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Departmental Recital

Abilene Christian University

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Departmental Recital

Williams Performing Arts Center

Thursday, april 2, 2015

11:00 am Recital Hall

Allegro Moderato from String Quartet in Eb, Op. 33, No. 1, "The Joke"

Franz Joseph Haydn

Sean Estes, violin
McKenzie Meenan, violin
Nattapat White, viola
Roger Estes, cello

Nattsanger

II. Når de sover

III. Mose, rust, og møll

Abbie Betinis

Dayna Coppedge, clarinet
Jennifer Magill, mezzo-soprano
Cheryl Lemmons, piano

Sonatina in G

Sean Estes, violin
Cheryl Lemmons, piano

Antonín Dvořák

Stroboscope

Jonathan Dannheim, percussion

Eric Sammut

Translations

Nattsanger

Når de sover

Alle er barn når de sover.
Da er det ikke krig i dem.
De åpner hendene og puster
i den stille rytme som himlen har gitt menneskene.

De spisser munnen som små barn
og åpner hendene halvt alle,
soldat og statsmann, tjenere og herrer.
Stjernene star vakt da og det
er en dis over hvelvene,
noen timer da ingen skal gjøre hverandre ondt.

Kunne vi bare tale til hverandre da
når hjertene er some halvt åpne blomster.
Ord som gylne bier
skulde trenge inn der.
- Gud, lær mig søvnens sprog.

Mose, rust, og møll

Mosen kommer ut av jorden.
Lydløst som nattens flaggermus
setter den sig på stenene og venter,
eller need i gresset
med sine askegrå vinger.

Rusten går fra nagle til nagle
og fra jernplate til jernplate i mørket
og undersøker nøiaktig
om tiden er inne.
Når stemplene er gått til ro;
når bæresøilene er langt inne i natten,
skal den gjøre sitt blodige, stille arbeide.

Stjernenes hvite møll
sitter i klaser på himmelens mørke glassruter
og stirrer
og stirrer på byenes lys.

Nightsongs

When they sleep

All people sleep so like children.
Only then is no war in them.
They open their hands a bit and breath
in the quiet rhythm that heaven gives to all of us.

They purse their lips just like a child,
open their hands a bit more, all,
soldiers and statesmen, every slave and master.
Stars above all stand guard
and there is a haze over everything,
just a moment, some hours, when no one can dare do harm.

Would that we all could talk to another then
when our hearts are blooming as half-open flowers.
Words like golden honeybees
would squeeze in there.
– God, make my language “sleep”

Moss, rust, and moths

Moss comes rising from the soil.
Quiet as nighttime’s tiny bats
settles upon the solid stones and wait there,
or it hides in the grasses
with its ashen wings folded.

Rust starts passing socket to socket
and from iron to iron in darkness
and very closely examines
when the right time will be.
When all the pistons come to rest;
girders and purlin beams are deep in the darkness,
it will then do its bloodying, silent employment.

Stars like moths, white and pale
cluster in heaven at windowpanes distant and murky
and stare down
and stare down at so many lights.