

# U P C O M I N G P E R F O R M A N C E S

## MUSIC PERFORMANCES

<b>Jazz Combos Concert</b>	April 5, 7:30 p.m.	<b>GCH, UCA</b>
<b>Polaris String Quartet</b> / Graduate String Quartet	April 5, 7:30 p.m.	<b>ORH, UCA</b>
<b>Men's Chorus &amp; University Chorus Concert</b>	April 7, 7:30 p.m.	<b>GCH, UCA</b>
<i>Virtuoso Series Concert</i> / Wesley Ferreira, Clarinet	April 10, 7:30 p.m.	<b>ORH, UCA</b>
<b>Trombone Fest Concert</b> / Guest Artist James Nova / <b>FREE</b>	April 11, 7:30 p.m.	<b>GCH, UCA</b>
<b>Voice Area Recital</b> / <b>FREE</b>	April 11, 7:30 p.m.	<b>ORH, UCA</b>
<b>Keyboard Area Recital</b> / <b>FREE</b>	April 12, 7:30 p.m.	<b>ORH, UCA</b>
<b>Jazz Ensembles Concert</b>	April 13, 7:30 p.m.	<b>GCH, UCA</b>
<b>Percussion Festival Concert</b> / Pendulum Percussion Duo / <b>FREE</b>	April 15, 6 p.m.	<b>IRH, UCA</b>
<b>Trombone Studio Recital</b> / <b>FREE</b>	April 17, 6 p.m.	<b>ORH, UCA</b>
<b>Music in the Museum Concert Series</b> / Joel Bacon, Harpsichord	April 18, 12 p.m., 6 p.m.	<b>GAMA, UCA</b>
<b>Student Chamber Music Recital</b> / <b>FREE</b>	April 18, 7:30 p.m.	<b>ORH, UCA</b>

## RALPH OPERA PROGRAM PERFORMANCES

<b>Aria Workshop Concert</b> / <b>FREE</b>	May 5, 7:30 p.m.	<b>RH, UCA</b>
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## DANCE PERFORMANCES

<b>Spring Dance Concert</b>	April 21, 22, 7:30 p.m.	<b>UDT, UCA</b>
<b>Spring Dance Concert</b>	April 22, 2 p.m.	<b>UDT, UCA</b>
<b>Spring Dance Capstone Concert</b>	May 5, 6, 7:30 p.m.	<b>UDT, UCA</b>
<b>Spring Dance Capstone Concert</b>	May 6, 2 p.m.	<b>UDT, UCA</b>

## THEATRE PERFORMANCES

<b>Little Shop of Horrors the Musical</b>	April 28, 29, May 4, 5, 6, 7:30 p.m.	<b>UT, UCA</b>
<b>Little Shop of Horrors the Musical</b>	April 30, May 7, 2 p.m.	<b>UT, UCA</b>
<b>Rockband Project Concert</b> / <b>FREE</b>	May 11, 6:30 p.m.	<b>UT, UCA</b>

ORGAN RECITAL HALL / UNIVERSITY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

APRIL 4 / 7:30 P.M.

**VIRTUOSO SERIES**

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**Colorado State University**  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE AND DANCE



# TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

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## **Quartet (1954) / HENRY COWELL (1897-1965)**

- I. Con moto
- II. Lento
- III. Allegro moderato
- IV. Molto vivace

**Andrew Jacobson**, oboe  
**Bonnie Jacobi**, harpsichord  
**Michelle Stanley**, flute  
**Barbara Thiem**, cello

## **Sextour (1931-1932) / FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)**

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Divertissement: Andantino
- III. Finale: Prestissimo

**Michelle Stanley**, flute  
**Andrew Jacobson**, oboe  
**Wesley Ferreira**, clarinet  
**John McGuire**, horn  
**Gary Moody**, bassoon  
**Tim Burns**, piano

