



UNIVERSITY OF  
OREGON

**SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE**

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

**Wind Ensemble**

Dr. Rodney Dorsey, conductor  
Daniel Kocurek, graduate conductor

**Symphony**

**Camerata**

Nicholas Sharma, conductor

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**Season 117, Program 36**

**Beall Concert Hall**  
Friday, February 16, 2018 | 7:30 p.m.



**OREGON WIND ENSEMBLE**

**Königsmarsch** (1906) Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)  
arr. for brass by Joseph Kreines  
Daniel Kocurek, graduate conductor

**Songs from the End of the World** (2015) John Mackey  
A long time alone (b.1973)  
Raveling  
At sea  
Amalia Osuga, soprano

**INTERMISSION**

**OREGON CAMERATA**  
**Appalachian Spring Suite**  
**for 13 instruments** (1944) Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)  
Nicholas Sharma, conductor

**COPLAND PERSONNEL**

**VIOLIN I**

Miya Saito-Beckman  
Tina Glausi

**VIOLIN II**

Simeon Brown  
Megan Letky

**VIOLA**

Hannah Breyer  
Forrest Walker

**CELLO**

Joseph Eggleston  
Elizabeth Donovan

**BASS**

Josef Ward

**FLUTE**

Annabel McDonald

**CLARINET**

Darlene Mueller

**BASSOON**

Bronson York

**PIANO**

Ednaldo Borba

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**STRAUSS PERSONNEL****HORN**

Laura Eason  
Jasmine Kim  
Cody Kiesling  
Everett Davis

**TRUMPET**

Luke Harju  
Jessica Farmer  
Eli Simantel  
John Cummings  
Sierra Sparrow  
Scott Avzaradel

**TROMBONE**

Seven Converse  
Otmar Borchard  
Ian Gravelle  
Daven Hernandez

**EUHONIUM**

Darren Fujii  
Tom Janssen

**TUBA**

Juan Valdez  
Isaac Smith

**MACKAY PERSONNEL****SOPRANO**

Amalia Osuga

**FLUTE**

Elizabeth Soper  
Jeffrey Chapman

**OBOE**

Noah Sylwester  
Hannah Pell

**BASSOON**

Cameron Joublin  
Hannah Murawsky

**CLARINET**

Darlene Mueller  
McKenna Cromwell  
T. J. Low  
Micah Desmarais

**PERCUSSION**

Paige Madden  
David Lee  
Robby Carr

**PIANO**

Yaoyun Miao

**HARP**

Laura Zaerr

**STRING BASS**

Josef Ward

**Königsmarsch**

Richard Strauss

Born in 1864, Richard Strauss is perhaps best known as a groundbreaking composer of operas and tone poems. However, Strauss contributed significant repertoire to wind media as well. His fanfares for brass ensemble, such as Festmusik der Stadt Wein, and serenades for wind ensembles, such as the Serenade, op. 7 are as significant to the wind ensemble repertoire as the tone poems to the orchestral repertoire. Königsmarsch was originally written for piano in 1906. The piece was premiered in an orchestral setting by Otto Singer and a military band setting by Franz Pelz on March 6, 1907 for a palace concert in Berlin with the composer conducting. During this ceremony, King Wilhelm II granted Strauss a citizenship award of the “imperial Order of the Third Class.” The dedication of Königsmarsch reads: “To His Majesty the Kaiser, King Wilhelm II in profound respect and honor given by the composer.”

**Songs from the End of the Word**

John Mackey

John Mackey holds degrees from the Juilliard School and the Cleveland Institute of Music, where he studied with John Corigliano and Donald Erb, respectively. John has received commissions from the Alvin Ailey Dance Company, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Parsons Dance Company, the New York Youth Symphony, the Cleveland Orchestra Youth Orchestra, the Dallas Theater Center, New York City Ballet, the Dallas Wind Symphony, the American Bandmasters Association, and many universities, high schools, middle schools, and military bands. His trombone concerto, “Harvest,” composed for New York Philharmonic principal trombonist Joseph Alessi, has received dozens of performances worldwide and been commercially recorded three times.

John has served as composer-in-residence at the Cabrillo Contemporary Music Festival, the Vail Valley Music Festival, and with youth orchestras in Minneapolis and Seattle. He has received performances by the Dallas Symphony, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the Minnesota Orchestra, the Bergen (Norway) Philharmonic, as well as thousands of middle school, high school, university, and military concert bands and wind ensembles. He is a two-time recipient of the ABA/Ostwald Prize, first for

“Redline Tango” (his first wind band piece), and then for “Aurora Awakes” (which also received the NBA/Revelli Prize, making it one of only three pieces to ever win both prizes). The US Olympic Synchronized Swim Team won a bronze medal in the 2004 Athens Olympics performing to John’s score, John was inducted into the American Bandmasters Association in 2013. He currently lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The cycle is inspired by a passage in the Odyssey in which Odysseus, shipwrecked and near death, washes up on the shore of an island belonging to the nymph Kalypso. Homer’s telling treats the ensuing interlude as just another bit of exotic travelogue, one of many adventures on Odysseus’ long journey home; these three songs imagine what it meant to Kalypso herself, and are sung in her voice.

### **A long time alone**

Kalypso’s island home is beautiful beyond imagining but remote beyond reach. Her immortality is thus an eternal solitude. The first song in the cycle, set before Odysseus’ arrival, is her lament of this loneliness. Standing on her shore, she remembers long-gone days when she could still delight in her paradise, and tells of the slow erosion of sensation and even sense after endless ages alone.

