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A Senior Conducting Recital

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A note to my teachers...

Gene, when I stepped into your choir my first day of high school, I was there because singing in the choir at Campolindo ran in my family. I had no idea that the passions of my career would be forged in that same room.

Your dedication, talent, and hard work inspired me to pursue my own career in the choral art. Thank you for always pushing me to improve and never letting me give up when times got tough. Thank you also for leading down a path with even more great mentors and teachers at Chapman. I would not have found this calling without your brilliance.

Peter, I cannot express to you how important your incredible talent and great humanity have been to me at Chapman. With the health issues I endured early on you were the only person I felt I could confide in and would understand.

Since then the skills you have passed on have not only helped me vocally, but have been formidable in my growth as a conductor. Thank you for all the opportunities in opera and beyond.

Dr. Hall, I am so grateful for being led to a teacher, mentor, and person as incredible as yourself. I won't lie and say I wasn't scared stepping into your first conducting class, but your humor and talent convinced me I was in the right place.

Thank you also for always having an open office. I feel as though in some ways I have learned more about conducting from the many talks, whether formal or informal, we have had over the years.

Thank you for allowing me all the performance opportunities and pushing me to always be greater. You have really inspired me to teach, and I feel with what I have learned from you I could not be better prepared.

CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY *School of Music*

presents a

A Senior Conducting Recital

Mark Roberts

Stephen Karr, piano

April 27, 2007 • 7:30P.M.
Salmon Recital Hall

Ave Maria

I

Tomás Luis de Vittoria
(1540-1613)

Vittoria, like Palestrina, was one of the great composers of the Renaissance. Vittoria's setting of this familiar text is quite magical in its quiet prayer.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee,
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed in the fruit of thy womb,
Jesus Christ.

Holy Mary, Mother of God
pray for us sinners,
Now, and at the hour of our death.
Amen.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Orazio Vecchi
(1550-1605)

This wonderful Italian madrigal clearly paints a vivid picture connecting one's own life to nature. It tells how we all may reconcile with death one day, and with song, be content to die.

The white and gentle swan dies singing,
and I, weeping, reach the end of my life.

Strange and different fate,
that he dies disconsolate
and I die a blessed death,

which in dying,
fills me full of joy and desire.

If in dying were I to feel no other pain,
I would be content to die a thousand times a day.

Ave Maris Stella

Javier Busto

Soloists: Erin Gonzales, and Heidi Choate Modern

Javier Busto is a self-taught musician from Hondarribia. His education is in medical science emphasizing the connection between mathematics, science and the music. This magnificent setting of the Ave Maris Stella text clearly speaks to the listener through its use of alternating soloist and ensemble texture.

Hail, star of the sea, God's own Mother,
ever sinless virgin, happy door to heaven.

Take that sweet Ave
from the mouth of Gabriel,
confirm peace within us,
changing Eve's name.

Break the sinners' chains,
make our blindness day,
Chase all evils away, for all blessings pray.

Show thyself a Mother,
may the Word divine,
borne for us thine infant,
hear our prayers through thine.

Virgin all excelling, mildest of the mild,
Free from guilt preserve us,
meek and undefiled.

Keep our life all spotless,
make our way secure
until we find in Jesus joy forever more.

Praise to God the Father,
honor to the Son,
In the Holy Spirit, be the glory one.
Amen.

II

Amazing Grace

Soloist: Amber Brewster

Flutist: Bethany Ascheri

Arr. William Hall

Modern

Not much needs to be said about the folk melody of Amazing Grace, but I urge you to listen to the text with new ears.

Amazing Grace how sweet the sound,
that saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.

Gute Nacht

Arr. Katherine Davis
(1892-1980)

This German lullaby is sweet and calm. The choir paints a picture of moonlight and nightingales watching over the night sky while the piano accompaniment is reminiscent of a beautiful music box unwinding on a nightstand.

Good night, my darling dear,
Good night, sleep well, my child.

