Faculty Showcase

Friday, February 10, 2023 - 5:00 P.M. E. Desmond Lee Concert Hall, 560 Music Center

WUSTLMUSIC



Program

Over the Rainbow (1939)

Music by Harold Arlen (1905 - 1986) Arranged for marimba by Robert Oetomo

Sebastian Buhts, marimba

Five pieces for two violins and piano (1970)

Dmitri Shostakovich

I. Prelude

(1906 - 1975)

II. Gavotte
III. Elegy

arr. Levon Atovmyan

IV. Waltz

V. Polka

Manuela Topalbegovic, violin, Hannah Frey, violin and Sunghee Hinners, piano

"King David" from A Garland for de la Mare (1957)

Herbert Howells (1892 - 1983)

Tai Oney, countertenor and Sandra Geary, piano

Sonatina Bulgarica (1995) Allegro ritmico Atanas Ourkouzounov (b.1970)

Manuela Topalbegovic, violin, and W. Mark Akin, guitar

Nyet, tolka tot, kto znal (None, but the lonely heart), Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky Op. 6, No. 6 (1869) (1840 - 1893)

Benjamin Worley, bass-baritone and Sandra Geary, piano

Between the Bars (1997)

Alone Together (1932)

Elliott Smith (1969 - 2003)Music by Arthur Schwartz (1900 - 1984)

Joel Vanderheyden, saxophone and Vince Varvel, guitar

Cantata BWV 51, Jauchzet Gott in Allen Landen Johann Sebastian Bach (1727 - 30)

(1685 - 1750)

Kelly Daniel-Decker, soprano, Todd Decker, piano, and Mary Weber, trumpet

Suite for violoncello solo (1926) Preludio-Fantasia

Gaspar Cassadó (1897 - 1966)

Jun Seo, cello

Music for double bass, electronics, with video

Florent Ghys, double bass

Learn more about the faculty on today's showcase at music.wustl.edu

Texts & Translations

"King David" from A Garland for de la Mare

Text by Walter De la Mare (1873 - 1956)

King David was a sorrowful man: No cause for his sorrow had he; And he called for the music of a hundred harps, To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent: Played and play sweet did they; But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden Walked by the moon alone, A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree, Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes Into the dark-boughed tree --"Tell me, thou little bird that singest, Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded; And the king in the cool of the moon Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness, Till all his own was gone.

Nyet tolko tot kto znal (None but the lonely heart)

Text by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822 - 1862)

Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu, pojmjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu.

Gljazhu ja vdal'... net sil, tusknejet oko... Akh, kto menja ljubil i znal - daleko!

Akh, tol'ko tot, kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu, pojmjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu. No, only one who has known What it is to long for one's beloved Can know how I have suffered And how I suffer still.

I am staring into space, I have no strength My eyes are dull.... Ah, the one who loved me And knew me is far away now!

My breast is all aflame – whoever has known What it is to long for one's beloved Can know how I have suffered And how I suffer still.

Cantata BWV 51, Jauchzet Gott in Allen Landen

Aria

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!

Was der Himmel und die Welt An Geschöpfen in sich hält, Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen, Und wir wollen unserm Gott Gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen, Dass er uns in Kreuz und Not Allezeit hat beigestanden. Shout for joy to God in every land!

All the creatures contained in heaven and earth must exalt his glory, and to our God we would now likewise bring an offering since in affliction and distress at all times he has stood by us.

Recitative

Wir beten zu dem Tempel an,
Da Gottes Ehre wohnet,
Da dessen Treu,
So täglich neu,
Mit lauter Segen lohnet.
Wir preisen, was er an uns hat getan.
Muß gleich der schwache Mund von seinen
Wundern lallen,
So kann ein schlechtes Lob ihm dennoch wohlgefallen.

We pray at the temple where God's honour dwells, where his faithfulness that is renewed every day Rewards us with unmixed blessing. We praise what he has done for us. Even if our weak mouths have to babble about his wonders, yet imperfect praise can still please him.

Aria

Höchster, mache deine Güte Ferner alle Morgen neu.

So soll vor die Vatertreu Auch ein dankbares Gemüte Durch ein frommes Leben weisen, Dass wir deine Kinder heißen. Most High God, make your goodness new every morning from now on.

Then to your fatherly love a thankful spirit in us in turn through a devout life will show that we are called your children.

Chorale and Alleluia

Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren Gott Vater, Sohn, Heiligem Geist! Der woll in uns vermehren, Was er uns aus Gnaden verheißt, Dass wir ihm fest vertrauen, Gänzlich uns lass'n auf ihn, Von Herzen auf ihn bauen, Dass uns'r Herz, Mut und Sinn Ihm festiglich anhangen; Drauf singen wir zur Stund: Amen, wir werdn's erlangen, Glaub'n wir aus Herzensgrund.

Alleluja!

May there be praise and glory and honour For God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit! May it be his will to increase in us what he promises us through his grace, so that we firmly trust in him, rely completely on him, from our hearts build on him, so that our heart, spirit and mind depend steadfastly on him; about this we now sing: Amen, we shall achieve this, if we believe from the bottom of our hearts

Alleluia!

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