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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)
- Psalms 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)
- Psalms 42* Nate Spanos
Assisted by Ben Scheerschmidt, baritone
- Thirteen Preludes, Op. 32, No. 10 in b minor* Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873–1943)
- Psalms 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.



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