May all the angels hover around,
The beautiful angels that dwell in heaven.

Good night, my darling dear,
Good night, sleep well, my child.

The Nightengale sings in the bushes,
In the clearly shining moonlight.

The moon watches in the window there,
Looking in your bedroom.

The moon watches you slumber there
Though I am far away.

III

At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners Williametta Spencer Modern

Spencer has set the VII Holy Sonnet of John Donne perfectly to music. This piece is striking in its ability to convey the infinite power of God, and the pleading hearts of man appealing for God's grace.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners,
Blow your trumpets, angels, and arise,
Arise from death, you numberless infinities of soules,
And to your scattered bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall overthrow,
All whom warre deearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of Thy grace.
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground.
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with Thy Blood.

This Marriage

Eric Whitacre
Modern

This wonderful text speaks of the love we all hope to find in marriage.

May these vows and this marriage be blessed.
May it be sweet milk, like wine and halvah.
May this marriage offer fruit and shade like the date palm.

May this marriage be full of laughter,
our every day a day in paradise.
May this marriage be a sign of compassion,
a seal of happiness, here and here after.

May this marriage have a fair face and a good name,
an omen as welcomes the moon in a clear blue sky.
I am out of words to describe how spirit mingles in this marriage.

IV

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal

Arr. Alice Parker
Modern

This lively piece is joyous in its praise. The Hallelujah refrain is really the singers imitating great trumpets, and is sure to be replaying in your heads throughout the weeks to come.

Hark, I hear the harps eternal,
Ringing on the farther shore,
As I near those swollen waters,
With their deep and solemn roar.

Hallelujah, praise the Lamb,
Glory to the great I AM.

And my soul though stained with sorrow,
Fading as the light of day,
Passes swiftly o'er those waters,
To the city far away.

Hallelujah, praise the Lamb,
Glory to the great I AM.

Souls have crossed before me saintly,

To that land of perfect rest;
And I hear them singing faintly,
In the mansions of the blest.

Hallelujah, praise the Lamb sing glory,
Hallelujah, glory to the great I AM!

Tonight Eternity Alone

René Clausen

Soloists: Julie Morrissey, and Bethany Ascheri Modern

This text, with setting by René Clausen, paints the parallel between the sunset and beauty of night, to the sunset of our lives. The imagery of the deep blues and purples at sunset parallel our wonders of the unknown. Listen to this profound text, "There is no space for fear, only the wonder of its truth."

Tonight eternity alone is near,
the sunset and the dark'ning blue.

Tonight eternity alone is near,
the sunset and the dark'ning blue,
there is no space for fear,
only the wonder of its truth.

Daemon Irrepat Callidus

György Orbán

Modern

This fervent piece by the Romanian contemporary composer György Orbán is a whirlwind from start to finish. This energetic piece is sure to get you moving.

The demon sneaks expertly,
Tempting the honorable heart;

He sets forth trickery amidst praise, song and dance.
However amiably the Demon acts,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

The flesh is tempted by sensuality;
Gluttony clings to our senses;
It overgrows, it encroaches, it stretches.
However appealing the Flesh is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

Though the Universe may confer
Thousands upon thousands of praises,
They neither fulfill
nor put out the desire of the heart.
However appealing the whole Universe is
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

A Note to my family and friends:

This recital has been a dream of mine for many years, but it is through the love and support of all of you that it has become a reality. Thank you to the University Singers for all of your hard work and dedication, it has truly been a pleasure working with such amazing singers and people.

To my friends Chris, Troy, Daniel, RJ, Sean, Emily, and Stacey I cannot express how much each one of you means to me. From heart to heart's to late nights at Norm's there isn't a single moment I would trade for the world.

Aubri, you have always supported and encouraged me. Your belief and steadfast love have been the rock in my unsure times. I love you.

My family, your constant support and interest in my music has been incredible. From my first junior high concert to today, you have been there every step of the way. I love you all so much.