



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

# Nathan White

Baritone

**Sharon Nesta**

Piano

## **Assisted By:**

Shelby Beadle, Quinn Cameron, Kenneth Friedmann,  
Robert Glogowski, Julia Hoffman, Eliana McFate, Anna Morton

Sunday, November 5, 2023 at 6:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Oh, Sing Unto The Lord (Biblical Songs).....Antonín Dvořák  
(1841-1904)

Come Away, Death..... Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

Silent Noon..... Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

Widmung..... Robert Franz  
(1815-1892)

Die Post (*Die Winterreise*) ..... Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Gute Nacht ..... Robert Franz

*Old American Songs*..... Aaron Copland  
Ching-a-ring Chaw (1900-1990)

The Dodger

At The River

I Bought Me a Cat

## Intermission

Se vuol ballare (*Le nozze di Figaro*) ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

More Or Less..... Nathan White  
I'll Find A Way (b. 2002)  
My Way.....Jacques Revaux  
(b.1940)

Quinn Cameron, Piano  
Kenneth Friedmann, Percussion

Be Thou My Vision..... arr. Nathan White  
Doxology

Shelby Beadle, Quinn Cameron, Robert Glogowski,  
Eliana McFate, Anna Morton

*Nathan White is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino*

*Presented in partial fulfillment for the degree  
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

# Translations

## **Widmung**

Dedication

O do not thank me for these songs,  
It is seemly for me to be thankful to you;  
You give them to me, I give back,  
What is now and once and ever yours.  
Yours have they all been;  
in your dear eyes light  
Have I truly read them:  
Do you not know your own songs?

## **Die Post**

The Post

A post horn sounds from the road.  
Why is it that you leap so high, my heart?  
The post brings no letter for you.  
Why, then, do you surge so strangely, my heart?  
But yes, the post comes from the town  
where I once had a beloved sweetheart,  
my heart!  
Do you want to peep out  
and ask how things are there, my heart?

## **Gute Nacht**

Good Night

The heights and forests already sink  
ever deeper into the golden light of  
evening,  
a little bird asks from his tree-branch:  
should he greet his beloved one?  
O bird, you have deceived yourself:  
she no longer dwells in this valley,  
take wing and soar towards the arch of  
the sky,  
and greet her up there one last time.

## **Se vuol ballare**

If You Want To Dance

Well done, my noble master! Now I begin  
To understand the secret ... and to see  
Your whole scheme clearly: to London,  
Isn't it, you go as minister, I as courier,  
And Susanna... confidential ambassador...  
It shall not be: Figaro has said it!

If you want to dance, my little count,  
I'll play the little guitar for you, yes,

If you want to come to my school  
I'll teach you the capriole, yes,

I'll know, I'll know, I'll know, I'll know, I'll  
know,  
but slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly,  
Sooner every dark secret  
by dissembling I shall uncover.

Artfully fencing, artfully working,  
stinging here, joking there,  
all of your schemes I'll turn inside out.

If you want to dance, my little count,  
I'll play the little guitar for you, yes!