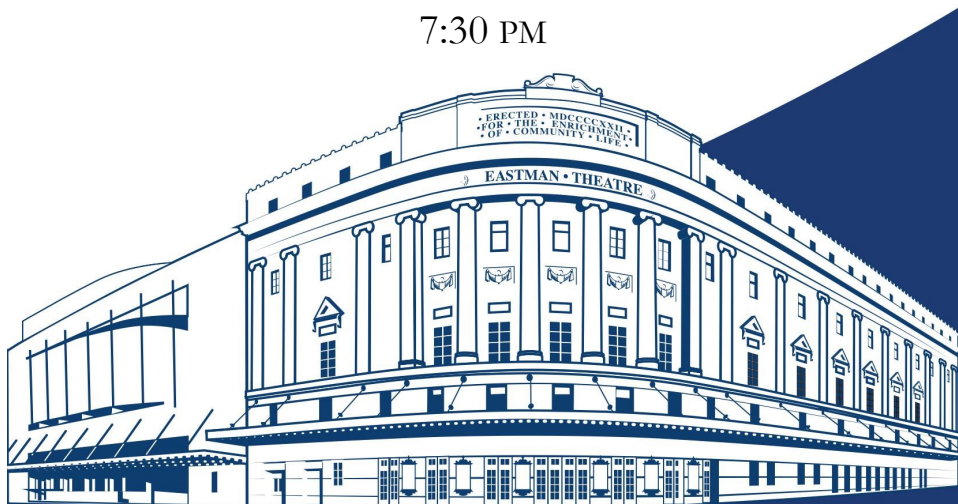


FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

CHELSEA WHITAKER,
PIANO

WITH **SARAH COIT**, MEZZO-SOPRANO
STEPHEN CARROLL, TENOR

Friday, September 26, 2025
Hatch Recital Hall
7:30 PM



EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of ROCHESTER

PROGRAM

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac, Op. 51 (1952)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Sarah Coit, mezzo-soprano
Stephen Carroll, tenor

Desire in Spring

Ivor Gurney
(1890-1937)

All Night Under the Moon

I Will Go With My Father A-Ploughing

Lights Out

Sarah Coit, mezzo-soprano

INTERMISSION

A Young Man's Exhortation, Op. 14 (1926-1929)

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

PART I

A Young Man's Exhortation

Ditty

Budmouth Dears

Her Temple

The Comet at Yell'ham

PART II

Shortening Days

The Sigh

Former Beauties

Transformations

The Dance Continued

Stephen Carroll, tenor

TEXT

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac, Op. 51

Chester Mystery Plays

The Chester Mystery Plays are a cycle of medieval religious dramas depicting biblical scenes, originally performed in Chester, England. This is Britten's adaptation of the Old Testament story of Abraham and Isaac.

God speaks:

Abraham, my servant, Abraham,
Take Isaac, thy son by name,
That thou lovest the best of all,
And in sacrifice offer him to me
Upon that hill there besides thee.
Abraham, I will that so it be,
For aught that may befall.

Abraham:

My Lord, to Thee is mine intent
Ever to be obedient.
That son that Thou to me hast sent
Offer I will to Thee.
Thy bidding done shall be.

Here Abraham, turning him to his son Isaac, saith:

Abraham:

Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.
This woodē do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.
A sword and fire that I will take,
For sacrifice behoves me to make;
God's bidding will I not forsake,
But ever obedient be.
Here Isaac speaketh to his father, and taketh a bundle of sticks
and beareth after his father, and saith:

Isaac:

Father, I am all ready
To do your bidding most meekely,
And to bear this wood full bayn [willing] am I,
As you commanded me.
Here they both go to the place to do sacrifice:

Abraham:

Now, Isaac son, go we our way
To yonder mount if that we may.

TEXT

Isaac:

My dear father, I will essay [try]
To follow you full fain [gladly].

Abraham being minded to slay his son Isaac, lifts up his hands, and saith the following:

Abraham:

O! My heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pitye;
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,
To Thee I will be bayn.
Lay down thy faggot [bundle of sticks], my own son dear.

Isaac:

All ready father, lo, it is here.
But why make you such heavy cheer?
Are you anything adread?

Abraham:

Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!

Isaac:

Father, if it be your will,
Where is the beast that we shall kill?

Abraham:

Thereof, son, is none upon this hill.

