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 El Kamili, Marimba....................................................(1681-1767)

Concerto for Two Trumpets......................................................Antonio Vivaldi
Allegro
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
Adagio (Second Movement) ........................................ Brahms

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
Gene Anne Evans-Young, Soprano ................................. (1879-1936)

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 mingled 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 subllest 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 unreproved.
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.