Kansas State College of Pittsburg
Pittsburg, Kansas

Department of Music

Resident String Quartet

PAUL CARLSON, Violin
JAMES POULOS, Violin
MARY ELLIOTT JAMES, Viola
CARLTON MccREERY, Cello

assisted by

BURTON PARKER, Baritone

Tuesday, October 26, 1976
McCray Auditorium
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

I
Haydn ----------------- Quartet, Op. 77, No. 2
(1732–1809)
Allegro moderato
Menuetto – Presto ma non troppo
Andante
Finale – Vivace assai

II
Samuel Barber ----------------- Dover Beach for Medium Voice and String Quartet, Op. 3
(1910– )

INTERMISSION

III
Beethoven ----------------- Quartet, Op. 59, No. 2
(1770–1827)
Allegro
Molto adagio
Allegretto
Finale – Presto
DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimm'ring and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

—Matthew Arnold