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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.