Isaac:

Father, I am full sore affeared
To see you bear that drawnē sword.

Abraham:

Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee,
Thou breakest my heart even in three.

Isaac:

I pray you, father, layn [hide] nothing from me,
But tell me what you think.

Abraham:

Ah! Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

Isaac:

Alas! Father, is that your will,
Your ownē child for to spill
Upon this hillēs brink?
If I have trespassed in any degree
With a yard you may beat me;
Put up your sword, if your will be,

TEXT

For I am but a child.
Would God my mother were here with me!
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it may be,
For to save my life.

Abraham:

O Isaac, son, to thee I say
God hath commanded me today
Sacrifice, this is no nay,
To make of thy bodye.

Isaac:

Is it God's will I shall be slain?

Abraham:

Yea, son, it is not for to layn.

Here Isaac asketh his father's blessing on his knees, and saith:

Isaac:

Father, seeing you muste needs do so,
Let it pass lightly and over go;
Kneeling on my knees two,
Your blessing on me spread.

Abraham:

My blessing, dear son, give I thee
And thy mother's with heart free.
The blessing of the Trinity,
My dear Son, on thee light.

*Here Isaac riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh him,
and bindeth and layeth him upon the altar to sacrifice him, and saith:*

Abraham:

Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,
Thou must be bound both hands and feet.

Isaac:

Father, do with me as you will,
I must obey, and that is skill,
God's commandment to fulfil,
For needs so it must be.

Abraham:

Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be.

TEXT

Isaac:

Father, greet well my brethren ying [young],
And pray my mother of her blessing,
I come no more under her wing,
Farewell for ever and aye.

Abraham:

Farewell, my sweete son of grace!

Here Abraham doth kiss his son Isaac, and binds a kerchief about his head.

Isaac:

I pray you, father, turn down my face,
For I am sore adread.

Abraham:

Lord, full loth were I him to kill!

Isaac:

Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?

Abraham:

Jesu! On me have pity,
That I have most in mind.

Isaac:

Now, father, I see that I shall die:
Almighty God in majesty!
My soul I offer unto Thee!

Abraham:

To do this deed I am sorryë.

Here let Abraham make a sign as tho' he would cut off his son Isaac's head with his sword; then God speaketh...

God speaks:

Abraham, my servant dear, Abraham,
Lay not thy sword in no manner
On Isaac, thy dear darling.
For thou drestest me, well wot [know] I,
That of thy son had no mercy,
To fulfil my bidding.

Abraham:

Ah, Lord of Heaven and King of bliss,
Thy bidding shall be done, i-wiss [assuredly]!
A horned wether [ram] here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To Thee offered shall he be
Anon [soon] right in this place.

TEXT

Then let Abraham take the lamb and kill him.

Abraham:

Sacrifice here sent me is,
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.

Envoi:

Such obedience grant us, O Lord!
Ever to Thy most holy word.
That in the same we may accord
As this Abraham was bayn;
And then altogether shall we
That worthy King in heaven see,
And dwell with Him in great glorye
For ever and ever. Amen.

Desire in Spring

Francis Ledwidge

I love the cradle-songs the mothers sing
In lonely places when the twilight drops,
The slow, endearing melodies that bring
Sleep to the weeping lids; and, when she stops,
I love the roadside birds upon the tops
Of dusty hedges in a world of Spring.

And when the sunny rain drips from the edge
Of mid-day wind, and meadows lean one way,
And a long whisper passes thro' the sedge,
Beside the broken water let me stay,
While these old airs upon my memory play,
And silent changes colour up the hedge.

All Night Under the Moon

Wilfrid Gibson

All night under the moon
Plovers are flying
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,
Over the meadows of June
Calling and crying,
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

All night under the moon
Love, though we are lying
Quietly under the thatch, in the dreaming light
Over the meadows of June
Together we are flying,
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

I Will Go With My Father A-Ploughing

Joseph Campbell

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the white of the air,
And my father will sing the plough song
That blesses the cleaving share.

TEXT

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the greening sloe,
And my father will sing the seed song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the tan-faced reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe song
That joys for the harvest done.

Lights Out

Edward Thomas

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends,
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how.

TEXT

A Young Man's Exhortation, Op. 14

Thomas Hardy

PART I

Mane floreat, et transeat. In the morning it flourisbeth, and groweth up.

