

4-26-2015

## Nate Spanos, Senior Piano Recital

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP**

**PRESENTS THE**

**SENIOR PIANO RECITAL  
OF  
NATE SPANOS**

**SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 2015  
7 P.M.**

**RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER**

## PROGRAM

- Driftwoodsman* ..... Nate Spanos  
(b. 1993)  
Assisted by Matthew Crickard, tenor
- Le tombeau de Couperin* ..... Maurice Ravel  
II. Fugue (1875–1937)
- Psalm 139:1–14* ..... Nate Spanos  
Assisted by Ben Scheerschmidt, baritone
- Nocturne* ..... Lee Hoiby  
(1926–2011)
- Piano Sonata No. 12 in F Major, K. 332* ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
I. Allegro (1756–1791)
- Psalm 42* ..... Nate Spanos  
Assisted by Ben Scheerschmidt, baritone
- Thirteen Preludes, Op. 32, No. 10 in b minor* ..... Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873–1943)
- Psalm 130* ..... Nate Spanos  
Assisted by Brittney Miesse, soprano; Grace Jameson, alto;  
Matthew Crickard, tenor; and Brian Cates, bass
- Desert Vine Psalm* ..... Nate Spanos

Nate is a student of Charles Clevenger.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Arts in music degree.

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

## TEXTS

### *Driftwoodsman*

A robot with muscles  
established his thresholds and  
balanced his mesh molds. His  
thoughts and his lights bulged.

He was young again, new with  
friends, learning things beyond  
his ken,

a fast frontiersman, the first to  
fear them, but last to leave them,  
those solid steersmen, piersmen.

### *Psalms 139:1–14*

You have searched me, Lord,  
and you know me. You know  
when I sit and when I rise; you  
perceive my thoughts from afar.  
You discern my going out and  
my lying down; you are familiar  
with all my ways. Before a word  
is on my tongue you, Lord, know  
it completely. You hem me in  
behind and before and you lay  
your hand upon me. Such  
knowledge is too wonderful for  
me, too lofty for me to attain.

Where can I go from your Spirit?  
Where can I flee from your  
presence? If I go up to the  
heavens, you are there; if I make  
my bed in the depths, you are  
there. If I rise on the wings of  
the dawn, if I settle on the far  
side of the sea, even there your  
hand will guide me, your right  
hand will hold me fast. If I say,

“Surely the darkness will hide me  
and the light become night

around me,” even the darkness will  
not be dark to you; the night will  
shine like the day, for darkness is as  
light to you.

For you created my inmost being;  
you knit me together in my mother’s  
womb. I praise you because I am  
fearfully and wonderfully made;  
your works are wonderful, I know  
that full well.

### *Psalms 42*

As the deer pants for streams of  
water, so my soul pants for you, my  
God. My soul thirsts for God, for the  
living God. When can I go and meet  
with God? My tears have been my  
food day and night, while people say  
to me all day long “Where is your  
God?” These things I remember as I  
pour out my soul: how I used to go  
to the house of God under the  
protection of the Mighty One with  
shouts of joy and praise among the  
festive throng.

Why, my soul, are you downcast?  
Why so disturbed within me? Put  
your hope in God, for I will yet praise  
him, my Savior and my God.

My soul is downcast within me;  
therefore I will remember you from  
the land of the Jordan, the heights of  
Hermon—from Mount Mizar. Deep

calls to deep in the roar of your waterfalls; all your waves and breakers have swept over me.

By day the Lord directs his love, at night his song is with me—a prayer to the God of my life.

I say to God my Rock, “Why have you forgotten me? Why must I go about mourning, oppressed by the enemy?” My bones suffer mortal agony as my foes taunt me, saying to me all day long, “Where is your God?”

Why, my soul, are you downcast? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God.

*Psalm 130*

Out of the depths I cry to you, LORD; Lord, hear my voice. Let your ears be attentive to my cry for mercy.

If you, Lord, kept a record of sins, Lord, who could stand? But with you there is forgiveness, so that we can, with reverence, serve you.

I wait for the Lord, my whole being waits, and in his word I put my hope. I wait for the Lord more

than watchmen wait for the morning, more than watchmen wait for the morning,

Israel, put your hope in the Lord, for with the Lord is unfailing love and with him is full redemption. He himself will redeem Israel from all their sins.

*Desert Vine Psalm*

Your vine surrounds me.  
Your bounds be my freedom.

In the wilderness  
You are my wall, my safety.  
You move me on  
in awe and safely.

Bind me the tighter  
that our love might increase.

In truth, here’s my heart;  
the brink set me loose;  
You are my peace  
and the love of my youth.