

The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

A PROGRAM OF NEW MUSIC BY UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA GRADUATE COMPOSERS

Wednesday, February 27, 1985 at 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

1. Three Fragments for Middle Voice and Piano.....Helve Sastok
  1. The Precept of Silence (Lionel Johnson)
  2. Another Grace for a Child (Robert Herrick)
  3. Little Trotty Wagtail (John Clare)Piano: Jane Hartling  
Voice: Elizabeth Raycroft
  
2. Fantasia on Ein' Feste Burg for Organ.....Ron Hannah  
Organ: John Hudson
  
3. Scenes from Childhood for Saxophone and Piano...Gordon Nicholson  
Saxophone: Jeff Antoniuk  
Piano: Charles Austin
  
4. Theme and Variations for 'Cello and Piano.....Blyth Nuttall  
'Cello: Diana Nuttall  
Piano: Sylvia Taylor
  
5. Elegy for Piano.....Helve Sastok  
Piano: Suzanna Singer
  
6. Three Songs on Poems of Robert Graves for Voice and  
Electronic Tape.....Ron Hannah
  1. Warning to Children
  2. Spoils
  3. ThiefVoice: Lorelle Bell
  
7. Quintet for Winds.....Carl Derfler  
Flute: Maureen Crotty  
Oboe: Hiromi Takahashi  
Clarinet: John Newman  
French Horn: Kay McAllister  
Bassoon: Diane Pearson

The Precept of Silence

I know you: solitary griefs,  
Desolate passions, aching hours!  
I know you: tremulous beliefs,  
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;  
The starry spaces, full of fear:  
Mine is the sorrow of the sea,  
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad:  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God.

Lionel Johnson (1867-1902)

Little Trotty Wagtail

Little trotty wagtail, he went in the rain,  
And tittering tottering sideways, he near got straight again,  
He stooped to get a worm, and looked up to catch a fly,  
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were dry.

Little trotty wagtail, he waddled in the mud  
And left his little footmarks, trample where he would.  
He waddled in the water-pudge and waggle went his tail,  
And chirruped up his wings to dry upon the garden wall.

Little trotty wagtail, you nimble all about,  
And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in and out;  
Your home is nigh at hand, and in the warm pigsty,  
So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a good-bye.

John Clare (1793-1864)

*Warning to Children*

Children, if you dare to think  
Of the greatness, rareness, muchness,  
Fewness of this precious only  
Endless world in which you say  
You live, you think of things like this:  
Blocks of slate enclosing dappled  
Red and green, enclosing tawny  
Yellow nets, enclosing white  
And black acres of dominoes,  
Where a neat brown paper parcel  
Tempt you to untie the string.  
In the parcel a small island,  
On the island a large tree,  
On the tree a husky fruit.  
Strip the husk and pare the rind off:  
In the kernel you will see  
Blocks of slate enclosed by dappled  
Red and green, enclosed by tawny  
Yellow nets, enclosed by white  
And black acres of dominoes,  
Where the same brown paper parcel -  
Children, leave the string alone!  
For who dares undo the parcel  
Finds himself at once inside it,  
On the island, in the fruit,  
Blocks of slate about his head,  
Finds himself enclosed by dappled  
Green and red, enclosed by yellow  
Tawny nets, enclosed by black  
And white acres of dominoes,  
With the same brown paper parcel  
Still unopened on his knee.  
And, if he then should dare to think  
Of the fewness, muchness, rareness,  
Greatness of this endless only  
Precious world in which he says  
He lives - he then unties the string.

Robert Graves (1895-

Another Grace for a Child

Here a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand;  
Cold as paddocks though they be,  
Here I lift them unto Thee,  
For a benison to fall  
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

*Spoils*

When all is over and you march for home,  
The spoils of war are easily disposed of:  
Standards, weapons of combat, helmets, drums  
May decorate a staircase or a study,  
While lesser gleanings of the battlefield -  
Coins, watches, wedding-rings, gold teeth and such -  
Are sold anonymously for solid cash.

The spoils of love present a different case,  
When all is over and you march for home:  
That lock of hair, these letters and the portrait  
May not be publicly displayed; nor sold;  
Nor burned; nor returned (the heart being obstinate) -  
Yet never dare entrust them to a safe  
For fear they burn a hole through two-foot steel.

Robert Graves (1895-

*Thief*

To the galleys, thief, and sweat your soul out  
With strong tugging under the curled whips,  
That there your thievishness may find full play.  
Whereas, before, you stole rings, flowers and watches,  
Oaths, jests and proverbs,  
Yet paid for bed and board like an honest man,  
This shall be entire thieftom: you shall steal  
Sleep from chain-galling, diet from sour crusts,  
Comradeship from the damned, the ten-year-chained -  
And, more than this, the excuse for life itself  
From a craft steered toward battles not your own.

Robert Graves (1895-