At the doorstep, my land,
Having stayed awake all night,
I gave you my dreams,
Give me your calm.

Like the ancient bird,
I know the way.
I know when the wheat is green,
When you must love it.

For that is why, my love,
Don’t be confused,
The water I seek
Is more profound.

So that you would be real,
I raised you in a song.
Now I leave you,
I go crying.

But never, my heavens,
From pain do I die.
Together with the light of day,
I am born anew.

At the doorstep, my land,
Having stayed awake all night,
I gave you my dreams,
Give me your peace.

If you are in the company of a small child or someone who may inadvertently cause distractions, kindly sit near a rear exit and be prepared to leave in a timely fashion. Please respect our artists and your fellow concert goers. House management reserves the right to request exiting the Hall when appropriate.

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111th Season, 26th Program
**PROGRAM**

Ballade No. 1  
Franz Liszt  
(1811–1886)  
Gabriel Coelho, piano  
(Doctoral)

The Rose Family  
from *Three Songs of Robert Frost*  
Elliott Carter  
(b. 1908)

Le Manoir de Rosemonde  
(Bonnieres)  
Henri Duparc  
(1848–1933)

Pampamapa  
(Quintana)  
Carlos Guastavino  
(1912–2000)

Concerto for Saxophone Quartet  
Philip Glass  
(b. 1937)  
Wagner Saxophone Quartet  
Lauren Wagner, soprano saxophone  
(Senior)  
Nathan Irby, alto saxophone  
(Senior)  
Soren Hamm, tenor saxophone  
(Junior)  
Brandon Rumsey, baritone saxophone  
(Senior)

Trio  
Brandon Rumsey  
(b. 1987)  
Cassie Lear, flute  
(Junior)  
Alane Thayer, clarinet  
(Senior)  
Alexis Gibbons, piano  
(UO Graduate)

Making a Mess  
Brandon Rumsey  
Cassie Lear, flute  
(Junior)  
Lauren Wagner, baritone saxophone  
(Senior)

Wind Quintet Op. 43  
Carl Nielsen  
(1865–1931)  
*Allegro ben Moderato*  
Cassie Lear, flute, (Junior)  
Leslie Treber, oboe, (Junior)  
Alane Thayer, clarinet, (Senior)  
Rebecca Olason, horn, (Junior)  
Brian McKee, bassoon, (Junior)

**TEXTS**

*Le Manoir de Rosemonde (Rosamonde’s Manor)*  
Love, like a dog, has bitten me  
with its sudden, voracious teeth...  
Come, the trail of spilt blood  
will enable you to follow my tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree  
and set off on the arduous route I took,  
through swamps and overgrown paths,  
if that’s not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,  
you will see that I traveled  
alone and wounded through this sad world,  
and thus went off to my death  
far, far away, without ever finding  
Rosemonde’s blue manor.

*Pampamapa (Map of the Plains)*  
i’m not from these parts,  
But it’s all the same.  
i have robbed the magic  
From these roads.

This cross that kills me  
Give me life.  
A verse bleeds from me  
That sings wounded.

Don’t ask me to leave  
My thoughts.  
You will not find a way  
To tie down the wind

If my name hurts you,  
Throw it in the water.  
I don’t want your mouth  
To become bitter.