A Young Man's Exhortation

Call off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloy.
And charm Life's lourings [gloom] fair.

Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it full with glee,
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

Ditty

Beneath a knap [hill] where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away
From the files of formal houses,
By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barter, no man sells
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
'Here is she!'
Seems written everywhere

TEXT

Unto me.
But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow-wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
Ere we met;
(Such will not be, but because
Some forget
Let me feign it)—none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed—
Loved as true—
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe—severer
In the thought that she is nought.
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels,
—Where she dwells!

Budmouth Dears

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-singing,
With a smart *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down.

TEXT

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of renown.
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore *Clink! Clink!* back to camp above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the faces frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more *Clink! Clink!* past the parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the muslin gown?—
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down?

Her Temple

Dear, think not that they will forget you:
—If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: 'Why a woman such honour?'
—Be told, 'O, so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour upon her;
None now knows his name.'

The Comet at Yell'ham

It bends far over Yell'ham Plain,
And we, from Yell'ham Height,
Stand and regard its fiery train,
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when
As now its strange swift shine
Will fall on Yell'ham; but not then
On that sweet form of thine.

PART II

Vespere decidat, induret et arescat. In the evening it is cut down, and witherith.

Shortening Days

The first fire since the summer is lit, and is smoking into the room:
 The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines in a loom.
 Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom misgivings appal
 That winter did not leave last year for ever, after all.
 Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,
 Stand pollard willows, their twigs just bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,
 Black and ruddy, with white embossed,
 His eyes being black, and ruddy his face,
 And the marge of his hair like morning frost?
 It's the cider-maker,
 And appletree-shaker,
 And behind him on wheels, in readiness,
 His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

The Sigh

Little head against my shoulder
 Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
 And up-eyed;
 Till she, with a timid quaver,
 Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
 But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
 Some sad thought she was concealing
 It implied.
 —Not that she had ceased to love me,
 None on earth she set above me;
 But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
 Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
 If she tried:
 Nothing seemed to hold us sundered [apart],
 Hearts were victors; so I wondered
 Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
 And she loved me staunchly, truly,
 Till she died;
 But she never made confession

TEXT

Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November,
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

Former Beauties

These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,
And tissues sere [withered],
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom [Frome River],
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and show
Them always fair.

Transformations

Portion of this yew
Is a man my grandsire knew,
Bosomed here at its foot:
This branch may be his wife,
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.

These grasses must be made
Of her who often prayed,
Last century, for repose;
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
May be entering this rose.

TEXT

So, they are not underground,
But as nerves and veins abound
In the growths of upper air,
And they feel the sun and rain,
And the energy again
That made them what they were!

The Dance Continued

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves.'

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings [journeys]; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

MEET THE ARTISTS

Dr. **Chelsea Whitaker** is a collaborative pianist and vocal coach enjoying a diverse career in the vocal arts. She currently holds an Assistant Professor of Vocal Coaching position at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. Passionate about American art song, and particularly that of living composers, she has worked with composers such as John Harbison, Jake Heggie, John Musto, Ben Moore, Paul Moravec, Alan Louis Smith, John Heiss, and Matthew Recio. Whitaker has performed in venues such as the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., Merkin Hall in New York City, and Jordan Hall in Boston.



Prior to her appointment at Eastman, Whitaker served on faculty at New England Conservatory, where she taught and coached in the voice and opera departments. Previous work has included performances with Sparks and Wiry Cries, Cincinnati Song Initiative, Music for Food, Boston Art Song Society, Callithumpian Consort, and Calliope's Call; vocal coaching positions at Boston University Tanglewood Institute and University of Massachusetts—Amherst; a staff pianist and vocal coaching position at Boston University; and music director positions with Boston Opera Collaborative.

Whitaker received her training under Cameron Stowe, Jonathan Feldman, Alan Smith, and Robert Weirich. A native of Kansas, she graduated from the University of Missouri—Kansas City with a B.M. degree in piano performance. She completed an M.M. degree in Keyboard Collaborative Arts at the University of Southern California, and a D.M.A. degree in collaborative piano at New England Conservatory.

