



SCHOOL OF
FINE ARTS

Department of Music

Student Graduate Recital

Stephen Tanksley, tenor

Ginger Larson, piano

with

Beth Bayley, soprano

Matt Wheeler, conductor

UMD Select Chamber Ensemble

Weber Music Hall
Friday, March 23, 2012
7:30 P.M.



Program

"Eccoci salve alfin...Vedrommi intorno" from *Idomeneo* W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)
I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
II. Gieng heut Morgen über's Feld
III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
IV. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

La Bonne Chanson Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
II. Puisque l'aube grandit
III. La lune blanche luit dans les bois
IX. L'hiver à Cessé!

Intermission

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Stephen Tanksley, *tenor*
Beth Bayley, *soprano*

Prayer and Fugue for Two Hands, In Ordinary Time Stephen Tanksley
(b. 1988)

Matt Wheeler, *conductor*

UMD Select Chamber Ensemble

"This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Department of Music Master of Performance degree."



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on the 27th of January, 1756. He is often hailed as one of the most talented and universal composers in all of human history. This proved true for the genre of opera, wherein he composed a large number of works including *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Bastian und Bastienne*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Idomeneo*.

Idomeneo could be seen as a story of torture and redemption wherein an enormous obligation to a god is hung, quivering, over the head of a regretful king. Idomeneo, king of Crete and a hero of the Trojan war, is washed up on shore after a storm at sea wrecks his ship. He dismisses the fellow survivors of his shipwreck and begins to recall one of his actions upon the ship. During the storm, he swore an oath of sacrifice to Neptune, the god of the sea. In this oath, Idomeneo swears that he will sacrifice the first living thing from the land that he comes across if his life will be spared. Needless to say, Idomeneo experiences a case of buyer's remorse when Neptune actually grants his request and spares his life and the lives of his crew. Idomeneo is now stuck in the precarious position of being obligated to sacrifice the first living thing he comes upon on land. Only later does he realize that it will likely be a human sacrifice. The resulting aria arises from his realization that in all likelihood, he is about to murder an innocent person to save his own life.

“Eccoci salve al fin...Vedrommi intorno” from *Idomeneo*

Recitative:

Oh voi, di Marte e di Nettuno
all'ire, alle vittorie, ai stenti fidi
seguaci miei

lasciatemi per poco qui solo
respirar,

e al ciel natio confidar il passato
affanno mio.

Tranquillo è il mar, aura soave
spira di dolce calma, e le cerulee
sponde il biondo dio indora,
ovunque io miro, tutto di pace in
sen riposa, e gode.

Io sol su queste aride spiagge
d'affanno e da disagio estenuato
quella calma, oh Nettuno, in me
non provo, che al tuo regno
impetrai.

Oh voto insano, atroce!
giuramento crudel! ah qual de'
Numi mi serba ancor in vita, oh
qual di voi mi porge almen aita?

You who have endured the wrath of
Mars and Neptune and followed me
faithfully in victory and hardship,

allow me for awhile here alone to
breathe,

and to the native sky confide the past
anguish mine.

Tranquil is the sea, breeze soft blows
with sweet calm, and the yellow sun
god gilds the blue shores, wherever I
look, all rests in the bosom of peace,
and takes pleasure.

I alone on these arid shores by anguish
and by discomfort exhausted that
calm, oh Neptune, in myself not I feel
that which I had hoped to find in your
kingdom of the sea.

Oh vow insane, trocious! Oath cruel!
Ah, which of the gods is keeping me
alive, oh which of you to me will bring
some help?

Oh voto insani, atroce! giuramento
crudel! ah qual de' Numi mi serba
ancor in vita, oh qual di voi mi
porge almen aita?

Oh vow insane, atrocious! Oath
cruel! Ah, which of the gods is
keeping me alive, oh which of you
will bring to me some help?

Aria:

Vedrommi intorno l'ombra
dolente,

I will see about me the mournful
ghost

che notte e giorno: sono innocente
m'accennerà.

which night and day will cry out: "I
am innocent!"

