



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Voice and Composition Recital

Rodney Snyder

Baritone

Daniel Glessner

Piano

Piano and Saxophone Quartet

Connor Appleman, Reid Buffenmyer,
Joseph LaMarca, Evan Rojas, Abigail Stewart

Brass Quintet

Jasmine Dickson, Cassie Gehenio,
Jace Graybill, Annie Rizzo, Annalise Yeich

Vocal Ensemble

Shelby Beadle, Alex Bohm, Quinn Cameron,
Nick Epps, Nadia Griffith, Orphie Hartman,
Greysen Kemper, Anne McIlvaine, Maira Myers,
Kay Reyburn, Nathan White

Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 2:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Psalm 51 for Vocal Ensemble (March 2023) Rodney Snyder

Maira Myers, Soprano; Kay Reyburn, Soprano; Orphie Hartman,
Soprano; Nadia Griffith, Alto; Anne McIlvaine, Alto; Shelby Beadle,
Alto; Quinn Cameron, Tenor; Greysen Kemper, Tenor; Alex Bohm, Bass;
Nathan White, Bass; Nick Epps, Bass

Rodney Snyder is a student of Dr. Richard Roberson

*Present in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Arts in General Music with Composition Concentration*

Translations

Danksagung an den Bach

Giving thanks to the brook

Is this, then, what you meant,
My babbling friend?
Your singing and your ringing?
Is this what you meant?

'To the maid of the mill!
It seems to say...
Have I understood?
'To the maid of the mill!

Did she send you,
Or have you entranced me?
I should like to know this, too:
Did she send you?

Now, however it may be,
I yield to my fate;
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.

I asked for work;
Now have I enough
For my hands and my heart;
Completely enough!

Der Neugierige
The Curious One

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me
What I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener,
And the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook
if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love,
How silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing,
One small word, over and over again.
One word is 'yes',
The other is 'no';
These two words contain for me the whole world.

O brook of my love,
How wonderful you are.
I will tell no one else;
Say, brook, does she love me?

Der Jäger
The Hunter

What does the hunter seek here by the millstream?
Stay in your own territory, defiant hunter!
Here is no game for you to hunt;
Here dwells only a tame fawn for me.
And should you wish to see that gentle fawn,
Leave your guns in the forest,
Leave your baying hounds at home,
Stop that pealing din on your horn
And shave that unkempt beard from your chin,
Or the fawn will take fright in the garden.

But it would be better if you stayed in the forest
And left mills and millers in peace.
How can fish thrive among green branches?
What can the squirrel want in the blue pond?
Stay in the wood, then defiant hunter,
And leave me alone with my three mill-wheels,
And if you wish to make yourself popular with my sweetheart,
Then, my friend, you should know what distresses her heart:
Wild boars come out of the wood at night,
And break into her cabbage patch,
Rooting about and trampling over the field.
Shoot the wild boars, hunting hero!