MEET THE ARTISTS

Described as having “an uncommonly warm tone and natural musicality” (*OperaWire*) as well as “rapid-fire precision” (*Parterre Box*), **Sarah Coit** continues to enjoy many exciting house and role debuts. The mezzo-soprano’s recent credits include Angelina in *La Cenerentola* with Wichita Grand Opera, the title role in Massenet’s *Cendrillon* with Vashon Opera, the title role in Donizetti’s *Maria Stuarda* with Opera Baltimore, Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel* with Utah Opera, Handel’s *Messiah* with Portland Baroque Orchestra, Diana in *Cruzar la Cara de la Luna* with Opera San Antonio, and covering both Second Lady in *The Magic Flute* and Rosmira in Handel’s *Partenope* with San Francisco Opera. Her 25/26 season includes the title role in Handel’s *Rinaldo* with Pacific Northwest Opera, Miss Jessel in Britten’s *The Turn of the Screw* with Opera Tampa, Handel’s *Messiah* with Glacier Symphony, Rosina in *The Barber of Seville* with Knoxville Opera, and multiple concert appearances with American Bach Soloists in San Francisco including A Baroque New Year’s Eve at the Opera and the Pergolesi Stabat Mater. Other career highlights include the roles of Fariba/Wife #3 in the premiere of *A Thousand Splendid Suns* with Seattle Opera, Laurene Powell Jobs in *The (R) evolution of Steve Jobs* with Utah Opera, Sesto in *Giulio Cesare* with West Edge Opera, Komponist in *Ariadne auf Naxos* with Arizona Opera, and Stéphanie in *Roméo et Juliette* with San Diego Opera. A native of Spring Hill, FL and a current resident of Philadelphia, Sarah is a graduate of the University of South Florida and received her Masters from the University of Michigan.



MEET THE ARTISTS

Praised as a “powerful tenor,” singing “with ease, beauty, control, and a soaring legato,” **Stephen Carroll** enjoyed a decade-long career performing both contemporary and traditional operatic and concert repertoire before transitioning careers to software development in 2020. Highlights from the years shortly before his career transition include a fellowship with the Ravinia Steans Music Institute and subsequent invitation to return to the Ravinia Festival for a performance of Bernstein’s *Songfest*, company debuts as Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* with Virginia Opera and Martin in *The Tender Land* with Muddy River Opera, and the premiere of Matthew Recio’s song cycle, *Trinkets*, with his frequent collaborator, Chelsea Whitaker, in a recital of American song hosted by Cincinnati Song Initiative.



Other operatic role highlights include Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette*, Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoore*, Lysander in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Quint in *The Turn of the Screw*, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*, Sam in *Street Scene* and premieres and workshops of new operas by composers such as Jake Heggie, Clint Borzoni, Dan Visconti, and Elena Ruehr.

Stephen’s training includes apprenticeships and fellowships with The Santa Fe Opera, The Glimmerglass Festival, The Tanglewood Festival, Virginia Opera, Kentucky Opera, Opera North, and Central City Opera.

Stephen holds an Artist Diploma from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, a Master’s Degree from the University of North Texas, and a Bachelor’s Degree from the University of Delaware. He currently works as software engineer for Keriton, a Philadelphia-based company that created a feeding management platform for NICUs.

We acknowledge with respect the Seneca Nation, known as the “Great Hill People” and “Keepers of the Western Door” of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. We take this opportunity to thank the people whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, New York.

UPCOMING EASTMAN PRESENTS CONCERTS

Tickets for all series concerts can be purchased at EastmanTheatre.org

FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

Eastman Virtuosi

Saturday, September 27, 2025 at 7:30 PM

Kilbourn Hall

EASTMAN PRESENTS - KILBOURN CONCERT SERIES

Mark Padmore and Paul Lewis

Sunday, September 28, 2025 at 3:00 PM

Kilbourn Hall

“Two of Schumann’s best-known song cycles are presented here by the lieder “dream team” (*New York Times*).

FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

Nicholas Goluses, guitar

Monday, September 29, 2025 at 7:30 PM

Hatch Recital Hall

FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

Michael Burritt, percussion

Tuesday, September 30, 2025 at 7:30 PM

Kilbourn Hall

UPCOMING EASTMAN ENSEMBLE CONCERTS

All student performances are free unless otherwise noted.

Eastman Chorale

Thursday, October 2, 2025 at 7:30 PM

Kilbourn Hall

Eastman Jazz Orchestra

Monday, October 6, 2025 at 7:30 PM

Kilbourn Hall



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