.

Country Song

Beautiful spring,
I want myself to remember without ceasing,
That one day, guided by friendship delighted,
I gazed at your face, oh goddess,
Lost beneath the moss,
Beneath the moss half hidden.

It did not remain,
This friend for whom I weep,
O nymph, to your cult attached,
To mingle again
With the breeze that caresses you,
And respond to your waters hidden.

Serious Song

Ah! be off now.
Unhappy thoughts!
Oh! Anger, oh remorse!
Memories which have
My two temples pressed,
With the grip of the dead.

Sentiers de mousse pleins,
Vapoureuses fontaines,
Grottes profondes, voix
Des oiseaux et du vent
Lumières incertaines
Des sauvages sous-bois.

Paths with moss overgrown,
Misty fountains,
Grottoes deep, voices
Of birds and of the wind
Lights of uncertain origin
Of the wild under-growth.

Insectes, animaux, beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas.
Ô divine nature, je suis ton suppliant.
Ah! fuyez à présent,
O! colère, o remords!

Insects, animals, beauty to come,
Do not reject me.
Oh divine nature, I am your suppliant.
Ah! be off now,
Oh! anger, oh remorse!

3. Air vif
Le trésor du verger
Et le jardin en fête.
Les fleurs des champs, des bois,
Éclatent de plaisir,
Hélas! Et sur leur tête
Le vent enfle sa voix.

Lively Song
The treasure of the orchard
And the garden in celebration.
The flowers of the field, of the wood,
Bursting with pleasure,
Alas! And above their head
The wind raises its voice.

Mais toi noble ocean
Que l'assaut des tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager,
Certes plus dignement
Lorsque tu te lamentes
Tu te prends à songer.

But you noble ocean
Whom the assault of tempests
Cannot ravage,
Certainly with more dignity
When you yourself lament
You lose yourself in daydreams.

Ich schwebe

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen.
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidergruß.

I float as if upon angel wings.
The earth barely touches my feet,
In my ears I still hear the sound
Of my beloved's parting words.

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

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.

It sounds so lovely, gentle and soft,
That speaks so timidly, tenderly and purely,
Softly lulls the lingering melody
In a pleasure-filled dream I am asleep.

Mein schimmernd' Aug'
Indess mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien,
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd' Lieb' vorüberziehn.

My shining eyes,
While I am filled
With these sweetest of melodies.
Sees without robes, without coverings
My smiling love pass by.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise.
Nun gib acht!

Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees,
She oversees all around her.
Beware now!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben löscht sie aus,
Und stiehlt die Garben weg vom Feld:
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold.
Nimt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms,
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne
Vor Wonne stumm,
Im Herzen und im Sinne
Mit mir herum.
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden,
Du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage,
Die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
Goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lugt ach die Welt in Sünden,

So tut mir's weh,
Die arge muss erblinden
Von deiner Unschuld Schnee.

Ah! Je veux vivre from *Roméo et Juliette*

Ah! Je veux vivre dans le rêve
Qui m'enivre ce jour encore!
Douce flame, je te garde
Dans mon âme comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse ne dure,
Hélas! qu'un jour.
Puis vient l'heure où l'on pleure;
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse moi laissezmoi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose avant de l'effeuiller.
Ah! Douce flame, reste dans mon âme

All the lights of the world,
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes,
She steals the sheaves from the fields:
She takes everything that is lovely.
Steals the silver from the streams.
From the copper dome of the cathedral
She takes away its gold.

The spray of flowers stands plundered,
Draw closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal
You, too, from me.

I carry my love
mute with delight,
in my heart and in my mind
With me wherever.
Yes, that I have found you.
You beloved child,
that makes me joyful every day,
That is granted to me.

And no matter if the sky is gloomy,
coal-black the night,
brightly shines my love's
Gold-shining splendor.
And even as the world lies through its
sinfulness,
and I am heavy-hearted,
the evil must become blind
From your snowy innocence.

Charles Gounod

I want to live in this dream (1818-1893)
Which intoxicates me this day again!
Sweet flame, I keep you
in my soul like a treasure!

This intoxication of youth does not endure,
Alas! but a day.
Then comes the hour when one weeps;
The heart yields to love,
and the happiness flees without returning!

Far from the winter bleak
let me slumber
and breathe in the rose before it is plucked.
Ah! Sweet flame, stay in my soul

Comme un doux trésor longtemps encor! like a sweet treasure, ah, for a long time yet!
Roberta Sachs, soprano; Hannah Thomas, accompanist

The text of *Su le sponde del Tebro* is taken from Torquato Tasso's work "Aminto", a pastoral drama that focuses on a shepherd's unrequited love. Lively arias feature the trumpet and voice, echoing and imitating one another. There is an arioso in *Su le sponde del Tebro*, giving it the distinction of being a longer composed cantata. It occurs in the middle of the work, during a time of grief and conflict for the protagonist, Aminto. Scarlatti places suspensions in the violins, creating dissonance and tension. The cantata concludes with a contentment aria, as Aminto decides to stop grieving for his lost love. The recitative that precedes the final aria provides resolution, both harmonically and textually. Listen for heroic trumpet themes in the closing aria.

If God be for us, who can be against us is from part three of Handel's "Messiah." The aria is a celebration of Christ's victory over death and sin. It is the last solo piece in the "Messiah," occurring right before "Worthy is the Lamb." What makes this aria so different from others within the "Messiah" is its somber but dance-like quality.

The duet *Ich harrete des Herrn* is an arrangement from the fifth movement of Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 2, Op. 52, known as "Lobgesang" or "Hymn of Praise." The original work features two sopranos and chorus. The symphony takes texts from Psalms, Ephesians, Isaiah, Romans, and I Chronicles. *Ich harrete des Herrn* is taken from Psalm 40.

Vado, ma dove? is a concert aria, written for placement in larger works. *Vado* was inserted into Vicente Martin y Soler's opera "Il burbero di buon cuore," which premiered the same year at the same opera house as "Le nozze di Figaro."

Lori Laitman composed *Four Dickinson Songs* in the spring of 1996. The focus of the cycle is dramatic musical contrasts, starting with the contemplative *Will there really be a morning?*, moving to the comic *I'm nobody*, and ending with the mission in *If I...*

Francis Poulenc's *Airs chantés* were written during 1927 and 1928, taking poetry from the French poet Jean Moréas. These pieces are a celebration of the French language, and metric speed! In 1946, Poulenc said this about his music: "I have no system for writing music, thank God! (by system I mean "contrivances"); Inspiration is such a mysterious thing that it is best not to explain it."

The next three pieces, and their composer, have quickly become my favorites on the program.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC FACULTY AND STAFF

Dr. Stephen Sachs, pianist, chair; Dr. Paxton Girtmon, director of bands, woodwind specialist; Dr. Andrew Sauerwein, composer, theorist;
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