

McGill Sterchi

Concert Series



Voice Recital

Jamey Owen, *Soprano*
Andrew Owen, *Baritone*
Sylvia Gossett, *Piano*

Keith Memorial United Methodist Church
Athens, Tennessee

Sunday, September 28, 2025, 5 p.m.

I. A DUET

“Herr, dein Mitleid, dein Erbarmen”
from *Weihnachtsoratorium*, BWV 248

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Herr, dein Mitleid, dein Erbarmen tröstet uns und macht uns frei.
Lord, your compassion, your mercy comforts us and sets us free.

II. TWO SACRED SONGS FROM ANDREW OWEN

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need

Robert Heath

My shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is his name, in pastures fresh he makes me feed beside the living stream. He brings my wandering spirit back when I forsake his ways, and leads me for his mercy's sake in paths of truth and grace. When I walk through the shades of death, thy presence is my stay; one word of thy supporting breath drives all my fears away. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, doth still my table spread; my cup with blessings overflows, thine oil anoints my head. The sure provision of my God attend me all my days; O may thy house be my abode and all my work be praise. There would I find a settled rest, while others go and come, no more a stranger, nor a guest, but like a child at home. —*Psalm 23, trans. by Isaac Watts*

Be Thou My Vision

Bob Chilcott
(b. 1955)

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart, be all else but naught to me, save that thou art; be thou my best thought in the day and the night, both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light. Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word; be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord; be thou my great Father, and I thy true son; be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one. Be thou and thou only the first in my heart; O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art; great heart of my own heart, whatever befall, still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all. —*Mary Elizabeth Byrne*

III. A SONG CYCLE FROM JAMEY OWEN

Frauenliebe und -leben
(A Woman's Life and Love)
1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub ich blind zu sein; wo ich hin nur blicke, seh ich ihn allein; wie im wachen Traume schwebt sein Bild mir vor, taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel, heller nur empor. Sonst ist licht- und farblos Alles um mich her, nach der Schwestern Spiele nicht begehrt ich mehr, möchte lieber weinen, still im Kämmerlein; seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub ich blind zu sein. —*Adelbert von Chamisso*

Since first seeing him, I think I am blind; wherever I look, him only I see; as in a waking dream his image hovers before me, rising out of deepest darkness ever more brightly. All else is dark and pale around me, my sisters' games I no more long to share, I would rather weep quietly in my room; since first seeing him, I think I am blind.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen, wie so milde, wie so gut! Holde Lippen, klares Auge, heller Sinn und fester Mut. So wie dort in blauer Tiefe, hell und herrlich, jener Stern, also er an meinem Himmel, hell und herrlich, hehr und fern. Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen; nur betrachten deinen Schein, nur in Demut ihn betrachten, selig nur und traurig sein! Höre nicht mein stilles Beten, deinem Glücke nur geweiht; darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen, hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit! Nur die Würdigste von allen Darf beglücken deine Wahl, und ich will die Hohe segnen, viele tausendmal. Will mich freuen dann und weinen, selig, selig bin ich dann; sollte mir das Herz auch brechen, brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

He, the most wonderful of all, how gentle and loving he is! Sweet lips, bright eyes, a clear mind and firm resolve. Just as there in the deep-blue distance that star gleams bright and brilliant, so does he shine in my sky, Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime. Wander, wander on your way, just to gaze on your radiance, just to gaze on in humility, to be but blissful and sad! Do not heed my silent prayer, uttered for your happiness alone, You shall never know me, lowly as I am, you noble star of splendour! Only the worthiest woman of all may your choice elate, and I shall bless that exalted one many thousands of times. Then shall I rejoice and weep, blissful, blissful shall I be, even if my heart should break, break, O heart, what does it matter?

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, es hat ein Traum mich berückt; wie hätt er doch unter allen mich Arme erhöht und beglückt? Mir war's, er habe gesprochen: „Ich bin auf ewig dein“—Mir war's—ich träume noch immer, es kann ja nimmer so sein. O lass im Traume mich sterben, gewieget an seiner Brust, den seligen Tod mich schlürfen in Tränen unendlicher Lust.

I cannot grasp it, believe it, a dream has beguiled me; how, from all women, could he have exalted and favoured poor me? He said, I thought, "I am yours forever." I was, I thought, still dreaming, after all, it can never be. O let me, dreaming, die, cradled on his breast; let me savour blissful death in tears of endless joy.