Nel sen trafitto, nel corpo esangue
il mio delitto, lo sparso sangue
m'additerà.

by its breast pierced, by its body
bloodless, the spilt blood will point
out my crime to me.

Qual spavento, qual dolore!

What horror, what sorrow!

Di tormento questo core quante
volte morirà!

how many times will my heart die of
torment?!

Gustav Mahler was born on July 7, 1860. He was a late-Romantic composer who is particularly known for his symphonic works. His vocal works even possess the same character as many of his symphonic pieces do, being fully orchestrated. Examples of Mahler's orchestrated vocal collections include *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, *Kindertotenlieder*, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, and *Das lied von der Erde*.

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wayfarer) is a set of four songs written during Mahler's tenure as the Royal Musical and Choral Director at Kassel (1883-5). The poems were written following an ill-fated affair with one of the sopranos from the theater, Joanna Richter. His short career at Kassel was one of the more unhappy times in his life. The affair with Richter proved to be a very formative experience and its less than satisfactory conclusion caused him to write poetry in an attempt to express his unhappiness. He then chose to set those poems for voice and piano, later adding orchestrating to them. These poems explore his feelings of sadness, depression, rejection, hope, joy, anger, and peace. The first song explores the feelings of depression and hope. The second seems to depart with an expression of joy. The third seems focused around depression, rejection and anger which borders on rage. The fourth song finally accepts the depression and the sadness and moves on, resulting in a final feeling of peace.

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich mainen traurigen Tag!

When my darling has her wedding
day, has her joyous wedding day,
I will have my day of mourning.

Geh ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Go I in my little room,
dark little room,
weep, weep over my darling,
over my dear darling!

Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Du singst auf grüner
Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!

Little-flower blue! Wither not!
Little bird sweet! You sing on the
green heath! Alas, how is the world
so fair!
Chirp! Chirp!

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles singen ist nun aus.

Sing not! Bloom not!
For spring is certainly over!
All singing is now over.

Des Abends wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide.
An mein Leide!

At night, when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow.
Of my sorrow!

II. Ging heut morgen übers Feld

Ging heut morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen!
Ei gelt? Du!

I walked this morning across the
field, dew still hung on the grass;
said to me the merry finch:
"Hey you! Isn't it? Good morning!
Hey, isn't it? You!

Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Isn't the world going to be beautiful
today? Chirp! Chirp! Fair and quick!
How the world pleases me!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den glöckchen, klinge, kling,

Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nich eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!
Heia!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!

"Guten Tag, ist's nicht eine schöne
Welt? Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt?"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl
an? Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

And also the bluebell in the field
had merrily to me good things,
with the ringing of its little bells,

their morning greeting pealed:
Isn't the world going to be beautiful
today? Ding, ding! Beautiful thing!
Oh, yes! How the world pleases me!
Hooray!

And then in the sunshine,
the world began to sparkle
In the sunshine everything gained
sound and color! Flower and bird,
great and small!

"Good day, isn't the world beautiful?
Hey you, isn't it a beautiful world?"

Will now my happiness also begin?
No, no, the happiness I mean,
will never bloom for me!

III. Ich hab' ein glühen Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
ein Messer in meiner Brust
O Weh! O Weh!
Das schneid't so tief
in jede Freud' und jede Lust,
so tief! So tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh', nimmer hält er
Rast, Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht,
wenn ich schlief.
O Weh! O Weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n.
O Weh! O Weh!

Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar im
Winde weh'n.
O Weh! O Weh!

have a glowing knife
a knife in my breast.
Oh woe! Oh woe!
It cuts so deeply
In every joy and every delight,
So deeply! So deeply!

Alas, it is such an evil guest!
It never rests or takes a break,
not by day, nor by night, when I
would sleep.
O woe! O woe!

When I look into the sky,
I see two blue eyes there.
Oh woe! Oh woe!

When I in the yellow field walk,
See I from afar her blond hair in
the wind blowing.
Oh woe! Oh woe!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern'
Lachen, O Weh! O Weh!

When I from a dream start up
and hear ringing her silvery laughter,
Oh woe! Oh woe!

Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen
Bahr', Könnst' nimmer die Augen
aufmachen!

I would I were lying on the black
bier, could never again then eyes
open up!

IV. Die zwei blauen Augen

Die zwei blauen Augen
von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die
weite Welt geschickt.
Da musst ich Abschied nehmen
vom allerliebsten Platz!

The two blue eyes
of my darling,
they have sent me off
into the wide world.
I had to take my leave
from the most beloved place!

O Augen blau, warum
habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig
Leid und Grämen.

Oh blue eyes, why
did you look on me?
Now have I eternal
sorrow and grief.

Ich bin ausgegangen
in stiller Nacht
Wohl über die dunkle Heide
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt. Ade!
Mein Gesell war Lieb' und Leide!

I went out
into the quiet night
far across the dark heath.
No-one bade me farewell.
My companions were love and
sorrow!

Auf der Straße steht ein
Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten
Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum, der hat
Seine Blüten über mich geschneit,

By the road stands a linden-tree
There have I for the first
time in sleep rested!
Under the linden-tree, which had
dropped its blossoms on me like
snow,

Da wusst' ich nicht, wie das Leben
tut, War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid
Und Welt und Traum!

I don't know how life does it,
for everything, everything was well
again! Everything! Everything, love
and sorrow and world and dream!

Gabriel Fauré was born on May 12, 1845. He is a very well-known composer for his contributions to the genre of French art song, *mélodie*. His contributions to the genre include numerous song collections including settings of *Clair de Lune*, his song cycle *Cinq mélodies "de Venise"*, and perhaps his most famous song cycle *La Bonne Chanson*.

La Bonne Chanson is a song cycle written in 1891. It comprises nine pieces selected from a cycle of twenty-one poems by the same name from the work of Symbolist poet, Paul Verlaine. Verlaine wrote these poems at a time in his life when he was to marry a young woman named Matilde Mauté. It was a time of unparalleled optimism and happiness for the young poet and that happiness and forward vision is seen throughout this cycle. It is worthy of mention that this cycle is unique in that its varied emotional states all center around the various aspects of joy and happiness. This is fairly uncommon in song cycles, as stories which unfold typically will involve multiple emotional states whereas *La Bonne Chanson* seems to center entirely around myriad facets of happiness.

I chose to focus on three selections from the cycle. It is my belief that these songs are linked back to a very early *mélodie* from Fauré's op. 4. In the course of studying this set, I discovered that there were portions, scattered throughout the three pieces, of the *mélodie* "Lydia" from Fauré's op. 4. These fragments allow the perceptive listener to hearken back to the first song and bring a greater context and understanding into their interpretation of the successive pieces. In my case, I chose to believe that whenever I found a fragment from Lydia in the songs, it would be reminiscent of the first piece's subject.

Selections from *La Bonne Chanson*

II. Puisque l'aube grandit

Puisque l'aube grandit,
puisque voici l'aurore,
Puisqu' après m'avoir fui
longtemps, l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi
qui l'appelle et l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur
veut bien être le mien,

Since the dawn is breaking,
since the sunrise is here,
since hope, having fled
from me for a long time will
now return to me
who calls and implores it
Since all this happiness
will now be the mine,

Je veux, guidé par vous,
beaux yeux aux flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main
où tremblera ma main,

I want, guided by you,
beautiful eyes with flames gentle
let (sic) by you, oh hand in which
my hand will tremble,

Marcher droit, que ce soit par des
sentiers de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux
encumbrent le chemin;

to walk on, whether it be on
mossy paths
or a road littered with
rocks and pebbles,

Et comme, pour bercer
les lenteurs de la route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus,
je me dis qu'elle m'écouterà
sans déplaisir sans doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas
d'autre Paradis!

and in order to ease the
slow moments of the journey,
I will sing simple songs, and will tell
myself that, without doubt, she will
listen to me without displeasure;
and truly I wish for
no other Paradise!

III. La lune blanche luit dans les bois

La lune blanche luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche part une voix
sous la ramée...O bien-aimée.

