

MONUMENTAL UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
Spring 2021 Noon Day Concert - Online

12 Noon, March 29, 2021

Featuring

Keaton Whitehurst, Soprano
Nicholas J. Steltzer, Piano

Bio

Portsmouth native, Keaton Whitehurst, is the current soprano section leader with Christ & St. Luke's Church. She has also appeared as a member of the Virginia Chorale. Growing up, she was a member of the Virginia Children's Chorus for 11 years and went on to earn a Bachelor's degree in Vocal Performance from Shenandoah University. She recently completed her Master's of Music Education degree from Old Dominion University. Recently, she has opened up her new voice studio; lessons for students ages 7-18. Please lookout for the soon to be launched "STUDIO31 by Keaton" website for more information. Other than musical activities and opportunities, Keaton is excited for another summer with her almost 4 year-old son, Oliver.

Program

Flower Songs to Welcome Springtime

*Heidenröslein	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
*Die Lotosblume	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

For Easter to Welcome New Life in Him

I Know that My Redeemer Liveth	G.F. Handel (1685-1759)
Alleluia!	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Balm in Gilead	Harry T. Burleigh

*English translation on next page.

English Translations

Heidenröslein ("Rose on the Heath" or "Little Rose of the Field")

A boy saw a wild rose
growing in the heather;
it was so young, and as lovely as the morning.
He ran swiftly to look more closely,
looked on it with great joy.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.
Said the boy: I shall pluck you,
wild rose in the heather!
Said the rose: I shall prick you
so that you will always remember me.
And I will not suffer it.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.
And the impetuous boy plucked
the wild rose from the heather;
the rose defended herself and pricked him,
but her cries of pain were to no avail;
she simply had to suffer.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Die Lotosblume (The Lotus-Flower)

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.
The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.
She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.