## INTERMISSION

## **Chansons Madécasses / MAURICE RAVEL (1875-1937)**

- Nahandove
- Ahoua!
- Il est doux

**Tiffany Blake**, soprano  
**Michelle Stanley**, flute  
**Barbara Thiem**, cello  
**Chris Reed**, piano

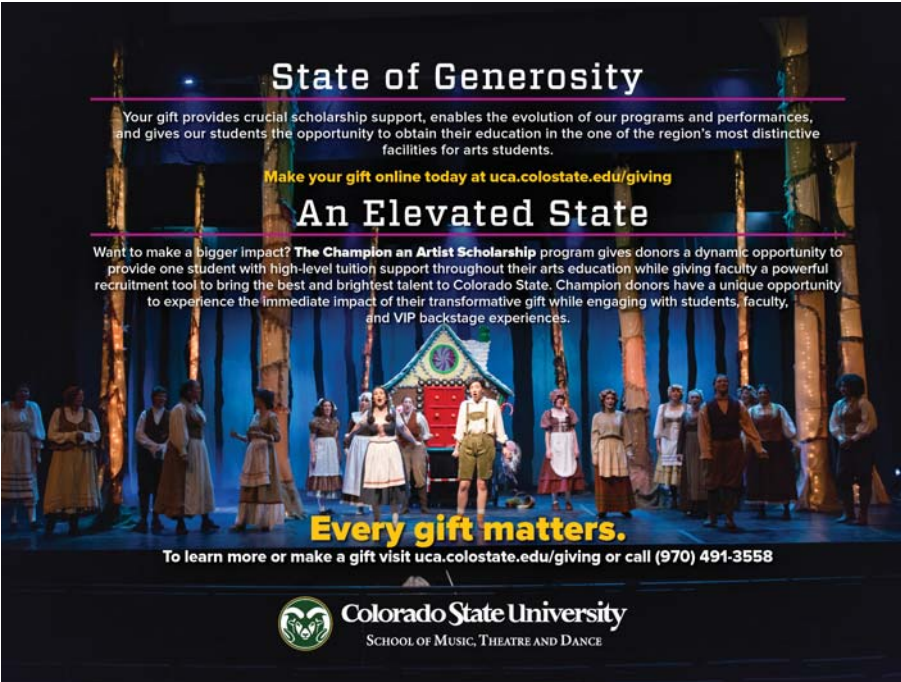
## **Poem in October (1970, rev. 1999) / JOHN CORIGLIANO (1938-)**

**Rebecca Phillips**, conductor  
**John Carlo Pierce**, tenor  
**Michelle Stanley**, flute  
**Andrew Jacobson**, oboe  
**Copper Ferreira**, clarinet  
**John McGuire**, horn  
**Ronald Francois**, violin  
**Leslie Stewart**, violin  
**Margaret Miller**, viola  
**Barbara Thiem**, violoncello  
**Forest Greenough**, contrabass

Where a boy  
In the listening  
Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy  
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.  
And the mystery  
Sang alive  
Still in the water and singing birds.

And there could I marvel my birthday  
Away but the weather turned around. And the true  
Joy of the long dead child sang burning  
In the sun.  
It was my thirtieth  
Year to heaven stood there then in the summer noon  
Though the town below lay leaved with October blood.  
O may my heart's truth  
Still be sung  
On this high hill in a year's turning.

Dylan Thomas



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My birthday began with the water-  
Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name  
Above the farms and the white horses  
And I rose  
In rainy autumn  
And walked abroad in a shower of all my days.  
High tide and the heron dived when I took the road  
Over the border  
And the gates  
Of the town closed as the town awoke.

A springful of larks in a rolling  
Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling  
Blackbirds and the sun of October  
Summery  
On the hill's shoulder,  
Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly  
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened  
To the rain wringing  
Wind blown cold  
In the wood faraway under me.

Pale rain over the dwindling harbor  
And over the sea wet church the size of a snail  
With its horns through mist and the castle  
Brown as owls  
But all the gardens  
Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall tales  
Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud.  
There could I marvel  
My birthday  
Away but the weather turned around.

It turned away from the blithe country  
And down the other air and the blue altered sky  
Streamed again a wonder of summer  
With apples  
Pears and red currants  
And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's  
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother  
Through the parables  
Of sunlight  
And the legends of the green chapels

And the twice told fields of infancy  
That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved in mine.  
These were the woods the river and sea

### Program Notes for Henry Cowell Quartet

Surprisingly, this quartet was written late in Cowell's compositional career, following his experimentation with "sound" and use of non-traditional playing techniques. Together with its instrumentation, the melodies, harmonies, and rhythms used are retrospective in terms of style, though Cowell's propensity for tone clusters and melodies derived through chromatic "sets" can be heard in the first two movements of the quartet.

