

Program

Green Spring Gabriel Fauré
Dominick Argento

Linda Marra, mezzo-soprano
Barbara Pickett, piano

The Seasons (selections) Pyotr Illyich Tchaikovski

March: The Song of the Lark (A. Maikov)

The field surges with flowers; in the sky waves of light eddy;
the blue expanses are filled with the song of springtime larks.

April: The Snowdrop (A. Maikov)

Pale blue, pure flower of the snowdrop, and beside it porous,
the last light snow. The last tears for bygone sorrow
and the first daydreams of new happiness...

May: White Nights (A. Fet)

What a night! What bliss in everything!
I thank you my native northern region!
From the empire of ice, from the empire of blizzards and snow,
how fresh and pure your May comes flying!

Maria Roditeleva-Wibe, piano

Le Rossignol Leo Délibes

Mia Spencer, soprano
Hal Ott, flute
Barbara Pickett, piano

Spring Song Felix Mendelssohn

Jeffrey Snedeker, horn
Marilyn Wilbanks, piano

Spring Waters Sergei Rachmaninov

Diane Thueson Reich, soprano
Maria Roditeleva-Wibe, piano

The Swan Camille Saint-Saens

Tim Betts, viola
Mia Spencer, piano

The Year's at the Spring Amy Beach
Danny Boy Traditional arr. Julie Knowles

Diane Thueson Reich, soprano
Nikolas Caoile, piano

Bein' Green – Joy Spring Joe Raposo/Clifford Brown

Jeffrey Snedeker, horn
Bret Smith, banjo
Curtis Peacock, tuba

The Great Train Race Ian Clarke

Hal Ott, flute

Program continued...

Selections for horsehead fiddle:

Mongolian Long Song (the story of a man remembering his horse)

Durvun Oirdiin Uria (Mongolian Traditional Dance)

Mongolia, My Motherland

Gantulga Urtnasan, horsehead fiddle

Guest performer Gantulga Urtnasan, from Mongolia, is a member of the Mongolian National Horsehead Fiddle Ensemble comprised of 31 members. He has been playing for 12 years. The clothing he is wearing is traditional to his region. His "fiddle" has horsehair strings and a horse's head carved at the top of the instrument. It is played more like a cello than a fiddle. Music of the "horsehead fiddle" is prominently featured in the film "The story of the Weeping Camel". Our guest performer is a student in the English as a Second Language Program.

The first two songs on the program establish our concert themes: Spring and Green.

Green (Verlaine)

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
And here, also is my heart which beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your so lovely eyes.
I come, still covered with dew,
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it.
On your young bosom let me cradle my head,
Still filled with music from your last kisses;
Let it be soothed after the good storm,
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

Spring (Shakespeare)

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit-ta woo!
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit-ta woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit-ta woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

Le Rossignol (The Nightingale)

Listen to the song of the nightingale in the woods;
it is teaching a tale to the village shepherds.
Listen to the Song!
You sing of love as long as the spring is here.
Under the green trees, all day and all night you sing of love.
An old song tells us that it returns every year
and the beautiful roses bloom again each spring.
Every year it returns.
Ah, but there is no return of love.
Once love has disappeared it can't come back again.
Alas!

The Year's at the Spring (Browning)

The year's at the spring, and day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven; the hillside's dewpearled;
The lark's on the wing; the snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!

Spring Waters (Feodor Tioutchev)

Still in the fields is the whitening snow,
And the noise of water is already predicting spring,
Running and awakening the sleepy shore,
Running and shining and announcing.
They are announcing to the ends of the earth:
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
We are messengers of the early spring;
It sent us ahead.
Spring is coming, Spring is coming!"
And quiet, warm, rosy May days
Are thronging merrily behind it.