

2019

Concert recording 2019-02-07b

Benjamin Grief

Sophia Lopez

Rachel Hawk

Mickel Gordon

Daniel Crawford

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Performer(s)

Benjamin Grief, Sophia Lopez, Rachel Hawk, Mickel Gordon, Daniel Crawford, Onah Kim, Nathan Loomis, Jordan Alimena, Blake Manternach, Jonathan Catron, Ashton Johnson, Hyun Kim, Bailey Fry, and Michael Hallock



UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS

J. William Fulbright
College of Arts & Sciences

THE TROMBONE AS THE HUMAN VOICE

An Evening of Arts Songs and Arias

students of
Dr. Cory Mixdorf

UAMusic

February 7, 2019 | 6:00 PM
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

CONCERT PROGRAM

"Après un rêve" Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
from *Trois melodies*, Op. 7

Ben Grief, bass trombone
Sophia Lopez, piano

"The Little Horses" Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Rachel Hawk, trombone
Mickel Gordon, piano

"Denn es geniet den Menschen wie dem Vieh" Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
from *Four Serious Songs*, Op. 121

Daniel Crawford, trombone
Onah Kim, piano

"War Song No. 2" Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Nathan Loomis, trombone
Jordan Alimena, piano

"Song to the Moon" Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904)
from *Rusalka*

Blake Manternach, trombone
Mickel Gordon, piano

"Prison" Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Jonathan Catron, trombone
Onah Kim, piano

"O Tod, wie bitter bist du" Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
from *Four Serious Songs*, Op. 121

Ashton Johnson, trombone
Dr. Hyun Kim, piano

"Dreams" Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Bailey Fry, trombone
Dr. Hyun Kim, piano

"Der Erkönig" *Schlusht* Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Michael Hallock, trombone
Dr. Hyun Kim, piano

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TEXTS

GABRIEL FAURÉ
"Après un rêve"
from *Trois melodies*, Op. 7

In a slumber which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirrage.

Your eyes were softer,
For your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies opened their clouds for us,

Unknown splendours, divine flashes glimpsed.

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

AARON COPLAND
"The Little Horses"

Hush bye bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

When you wake,

You shall have, all the pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays, dapples and grays,

All the pretty little horses

Blacks and bays, dapples and grays,

Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye, Don't you cry,

Go to sleepy little baby.

When you wake you'll have sweet cake

And all the pretty little horses.

A brown and gray and a black and a bay

And a coach and six-a little horses.

A black and a bay and a brown and a gray

And a coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye, don't you cry,

Oh you pretty little baby.

Go to sleepy little baby.

Oh you pretty little baby.

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Four Serious Songs, Op. 121

I. "Denn es genet den Menschen wie dem Vieh"

For that which befalleth the sons of men
befealleth beasts:

Even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth,
so dieth the other;

Yea, they have all one breath;

So that a man hath no preeminence above a beast:

For all is vanity.

All go unto one place;

All are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward,
And the spirit of the beast that goeth
downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better,
Than that a man should rejoice in his own works;

For that is his portion:
For who shall bring him to see what shall
be after him?

CHARLES IVES
"War Song No. 2"

Fifteen years ago today

A little Yankee, little yankee boy

Marched beside his granddaddy

In the decoration day parade.

The village band would play

those old war tunes,

and the G. A. R. would shout,

"Hip Hip Hooray!" in the same old way,

As it sounded on the old camp ground.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean,

He is there, he is there, he is there.

He's fighting for the right,

but when it comes to night,

He is there, he is there, he is there;

As the Allies beat up all the warlords!

Hell be there, he'll be there,

and then the world will shout

the Battle-cry of Freedom

Tenting on a new camp ground.

For it's rally round the Flag boys

Rally once again,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Fifteen years ago today

A little Yankee, with a German name

Heard the tale of "forty-eight"

Why his Granddaddy joined Uncle Sam,

His fathers fought that medieval stuff

and he will fight it now:

"Hip Hip Hooray! this is the day,"

When he'll finish up that aged job.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean...

There's a time in every life,

When it's do or die, and our Yankee boy

Does his bit that we may live,

In a world where all may have a "say,"

He's conscious always of his country's aim

which is Liberty for all,

"Hip Hip Hooray!" is all he'll say,

As he marches to the Flanders front.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean...

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK
"Song to the Moon" from *Rusalka*

Moon, high and deep in the sky

Your light sees far,

You travel around the wide world,

and see into people's homes.

Moon, stand still a while

and tell me where is my dear.

Tell him, silvery moon,

that I am embracing him.

For at least momentarily

let him recall of dreaming of me.

Illuminate him far away,

and tell him, tell him who is waiting for him!

If his human soul is, in fact, dreaming of me,

may the memory awaken him!

Moonlight, don't disappear, disappear!

GABRIEL FAURÉ
"Prison"

The sky above the roof, is so blue, so calm.

A tree, above the roof, rocks its bough.

The bell in the sky that one sees, tolls quietly.

A bird on the tree that one sees, sings its lament.

My God, my God, There is life, simple and quiet.

That restless murmuring there comes from the town.

What have you done, o you there

weeping unceasingly.

Tell me, what have you done, you there,

with your youth?

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Four Serious Songs, Op. 121

III. "O Tod, wie bitter bist du"

O death, how bitter is the remembrance

of you to a person

at peace with his possessions,

to a man undistracted and prospering in everything

and still having strength to welcome a luxury.

O death, your judgement is good to

a person who is needy

and lacking strength,

who is in extreme old age

and is anxious about everything

and who is disobedient and has lost hope.

CHARLES IVES
"Dreams"

When twilight comes with shadows drear,

I dream of thee, of thee dear one:

And grows my soul so dark and sad,

Sad as shadows drear,

They tell me not to grieve love, for thou wilt come,
But oh! But oh!

I can not tell why I fear their words are false;

I dream of thee, I dream of thee, love!

And thou art near, art near till I wake.

When I look back on happier days

My eyes are filled with tears;

I see thee then in visions plain,

So true, so full of love.

But now I fear to ask them if thou art 'live;

They tell me not to grieve love!

For thou wilt come at last:

I dream of thee, I dream of thee, love!

And thou art near, art near till I wake.

FRANZ SCHUBERT
"Der Erlkönig"

Who's riding so late where winds blow wild

It is the father grasping his child:

He holds the boy embraced in his arm,

He clasps him snugly, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why cover your face in such fear?"

"You see the elf-king, father?"

He's near! The king of the elves with

crown and train!"

"My son, the mist is on the plain."

"Sweet lad, o come and join me, do!

Such pretty games! I will play with you;

On the shore gay flowers their color unfold,

My mother has many garments of gold!

"My father, my father, and can you not hear

The promise the elf-king breathes in my ear?"

"Be calm, stay calm, my child, lie low:

In withered leaves the night-winds blow."

"Will you, sweet lad, come along with me?

My daughters shall care for you tenderly;

In the night my daughters their revelry keep,

They'll rock you and dance you and

sing you to sleep!

"My father, my father, o can you not trace

The elf-king's daughters in that gloomy place?"

"My son, my son, I see it clear

How grey the ancient willows appear."

"I love you, your comeliness charms me, my boy!

And if you're not willing, my force I'll employ."

"Now father, now father, he's seizing my arm.

Elf-king has done me a cruel harm."

The father shudders, his ride is wild,

In his arms he's holding the groaning child,

Reaches the court with toil and dread. -

The child he held in his arms was dead.