

# PITTSBURG STATE UNIVERSITY

Pittsburg, Kansas

## Department of Music

### THURSDAY AFTERNOON RECITAL

Presenting Contestants in the  
Waddill Chamber Music Competition

appearing with the

#### PSU Resident String Quartet

Paul Carlson, Violin  
James Poulos, Violin  
Mary Elliott James, Viola  
Carolann Martin, Cello

Thursday, April 19, 1990  
McCray Recital Hall  
1:00 p.m.

#### PROGRAM

String Quintet in C Major, K. 515.....Mozart  
Andante (Second Movement) (1756-1791)

Carolyn O'Brien, Viola

String Quintet in F Major, Op. 88 .....Brahms  
Allegro non troppo, ma con brio (First Movement) (1833-1897)

Kirt Duffy, Violin

"Rejouissance" from Suite in A Minor.....Telemann  
Arlecia Elkamil, Marimba (1681-1767)

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Concerto for Two Trumpets.....Antonio Vivaldi  
Allegro (1680-1743)

Largo

Allegro moderato

Travis Laver and Brian Giacomo, Trumpets  
Dr. Marshall Turley, Piano

Vocalise Op. 34, No. 14.....Sergei Rachmaninoff

Ericka Grissom, Euphonium  
Susan Laushman, Piano

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String Quintet in G Major, Op. 111 .....Brahms  
Adagio (Second Movement)

Kirt Duffy, Viola

Quartet No. 2 in D Major.....Borodin  
Nocturne (Third Movement) (1834-1887)

Alrecia Elkamil, Cello

"Il Tramonto" for Voice and String Quartet .....Respighi  
(1879-1936)

Gene Anne Evans-Young, Soprano

### PROGRAM NOTES Gene Anne Evans-Young

#### The Sunset

There late was one within whose subtle being,  
As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
Genius and death contended. None may know  
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,  
When, with the Lady of his love, who then  
First knew the unreserve of mingles being,  
He walked along the pathway of a field  
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
But to the west was open to the sky.  
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
of the far level grass and nodding flowers  
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
on the brown mossy woods; and in the east  
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.  
"Is it not strange, Isobel," said the youth,  
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."



That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
In love and sleep - but when the morning came  
The lady found her lover dead and cold.  
Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
But year by year lived on - in truth I think  
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,  
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.  
For but to see her were to read the tale  
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts  
Dissolve away in wisdom - working grief; -  
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan;  
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears  
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead - so pale;  
Her hands were thin, and thro' their wandering veins  
and weak articulations might be seen  
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
Which one vext ghost inhabits, night and day,  
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!  
"Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
Passionless calm and silence unreprieved.  
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep, but rest,  
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love.  
or, that like thine, mine epitaph were - Peace!"  
This was the only moon she ever made.