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger, mein goldenes Ringlein, ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, dich fromm an das Herze mein. Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet, der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum, ich fand allein mich, verloren im öden, unendlichen Raum. Du Ring an meinem Finger da hast du mich erst belehrt, hast meinem Blick erschlossen des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert. Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben, ihm angehören ganz, hin selber mich geben und finden verklärt mich in seinem Glanz. Du Ring an meinem Finger, mein goldenes Ringlein, ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger, my golden little ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart. I had finished dreaming childhood's peaceful dream, I found myself alone, forlorn in boundless desolation. You ring on my finger, you first taught me, opened my eyes to life's deep eternal worth. I shall serve him, live for him, belong to him wholly, yield to him and find myself transfigured in his light. You ring on my finger, my golden little ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, freundlich mich schmücken, dient der Glücklichen heute mir, windet geschäftig mir um die Stirne noch der blühenden Myrte Zier. Als ich befriedigt, freudigen Herzens, sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag, immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen, ungeduldig den heutigen Tag. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, helft mir verscheuchen eine törichte Bangigkeit, dass ich mit klarem aug ihn empfangen, ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit. Bist, mein Geliebter, du mir erschienen, giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein? Lass mich in Andacht, lass mich in Demut, lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein. Streuet ihm, Schwestern, streuet ihm Blumen, bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar, aber euch, Schwestern, grüss ich mit Wehmut, freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Help me, my sisters, with my bridal attire, serve me today in my joy, busily braid about my brow the wreath of blossoming myrtle. When with contentment and joy in my heart I lay in my beloved's arms, he still called, with longing heart, impatiently for this day. Help me, my sisters, help me banish a foolish fearfulness; so that I with bright eyes may receive him, the source of all my joy. Have you, my love, really entered my life, do you, O sun, give me your glow? Let me in reverence, let me in humility bow before my lord. Scatter flowers, O sisters, scatter flowers before him, bring him budding roses. But you, sisters, I greet with sadness, as I joyfully take leave of you.

6. Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an

Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an, kannst es nicht begreifen, wie ich weinen kann; lass der feuchten Perlen ungewohnte Zier freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir! Wie so bang mein Busen, wie so wonnevoll! Wüsst ich nur mit Worten, wie ich's sagen soll; komm und birg dein Antlitz hier an meiner Brust, Will in's Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust. Weisst du nun die Tränen, die ich weinen kann, sollst du nicht sie sehen, du geliebter Mann? Bleib an meinem Herzen, fühle dessen Schlag, dass ich fest und fester nur dich drücken mag. Hier an meinem Bette hat die Wiege Raum, wo sie still verberge meinen holden Traum; kommen wird der Morgen, wo der Traum erwacht, und daraus dein Bildnis mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder, you cannot understand how I can weep; let the unfamiliar beauty of these moist pearls tremble joyfully bright in my eyes! How anxious my heart is, how full of bliss! If only I knew How to say it in words; come and hide your face here against my breast, for me to whisper you all my joy. Do you now understand the tears that I can weep, should you not see them, beloved husband? Stay by my heart, Feel how it beats, that I may press you closer and closer. Here by my bed there is room for the cradle, silently hiding my blissful dream; the morning shall come when the dream awakens, and your likeness laughs up at me.

7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, du meine Wonne, du meine Lust! Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück, ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück. Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt, bin übergücklich aber jetzt. Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt; nur eine Mutter weiss allein, was lieben heisst und glücklich sein. O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann, der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann! Du lieber, lieber Engel, du, du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu! An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my breast, you my delight, my joy! Happiness is love, love is happiness, I've always said and say so still. I thought myself rapturous, but now am delirious with joy. Only she who suckles, only she who loves the child that she nourishes; only a mother knows what it means to love and be happy. Ah, how I pity the man who cannot feel a mother's bliss! You dear, dear angel, you, you look at me and you smile! On my heart, at my breast, you my delight, my joy!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan, der aber traf. Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann, den Todesschlaf. Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin, die Welt ist leer. Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin nicht lebend mehr. Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück, der Schleier fällt, da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück, du meine Welt!

Now you have caused me my first pain, but it struck hard, you sleep, you harsh and pitiless man, the sleep of death. The deserted one stares ahead, the world is void. I have loved and I have lived, and now my life is done. Silently I withdraw into myself, the veil falls, there I have you and my lost happiness, you, my world!

INTERMISSION

IV. TWO FRENCH SONGS FROM ANDREW OWEN

Lamento

Henri Duparc
(1848–1933)

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe, où flotte avec un son plaintif l'ombre d'un if ? Sur l'if une pâle colombe, triste et seule au soleil couchant, chante son chant. On dirait que l'âme éveillée pleure sous terre à l'unisson de la chanson, et du malheur d'être oubliée se plaint dans un roucoulement bien doucement. Ah ! jamais plus, près de la tombe, je n'irai, quand descend le soir au manteau noir, écouter la pâle colombe chanter sur la branche de l'if son chant plaintif !
—*Théophile Gautier*

Do you know the white tomb, where the shadow of a yew tree waves plaintively? On that yew a pale dove, sad and solitary at sundown sings its song; as if the awakened soul weeps from the grave, together with the song, and at the sorrow of being forgotten—murmuring its complaint most meltingly. Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb, when evening descends in its black cloak, to listen to the pale dove on the branch of the yew singing its plaintive song!

