

Illinois State University

ISU ReD: Research and eData

School of Music Programs

Music

9-28-1997

Faculty Recital: Amy Gilreath, Trumpet

Amy Gilreath Trumpet
Illinois State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp>



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gilreath, Amy Trumpet, "Faculty Recital: Amy Gilreath, Trumpet" (1997). *School of Music Programs*. 1572.
<https://ir.library.illinoisstate.edu/somp/1572>

This Concert Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at ISU ReD: Research and eData. It has been accepted for inclusion in School of Music Programs by an authorized administrator of ISU ReD: Research and eData. For more information, please contact ISUReD@ilstu.edu.

Music Department
Illinois State University

— FACULTY RECITAL —

Amy Gilreath, *Trumpet*
Meme Tunnell, Piano

Präludium No. 1

Vladimir Peskin
(1906-1988)

Mars

Denis Gougeon
(b. 1951)

Quatre Variations sur un Thème de Domenico Scarlatti

Marcel Bitsch
(1921-1992)

Intermission

Enjoying Life

Ivan Eröd
(b. 1936)

Seven Spanish Folk-Songs

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

1. El Paño moruno
2. Murcian Seguidilla
3. Asturiaña
4. Jota
5. Nana
6. Canción
7. Polo

Solo de Concours

Théo Charlier
(1868-1944)

Kemp Recital Hall
Sunday Evening
September 28, 1997
7:30pm

The eighth program of the 1997-98 season

1. *The Moorish Cloth*

On the fine cloth, in the shop
a spot has fallen.
It sells for less now,
for it has lost its value

2. *Seguidilla from Murcia*

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbor's.
We are drovers;
it may be that on the road
we shall meet

For your promiscuousness
I compare you
to a coin that passes
from hand to hand
until it's rubbed so smooth
that it's thought bad
and no one will take it.

3. *Asturian Song*

Seeking consolation,
I drew near a green pine tree.
Seeing me weep, it wept;
the pine, as it was green,
wept to see me weeping

4. *Jota*

They say we're not in love
because we're not talking;
but let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
leave your house and window;
and though your mother disapproves,
goodbye, dearest, till tomorrow!

5. *Lullaby*

Sleep, little one, sleep;
sleep my darling.
Sleep, little star
of the morning.
Lullaby, lullaby.
Sleep, little star
of the morning

6. *Song*

Because your eyes are treacherous
I'm going to bury them.
You know not what it costs,
dearest, to gaze into them.
Mother!

They say you don't love me,
but once you did.
Make the best of it.
and cut your losses.
Mother!

7. *Polo*

Ay!
I have a pain in my heart
which I can tell no one.
A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me know it.
Ay!