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Graduate Recital: Robert Singley, composition

Robert Singley

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SCHOOL OF MUSIC

GRADUATE RECITAL

Robert Singley, composition

Hockett Family Recital Hall Friday, April 7, 2006 7:00 p.m.

ITHACA

PROGRAM

Folk Songs (2005)

- 1. Turtle's Song to the Wolf
- 2. The Mice and the Bad Angel
- 3. Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie
- 4. Risselty Rosselty
- 5. Old Grey Mare
- 6. Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie

Rebecca Hunter, violin; Graeme Bailey, piano

Three Poems by William Carlos Williams (2005)

- 1. Song
- 2. Full Moon
- 3. Sometimes It Turns Dry and the Leaves Fall Before They Are Beautiful

Julia Chalfin, soprano; Elizabeth Golden, flutes; Tim Ball, Paul Diegert, violins; Sarah Hart, viola; Matthew Rotjan, cello, Alexander Lott, bass; Dominic Hartjes, conductor

INTERMISSION

Sunrise and the Sangre de Cristo Mountains (2006)

Amy Thiemann, Elizabeth Golden, flutes; Monica Eason, oboe; Lauren Del Re, clarinet; Ryan Potvin, bassoon; Rose Valby, horn; Keaton Akins, trumpet; Megan Boutin, trombone; Jenna Topper, tuba; Elizabeth Cary, Colin Oettle, and Ian Salmon, violins; Sayer Palmer, Hannah Petersen, violas; Kelly Quinn, Peter Guarino, cellos; Alexander Lott, bass Benjamin Aneff, conductor

Graduate Recital presented in partial fulfillment for the degree Masters of Music in Composition.

Robert Singley is from the studio of Dana Wilson.

I. Song

If I could count the silence I could sleep, sleep.

But it is one, one. No head even to gnaw. Spinning.

If I could halt the glazed spinning surface of glass,

my mind could shove in its fingers and break apart

the smooth singleness of the night-until sleep dropped as rain upon me.

From Williams, William Carlos, <u>The Collected Later Poems</u>, (New York, NY, New Directions Books, 1963). Used with permission.

II. Full Moon

Blessed moon noon of night

that through the dark bids love stay-

curious shapes awake to plague me

Is day near shining girl? Yes, day!

the warm the radiant all fulfilling

day.

From Williams, William Carlos, <u>The Collected Earlier Poems</u>, (New York, NY, New Directions Books, 1951). Used with permission.

III. Sometimes It Turns Dry and the Leaves Fall Before They Are Beautiful

This crystal sphere upon whose edge I drive turns brilliantly— The level river shines!

My love! My love! how sadly do we thrive: thistle-caps and sumac or a tree whose

sharpened leaves perfect as they are look no farther than into the grass.

From Williams, William Carlos, <u>The Collected Later Poems</u>, (New York, NY, New Directions Books, 1963). Used with permission.