The moon white shines in the woods;
from each branch comes a voice
beneath the boughs...Oh well loved
one.

L'étang reflète, profond miroir
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...Rêvons, c'est
l'heure

The pool reflects, deeply mirrored,
the silhouette of the willow black
where the wind weeps...let us dream,
it is the hour.

Un vaste et tendre Apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
que l'astre irise. C'est
l'heure exquise!

A vast and tender calming
seems to descend from the sky
that the moon makes iridescent. It is
the hour exquisite

IX. L'hiver a cessé

L'hiver a cessé: la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair,
Il faut que le cœur le plus triste
cède À l'immense joie éparse dans
l'air.

Winter has ended, the light is warm
and dances from the earth to the clear
sky, and causes the saddest heart to
surrender to the immense joy that fills
the air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps
dans l'âme et le vert retour du doux
floréal, ainsi qu'une flamme
entoure une flamme, met de l'idéal
sur mon idéal.

For a year, I have had the spring in my
soul, and the return of the green of
May, and as a flame feeds a flame, it
adds an idea to my ideal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et
couronne l'immuable azur où rit
mon amour.

The sky blue prolongs, heightens and
crowns the unchanging azure where
(sic) my love smiles.

La saison est belle et ma part est
bonne et tous mes espoirs on enfin
leur tour.

The season is beautiful and my lot is
good, and all of my hopes have at last
their turn.

Que vienne l'été! que viennent
encore l'automne et l'hiver! Et
chaque saison me sera charmante,
ô Toi que décore cette fantaisie et
cette raison!

Let summer come! Let come again the
autumn and the winter! And each
season for me will be a delight, oh you
who are graced with imagination and
reason!

Benjamin Britten's career as a musician was long and incredibly varied, allowing him the opportunity to experiment with a number of different forms and textures in his compositional output. In addition to his work as a composer, he found employment as a pianist, frequently accompanying his life partner and collaborator, Peter Pears. Canticale II: *Abraham and Isaac* is a piece written in 1952 using text adapted from the Chester Miracle Plays and not the authorized version of the Bible. It is scored for piano and two singers, a tenor singing Abraham and an alto as Isaac. In some cases, the alto is replaced with a countertenor to sing the role of Isaac.

God commands Abraham to take Isaac, his only son, up to the top of a mountain to be sacrificed. Abraham, being a God-fearing man, accepts this awful command and tells Isaac that they are going. They go up to the top of the hill and Isaac asks where the sacrifice is. Abraham finally reveals that Isaac is to be the sacrifice. He explains that it was God's command that he be sacrificed. Isaac humbly accepts God's will and submits himself to his father to be killed. As Abraham is preparing to kill his son and place him on the altar, God intervenes and provides a sacrifice for Abraham so he may keep his son. In this way, Abraham's faith is rewarded.

Canticle II: *Abraham and Isaac*

GOD: Abraham, my servant, Abraham,
Take Isaac, thy son by name,
That thou lovest the best of all,
And in sacrifice offer him to me
Upon that hill there besides thee.

Abraham, I will that so it be,
For aught that may befall.

Abraham: My Lord, to Thee is mine
intent
Ever to be obedient.
That son that Thou to me hast sent
Offer I will to Thee.
Thy bidding done shall be.

Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.
This woode do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.
A sword and fire that I will take,
For sacrifice behoves me to make;
God's bidding will I not forsake,
But ever obedient be.

Isaac: Father, I am all ready
To do your bidding most meekely,
And to bear this wood full bayn am
I,
As you commanded me.

Abraham: Now, Isaac son, go we our
way
To yonder mount if that we may.

Isaac: My dear father, I will essay
To follow you full fain.

Abraham: O! My heart will break in
three, To hear thy words I have pitye;
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,
To Thee I will be bayn.
Lay down thy faggot, my own son
dear.

Isaac: All ready father, lo, it is here. But why make you such heavy cheer?
Are you anything adread?

Abraham: Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!

Isaac: Father, if it be your will,
Where is the beast that we shall kill?

Abraham: Thereof, son, is none upon this hill.