Élégie

Charles Ives
(1874–1954)

Ô doux printemps d'autrefois, vertes saisons, vous avez fui pour toujours ! Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu; je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux ! En emportant mon bonheur, Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé ! Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps ! Oui ! Sans retour, avec toi, le gai soleil, les jours riants sont partis ! Comme en mon cœur tout est sombre et glacé, tout est flétri pour toujours !
—*Louis Gallet*

O sweet spring of yesteryear, green seasons, you have fled forever! I no longer see the blue sky, I no longer hear the joyous songs of the birds! You have fled, my love, and with you has fled my happiness. And it is in vain that the spring returns! For along with you, the cheerful sun, the laughing days have gone! As my heart is dark and frozen, so all is withered for evermore!

V. TWO ITALIAN SONGS FROM JAMEY OWEN

Ma, rendi pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)

Ma rendi pur contento della mia bella il core, e ti perdono, amore, se lieto il mio non è. Gli affanni suoi pavento più degli affanni miei, perché più vivo in lei di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Only make happy the heart of my beautiful lady, and I will pardon you, love, if my own heart is not glad. Her troubles I fear more than my own troubles, because I live more in her than I live in myself.

Pregghiera

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797–1848)

Dio, Dio, che col cenno moderi l'ira d'un mar che freme! Dio, che col cenno agli uomini porgi costanza e speme, stendi la man benefica, sul lungo mio dolor. Non chieggo a te la tenera gioja del cor felice, non la speranza provvida d'affanno incantatrice, ti chieggo sol la lagrima, che scioglie il gelo al cor.

God, God, who with the slightest nod calms the wrath of a turbulent sea! God, who with a nod to men gives faith and hope, stretch your benevolent hand to my enduring pain. I do not ask you for the tender joy of a happy heart, not the ardent hope of enchanting affection, I only ask you with a tear to melt the frost of the heart.

VI. SONGS OF RESILIENCE FROM ANDREW OWEN

Lliw'r Heulwen

Antoine Duhamel
(1925–2014)

Lliw'r heulwen ar y bronydd, lliw'r lili ar y bryn, pan elwi oddi yma, f'anwylyd cofia hyn: dy lun, dy law a'th lân ymddygiad, ferch, A'th anian bert addfwynol sydd wedi tynnu'm serch. Hawdd iawn yw 'nabod sgwarnog, yn rhedeg ar ei ffrwst; hawdd iawn yw 'nabod petris, pan godant ar eu trwst; hawdd iawn yw 'nabod dderwen fawr, ymysg y meillion mân. Gwae fi na bai mor hawsed, i 'nabod merch fach lân. Mae'n rhaid i'r felin falu pan gaffo ati ddŵr; mae'n rhaid i'r gof i weithio tra paro'r haearn yn frwd; mae'n rhaid i'r ddafad garu'r oen bach tra byddo'n wan; mae'n rhaid i minnau gymryd y sawl sydd ar fy rhan. —*Anonymous Welsh text*

Color of sunlight on the hills, color of the lily upon the hill, when you go from here, my dear remember this: your looks, your hand, and your gracious manner, girl, and your gentle, pretty nature has attracted my love. It's very easy to recognize a hare, running in all haste; it's very easy to recognize partridges when they rise in a clamor; it's very easy to recognize the great oak amongst the little clover; woe is me that it's not so easy to know a pretty girl. The mill must grind when it has water; the smith must work while the iron remains hot; the sheep must love the little lamb while it's weak; I must accept whoever is suitable for me.

Благословляю вас, леса

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
(1840–1893)

Благословляю вас, леса, долины, нивы, горы, воды! Благословляю я свободу и голубые небеса! И посох мой благословляю, и эту бедную суму, и степь от краю и до краю, и солнца свет, и ночи тьму, и одинокую тропинку, по коей, нищий, я иду, и в поле каждую былинку, и в небе каждую звезду! О, если б мог всю жизнь смешать я, всю душу вместе с вами слить! О, если б мог в свои объятья я вас, враги, друзья и братья, и всю природу заключить. —*Leo Tolstoy*

Blagoslovlyayu vas, lesa, doliny, nivy, gory, vody! Blagoslovlyayu ya svobodu i golubye небеса! I posokh moy blagoslovlyayu, i etu bednuyu sumu, i step ot krayu i da krayu, i solntsa svet, i nochi tmu. I odinokuyu tropinku, po koyei, nishchy, ya idu, i v pole kazhduyu bylinku, i v nebe kazhduyu zvezdu! O, esli b mokh vsyu zhizn smeshat ya, vsyu dushu v meste s vami slyt! O, esli b mokh v moi obyatya! Ya vas, vragi, druzya i bratya, i vsyu prirodu, I vsyu prirodu v moyi obyatya zaklyuchit!

