

MidAmerica Nazarene University
Department of Arts & Humanities
Faculty Recital
May 12, 2026
7:30pm
Mabee Performing Arts Hall

No flash photography, video, or audio recording is allowed

Mnicakmun (Sounds of Water)	Linthicum-Blackhorse
I. Mnicásniyanyanla (Rippling Water)	[b.1989]
II. Mnicáluza (Rapid Water)	
III. Mnióhuta (The Shore)	
L'heure exquise	Reynaldo Hahn
À Chloris	[1874-1947]
Malagueña from Suite Andalucía.....	Ernesto Lecuona
	[1895-1963]
Le vent à travers les ruines.....	Yuko Uebayashi
	[b. 1958]
The Deepest Desire.....	Jake Heggie
A Song Cycle for Mezzo-Soprano,	[1961]
Flute and Piano	Words by Sister Helen Prejean, CSJ
Prelude: The Call	
1. More is required	
1a. Love	
2. I catch on fire	
3. The Deepest Desire	
4. Primary Colors	

Faculty members:
Elaine Fox, Mezzo-Soprano
Gina Hart-Kemper, Flute
with Guest Artist:
Jessica Koebbe, Piano

Texts & Translations:

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les bois
De chaque branche
Part une voix sous la ramée
Ô bien aimée
L'étang reflète, profond miroir
La silhouette
Du saule noir où le vent pleure
Rêvons, c'est l'heure
Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament que l'astre irise
C'est l'heure exquise

Exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.
The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...
Exquisite hour.

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
à venir changer ma fortune

Pour la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

The Deepest Desire (2002)
Four meditations on love
Music by Jake Heggie
Texts by Sister Helen Prejean, CSJ

1. Flute prelude (The Call)

More is Required

More is required than being swept along–
All the currents pulling me
Easy and wide in a long, slow drift–
Without rudder, floating backwards, now to the side.
What can one person do against a sucking tide?
I coil like a bow;
I gather like a fist;
I forge like a rudder
And I lean into the wide, slow drift.
I tack and veer by God's pure will.
I raise my voice against the silence.
My voice alone. Until a chorus joins.

A) Love

Love is the pure energy of God: pray for it ardently.
Be grateful when it comes into your life: give of it generously.
Lavish it on others: even the undeserving ones.
Cultivate friendship with care: it is the best love of all.

2. I Catch on Fire

Long black dress to my toes—Flowing black sleeves and veil.
A walking bolt of black material.
Fourth grade religion class—Teaching full force:
The Gospel according to...
Lit candle.
Fifty little eyes wide. Twenty-five voices shout:
“Sister! Sister! You’re on fire!”
Flames shooting. Hands beating.
Silence. Breathing.
Children, this teaches us always to be careful with fire.
Now, years later, when I pray
I catch on fire. Amen.

3. The Deepest Desire

I thought I knew my heart’s desire:
To love God. To be with God in heaven.
A bud unfolding; A dutiful and prayerful nun
I pleased God, I thought,
By being obedient.
It made me feel holy.
But getting to heaven takes a long time,
And dwelling far below was a Voice, calling:
“Lose yourself!”
“Lose yourself upon the deeper currents!”
Then I heard cries from the heart of the city.
“Is there life before death?”
I saw. I heard. I followed.
I made my way to prison cells.
I made my way to death chambers.
I saw. I heard. I followed.
I witnessed.
A desire for justice woke in me.
A fierce desire that will not let go.
The deepest desire.
The deepest desire of my heart.
“Come home!”

“Come home!”
“Come home!”

4. Primary Colors

I live my life in primary colors.
I let praise or blame fall where they may.
I hold my soul in equanimity
And leave the fruits of my labors to God.
At night, when I pray, I catch on fire;
And when I put my head on the pillow,
I fall instantly to sleep.