Isaac: Father, I am full sore
affeaed to see you bear that drawne sword.

Abraham: Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee, Thou breakest my heart in three.

Isaac: I pray you, father, layn nothing from me, but tell me what you think.

Abraham: Ah! Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

Isaac: Alas! Father, is that your will,
Your owne child for to spill
Upon this hilles brink?
If I have trespassed in any degree
With a yard you may beat me;
Put up your sword, if your will be,
For I am but a child.
Would God my mother were here
with me! She would kneel down
upon her knee, praying you, father,
if it may be,
For to save my life.

Abraham: O Isaac, son, to thee I say
God hath commandd me today
Sacrifice, this is no nay,
To make of thy bodye.

Isaac: Is it God's will I shall
slain?

Abraham: Yea, son, it is not for to
layn.

Isaac: Father, seeing you muste
needs do so, let it pass lightly and
over go;
Kneeling on my knees two,
Your blessing on me spread.

Abraham: My blessing, dear son, give
I thee
And thy mother's with heart free.
The blessing of the Trinity,
My dear Son, on thee light.

Abraham: Come hither, my child thou
art so sweet,
Thou must be bound both hands and
feet.

Isaac: Father, do with me as you
will,
I must obey, and that is skill,
Godës commandment to fulfil,
For needs so it must be.

Abraham: Isaac, Isaac, blessed must
thou be.

Isaac: Father, greet well my
brethren ying, and pray my mother
of her blessing,
I come no more under her wing,
Farewell for ever and aye.

Abraham: Farewell, my sweete son of
grace!

Isaac: I pray you, father, turn down
my face, for I am sore adread.

Abraham: Lord, full loth were I him to
kill!

Isaac: Ah, mercy, father, why tarry
you so?

Abraham: Jesu! On me have pity,
Thou have most in mind.

Isaac: Now, father, I see that I shall
die:
Almighty God in majesty!
My soul I offer unto Thee!

Abraham: To do this deed I am sorrye.

GOD: Abraham, my servant dear,
Lay not thy sword in no manner
On Isaac, thy dear darling.
For thou dreatest me, well wot I,
That of thy son has no mercy,
To fulfil my bidding.

Abraham: Ah, Lord of heaven and
King of bliss, thy bidding shall be
done, i-wiss!
A horned wether here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To Thee offered shall he be
Anon right in this place.

Abraham: Sacrifice here sent me is,
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.

envoi: Such obedience grant us, O Lord!
Ever to Thy most holy word.
That in the same we may accord
As this Abraham was bayn;
And then altogether shall we
That worthy King in heaven see,
And dwell with Him in great glorye
For ever and ever. Amen.

I was born in Dallas, TX on June 12, 1988. My musical training began early with cello lessons. This instruction would later encompass voice as I moved into high school and would begin auditioning for roles in musical theater productions.

In my junior year at the Wheaton College Conservatory of Music, I decided to explore composition. Within my first two years, I had composed my first large scale work, a cycle of songs for baritone and piano entitled *notes toward a garden glossary*.

I was looking to create a grand American work which would explore a sound world which was still fairly new to my experience. I stumbled across two small chapbooks entitled *The Small Books of Bach*, volumes one and two. As I read through them, I was taken by the simple and elegant text of the *Prayer and Fugue*.

The author informed me that the poem was written as a tribute to a college friend, Douglas Ashcroft, who is a wonderful pianist. In a similar way, I wanted to write a piece which would be dedicated to the pianists in my life, most recently Ginger Larson. Accompanists truly are the unsung heroes in the realm of a singer/accompanist relations and I wanted to shed a light upon the accompanist as a collaborative artist.

At times during the piece, the voice seems to be set in a manner contrary and alien to the rest of the instruments. Upon examination of the text, this choice is justified, as the poet's voice seems to be one of a musical outsider commenting upon the music which he hears. In the same way, I sought to awkwardly personify the voice as if it did not truly fit with the more coherent instrumental material beneath it.