I bless you, forests, valleys, cornfields, mountains, waters! I bless freedom and blue skies! And I bless my staff, and this poor knapsack, and the steppe that reaches in all directions, and the sun's light and the night's darkness, and the solitary path along which I, a pauper, walk, and each blade of grass in the field, and each star in the sky! Oh, if only I could merge all of life, all of my soul with you, oh, if only I could hold you all, my enemies, friends and brothers, and all of nature in my embraces!

VII. A MUSICAL THEATER DUET

“I’ll Know”
from *Guys and Dolls*

Frank Loesser
(1910–1969)

SKY—It is nice to know, Miss Sarah, that somewhere in the world there’s a guy who might appeal to you. I wonder what this guy will be like.

SARAH—He will not be a gambler.

SKY—I’m not interested in what he will not be; I am interested in what he will be.

SARAH—Don’t worry, I’ll know. For I’ve imagined every bit of him, From his strong moral fibre to the wisdom in his head, To the homey aroma of his pipe.

SKY—You have wished yourself a Scarsdale Galahad, the breakfast-eating Brooks Brothers type!

SARAH—Yes. And I shall meet him when the time is ripe.

SKY—You’ve got the guy all figured out.

SARAH—I have!

SKY—including what he smokes! All figured out, huh?

SARAH—All figured out. I’ll know when my love comes along, I won’t take a chance. For, oh, he’ll be just what I need, Not some fly-by-night Broadway romance.

SKY—And you’ll know at a glance by the two pair of pants.

SARAH—I’ll know by the calm steady voice, those feet on the ground. I’ll know as I run to his arms That at last I’ve come home safe and sound. And till then I shall wait. And till then, I’ll be strong, for I’ll know when my love comes along.

SKY—No, no, no! You’re talking about love—you can’t dope it like that! What are you picking, a guy or a horse?

SARAH—I wouldn’t expect a gambler to understand.

SKY—Would you like to hear how a gambler feels about the big heart throb?

Sarah—No!

Sky—Well, I’ll tell you. Mine will come as a surprise to me. Mine I leave to chance, and chemistry.

SARAH—Chemistry?

SKY—Yeah, chemistry. Suddenly I’ll know when my love comes along. I’ll know then and there. I’ll know at the sight of her face, how I care, how I care, how I care! And I’ll stop and I’ll stare. And I’ll know long before we can speak, I’ll know in my heart, I’ll know, and I won’t ever ask “Am I right? Am I wise? Am I smart?” But I’ll stop and I’ll stare at that face in the throng. Yes—

BOTH—I’ll know when my love comes along.

ABOUT THE PERFORMERS

Jamey and Andrew Owen moved to Athens in August of 2022 from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where they both completed doctorates in music at LSU. Jamey, originally from Tampa, Florida, holds her Doctorate of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance, and Andrew, a United Methodist preacher's kid, originally from Mississippi, holds his PhD in Music History. Both currently serve as professors of music and applied voice at Tennessee Wesleyan University, where Andrew leads the TWU Choirs and teaches music history and conducting and Jamey teaches music theory and directs TWU's musical theater program. They also both serve as directors of music at churches in downtown Athens—Andrew at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and Jamey at Mars Hill Presbyterian Church. They are also both passionate musicians who love to perform. Jamey has participated in several performances with Marble City Opera in Knoxville, and Andrew loves performing with the Chattanooga Bach Choir and the Chattanooga-based small vocal ensemble, Chorus Angelorum.

Jamey and Andrew were married right here in Athens last summer on June 1, 2024. They are both proud to be Athenians. Jamey has contributed to several performances at the Arts Center downtown, and Andrew is an enthusiastic member of the Optimist Club of Athens, where he has been known to get the group singing together at 7 a.m.

Originally from East Texas, **Sylvia Gossett** is a staff accompanist at Tennessee Wesleyan University, having retired from teaching piano at Auburn University. She accompanies the TWU Choirs and serves as the organist at Allen Memorial United Methodist Church. Music is for her an especial labor of love—she reared a marvelously musical family, accompanied the TWU Choir's performance of the entire Brahms *Requiem* in April as well as the school's production of *Godspell* in March. Collaborating with her musically has been a joy to the Owens, but the true pleasure to them has been having her as a close friend.