—Bonnie Jacobi

Text for *Chansons Madecasses*

Nahandove:

Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!  
The night bird has begun to sing,  
the full moon shines overhead,  
and the first dew is moistening my hair.  
Now is the time: who can be delaying you?  
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready;  
I have strewn flowers and aromatic herbs;  
it is worthy of your charms,  
oh beautiful Nahandove!

She is coming. I recognize the rapid breathing  
of someone walking quickly;  
I hear the rustle of her skirt.  
It is she, it is the beautiful Nahandove!

Catch your breath, my young sweetheart;  
rest on my lap.  
How enchanting your gaze is,  
how lively and delightful the motion of your breast  
as my hand presses it!  
You smile, oh beautiful Nahandove!  
Your kisses reach into my soul;  
your caresses burn all my senses.  
Stop or I will die!  
Can one die of ecstasy?  
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Pleasure passes like lightning;  
your sweet breathing becomes calmer,  
your moist eyes close again,  
your head droops,



and your raptures fade into weariness.  
Never were you so beautiful,  
oh beautiful Nahandove!

Now you are leaving, and I will languish in sadness and desires.  
I will languish until sunset.  
You will return this evening,  
oh beautiful Nahandoze!

Ahoua!  
Ahoua! Ahouaa! Do not trust the white men,  
you shore-dwellers!  
In our fathers' day,  
white men came to this island.  
"Here is some land," they were told,  
"your women may cultivate it.  
Be just, be kind,  
and become our brothers."

The whites promised, and all the while  
they were making entrenchments.  
They built a menacing fort,  
and they held thunder captive  
in brass cannon;  
their priests tried to give us  
a God we did not know;  
and later they spoke  
of obedience and slavery.  
Death would be preferable!  
The carnage was long and terrible;  
but despite their vomiting thunder  
which crushed whole armies,  
they were all wiped out.  
Ahoua! Ahoua! Do not trust the white men!

We saw new tyrants,  
stronger and more numerous,  
pitching tents on the shore.  
Heaven fought for us.  
It caused rain, tempests  
and poison winds to fall on them.  
They are dead, and we live free!  
Ahoua! Ahoua! Do not trust the white men,  
you shore-dwellers!

It is sweet:  
It is sweet in the hot afternoon to lie under a leafy tree and wait  
for the evening breeze to bring coolness.

Come, women! While I rest here under a leafy tree, fill my ears with  
your sustained tones. Sing again the song of the girl plaiting her hair,  
or the girl sitting near the ricefield chasing away the greedy birds.

Singing pleases my soul; and dancing is nearly as sweet as a kiss.  
Tread slowly, and make your steps suggest the postures of pleasure and  
ecstatic abandonment.

The breeze is starting to blow; the moon glistens through the mountain  
trees. Go and prepare the evening meal.

### **Program note for Corigliano**

What appeals to me most about Dylan Thomas's poetry is the sound of his words. Phrases from Poem in October like "a springful of larks" and "the blue altered sky streamed again a wonder of summer" are in themselves musical. Then there is Thomas's incredibly rich and concentrated imagery. Within a single sentence he will have three or four images in addition to the main one, so that a composer has a tremendous amount of material to work with.

Further, I love the cadential irregularity in the Thomas poems I have set, for it allowed me to write rhythmically irregular music without violating the pulse of the words. And I admire Thomas's organization. For instance, near the end of a poem he tends to recapitulate not only words but earlier moments, so that building a musical structure on his texts seem an extremely natural undertaking.

Poem in October is cast as a rondo, where interludes for various combinations of solo instruments separate the seven verses. The music itself is unabashedly lyrical. I sought to convey a pastoral feeling that would match the directness and simplicity of the text, to deal in understatement and succinctness rather than in complexity and theatrical effect.

— John Corigliano

Poem in October  
It was my thirtieth year to heaven  
Woke to my hearing from harbor and neighbour wood  
And the mussel pooled and the heron  
Priested shore  
The morning beckon  
With water praying and call of seagull and rook  
And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall  
Myself to set foot  
That second  
In the still sleeping town and set forth.