Prayer and Fugue for Two Hands, In Ordinary Time

What ordinary tasks you do
with your fingers and hands the rest
of the time: lifting coffee mugs,
adjusting the radio knob,
smoothing a tie, pushing numbers
on the phone ATM,
Doodling with a pen while students
play. Risking all to slice bagels.

Our own common hands know these deft
touches, the familiar wonder
of the palm, all five fingers stretched
across a lover's chest, rising
and spreading with each easy breath
perfectly collapsing to rest.

But I have heard Barber explode
from your hands in a theme wilder
than you or he had intended.
Almost without you, the fugue
comes rolling in fast, faster
waves than youth and beauty, pure skill
can answer, can answer in time.

I have shifted in a hard chair,
closed my eyes, become too aware
that your whole weight rested too square
on your fingertips, a encore
offering of Bach's muted prayer.

“Jesu, Joy” a pensive desire,
so private that lips don't dare
try to part, release such pure air.

Our bones are only sticks in flesh,
wired with muscle to over
reach, lunge and protect. Human hands rise
to cover faces when friends die
or confess their wrong, raw envy.

I want them sometimes, on the ends
of my thin arms. A single day
to knead bread or write a few checks,
then learn how it is to feel speed
or prayer build beneath tendon
and nerve, the wrists aching from use,

This must be how
you hold and hurl hard work from your
grasp, fooling us into belief,
into hope that our skin can sing,
that joy is native to our hands
and as ordinary as song.

Stephen Tanksley is a graduate Vocal Performance major at the University of Minnesota, Duluth, where he studies with Dr. Regina Zona. His previous operatic credits include the cover for the Witch in *Hansel and Gretel* with UMD's Opera Studio, Collatinus in *The Rape of Lucretia* with the Wheaton College Conservatory of Music's Opera Music Theater, Bunthorne in *Patience* with the Wheaton College Conservatory, and Professor Friederich Bhaer in *Little Women*. His composition credits include *notes toward a garden glossary*, *Tango for Seven Instruments*, *Eccentricities* for piano four-hands, and *Prayer and Fugue for Two Hands*, *In Ordinary Time*. He plans to continue composing upon graduation from UMD in hopes of pursuing a doctorate in composition. He studies composition under the direction of Dr. Justin Rubin.

Dedication

My heartfelt thanks goes out to Dr. Zona, Dr. Rubin, Ginger Larson, Matt Wheeler, the UMD Select Chamber Orchestra and Beth Bayley for all of their hard work in making this recital happen. Thank you very much, friends.

UMD Select Chamber Ensemble:

Flute: Katie Mueller

Cello: Elise Monson

Clarinet: Ariel Wiebe

Viola: Li-Ping Mai

Bassoon: Josh Rank

Violin: Kenneth Schuster

Percussion: Jody Morgan

Conductor: Matt Wheeler

Upcoming Events in the Music Department

Call 726-8877 or visit tickets.umn.edu to reserve tickets
Call 726-8208 or visit d.umn.edu/music for a complete list
of Spring 2012 events.

Wednesday, March 28, 2012 | 7:30 pm
Ovation Guest Artist Series Concert: Geraldine McMillian,
soprano & David Mayfield, pianist

Friday, March 30, 2012 | 7:30 pm
UMD Symphony Orchestra — 11th Annual Concerto
Competition Concert

*All priced tickets are subject to a \$2.00 processing fee, UMD students
excluded. Tickets can be purchased on-line at tickets.umn.edu (\$2.00
processing fee applies, plus an additional \$1.00 convenience fee,
UMD students excluded).*

Refunds are not allowed once tickets have been purchased.

Artist Series Concerts are partially funded by the John and Mary Gonska Cultural Fund

**Videotaping, audio taping, and photographing are not allowed during
performances.**

The University of Minnesota is an equal opportunity educator and employer.

To request disability accommodations, including interpreters, please contact
Julie Topie, UMD Dept. of Music, jtopie@d.umn.edu, Humanities 231,
218-726-8208 two weeks in advance of the event.

Smoking is prohibited on all UMD property. The smoking ban includes indoor
facilities, campus grounds, as well as all University vehicles.