### **Raveling**

The second movement begins after Odysseus has been with Kalypso for seven years. She sings as she moves back and forth with a golden shuttle at her loom, weaving a tapestry—the work of all that time—that tells their story. At one end, the luminous threads show the near-dead castaway washed ashore; nearby the nymph nurses him back to health. Flowers and fruit, ripe and radiant, tumble through images of the love they found together. But the simple happiness of the scene and the song curdles: Odysseus wants to return to his home, leaving Kalypso to her solitude; nothing she has given or can give means anything to him anymore. She is shattered, but he is cold. So Kalypso returns to her loom, singing again, but now unraveling the tapestry, unmaking the document of love.

### **Appalachian Spring Suite for 13 instruments (1944)**

Aaron Copland

Appalachian Spring was composed in 1943-1944 as a ballet for Miss Martha Graham on a commission from the Elisabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation. It was first performed by Miss Graham and her company at the Coolidge Festival in the Library of Congress Washington, D.C., on 30<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

The present version is scored for the original chamber ensemble of thirteen instruments. It is a condensed version of the ballet (identical with the original suite derived from the ballet for symphony orchestra), which retains all essential features but omits those sections in which the interest is primarily choreographic.

The action of the ballet concerns “a pioneer celebration in spring around a newly-built farmhouse in Pennsylvania hills in the early part of the last century. The bride-to-be and the young farmer-husband enact the emotions, joyful and apprehensive, their new domestic partnership invites. An older neighbor suggests now and then the rocky confidence of experience. A revivalist and his followers remind the new householders of the strange and terrible aspects of human fate. At the end the couple are left quiet and strong in their new house.” All the themes are original melodies composed by Copland, except for the famous Shaker melody “A gift to be simple,” which can be heard towards the end of the piece.

In 1945, Appalachian Spring received the Pulitzer Prize for music as well as the award of the Music Critics Circle of New York for the outstanding theatrical work of the season 1944-45.

This cruel moon brings ghosts in waves now, to haunt me. Too-cruel  
moon brings ghosts to haunt me, to taunt me now. This tide that  
gives and takes and tolls the time,

the time, the long and longing time alone.

I can't forget;  
I can't remember.  
The loss remains, so hard, so tender.

And all my rhymes are ravings,  
my words the wailing of a lost one, storm-  
tossed one.

The sea won't hear.  
The sky won't care.  
No different to them, my silence or song.

No words, so. Unheard, so.

Why go on then? Why cry this silence?

Alone. Alone.

All cast away now.  
Just ghosts to stay now. Alone, all  
lost at sea.

### **At sea**

In the final song, Kalypso watches Odysseus sail away on a boat she  
has given him, born by a breeze she has called up to fill a sail she  
has fashioned from the unmade tapestry. Waves carry him toward  
the horizon, and her loneliness washes in again.

- program note by A. E. Jaques

### ***Songs from the End of the World***

text by A. E. Jaques

#### I. *A long time alone*

Dawn draws her rose-red fingers soft across the sleeping sky.  
Another day unasked-for, light pinking flesh untouched.

Long ago I loved to watch the water wake when first  
rays raced the waves.

Morning warm-born in a moment.

But the sweetest second sours in solitude. Forever is a  
long time alone.

Summer murmurs memory of seasons sweet with cypress. Seabirds  
basking idle as the fishes dare to doze.

I used to sing with the insects  
answering sleet whirrup with trilling airs. But that  
was years ago,

before the buzzing buried cicada sounds inside  
to rattle in the cluttered attic of never-spoken thoughts.

Even lovely liquid languor spoils. Forever is a long time alone.

Wade into the wine-dark sea and leave the lonely island;  
let salt swamp tears.  
Waters hold you for a while.

Skin gleams warm. Long-fallow flesh awakens but the ocean's kiss consumes.

Soon there is no woman—only wave.

So the body brought back rushes out again, tide and time-taken as all things are.  
The sea is not a solace but a cell. Forever is a long time alone.

II. *Raveling*

When I found you, or you found me, both of us lost in the endless sea,  
then I healed you, and you healed me, two tattered souls stitched up lovingly.

Seven summers of sun, seven winters of wanting,  
seven spring-times as new as the dawn, seven autumns of falling

deeper into your breath—  
seven years you are warp to my weft.

Only now is this paradise paradise. Only now is this living a life.  
Only now is there greenness and sweetness and air— lost and found ones, we two, what a pair.

As I lose you, and so lose me,  
finding I never had what I thought was free— how can you take what once you gave?

I asked only love for the life I saved.

Seven years you were warp to my weft. Seven years, yet you leave me bereft.

Seven years and I have nothing left.

You and I, we were bound up together. You and I wove a heaven from scars.  
You and I turned the darkness and lostness and pain into something worth living again.

Only you made this paradise paradise; Only you made this living a life;  
Only you gave me greenness and sweetness and air— All unraveling now, past repair.

III. *At sea*

Again, alone. Again,  
forever.  
Solitude and I, once more, together.

And now—forget? Or  
yet remember?  
If I hold fast will I still surrender?

Shall I cling to memory, and polish thoughts like bright stones? But every touch erodes them; to love their light is to lose it.

Remembering. Dismembering.

Forget, then. Forget  
him.

Forget him.  
Forget, yes.

And cast away the empty oyster shell. Tide take him.  
But watch—who knows what waters wash home?  
Forget him?  
Forget, how?