

SHEPHERD SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SSM
86.4.25
SSD

CONCERTO CONCERT BLANTON ALSPAUGH, *conductor*

FEATURING WINNERS OF
THE STUDENT CONCERTO
COMPETITION

*Friday, April 25, 1986
8:00 p.m. in Hamman Hall*

RICE UNIVERSITY

the
Shepherd
School
of Music



PROGRAM

Symphonie Espagnole

Édouard Lalo
(1823-1892)

Justine Watts, violin

"Lia's Aria" from L'Enfant Prodigue

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Monica Vaughn, soprano

Symphony (Glimmer of Night)

Andrea Martin
(b. 1957)

Andrea Martin, composer

INTERMISSION

Concerto #1 in E Minor

Frédéric Chopin
(1810-1849)

Henri-Paul Sicsic, piano

Totentanz

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Hee-Kyung Pak, piano

Photographing and sound recording are prohibited. We further request that audible paging devices not be used during the performance. Paging arrangements may be made with the ushers.

SHEPHERD SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Violin I

Fung Wong, Concertmaster
Calvin Dyck
Birthe Jonsson
Brian Dean
Sze Hang Wong
Connie Sunday
Bill Chandler
Kris LaCombe
Debbie Norton
Amy Chang
Susan Aquila

Violin II

Dierdre Ward, principal
Bendy Goodfriend
Mei Mei Wei
Liz Preisinger
Robert Shindler
Aileen Hsu
Laura Rosky
Jane Wang
Denise Couch
Jennifer Leshnowar

Viola

Monica Brown, principal
Penny Meitz
Terri Van Valkinburgh
Karen Johnson
Cindy Frank
Julia Davis
Jong Im Kim

Cello

Amy Begg, principal
Sara Ullman
Jeff Bernstein
Ho Ahn
Chien-an Chen
Suzi Carter

Bass

Ken Harper, principal
Alan K. Henson
Josee Deschenes
David Klingensmith
Marty Merritt

Flute and Piccolo

Beatriz Bonnet
Andrea Maurer
Deanne Walker

Oboe

Pam Ben
John Siano

Clarinet

Rachel Geesaman
Philip May
Bernie Stephan

Bass Clarinet

Philip May

Bassoon

Dee Chryst
John DeGruchy
Ken Kress

Contrabassoon

John DeGruchy

Horn

Steve Bullitt
Beth Lazzzerini
Rob Nuttall
Jeri Shaffer

Trumpet

Jenny Bales
Mike Cox
Diane Hilbert

Trombone

Ken Clark
Bill Glenski
Jim Pedigo

Timpani and Percussion

Matt McCarthy
Germaine Petry
Rick Skains

Harp

Connie Slaughter
Marisa Wei

RECIT ET AIR DE LIA

L'année en vain chasse l'année!
 A chaque saison ramenée,
 Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent
 malgré moi:
 Ils rouvrent ma blessure et mon
 chagrin s'accroît...
 Je viens chercher la grève solitaire...
 Douleur involontaire!
 Efforts superflus!
 Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu'elle n'a
 plus!...
 Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu
 quittée.
 En mon coeur maternel ton image est
 restée.
 Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu
 quittée.
 Cependant les soirs étaient doux,
 Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée,
 Quand, sous la charge récoltée,
 On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.
 Lorsque la tâche était finie,
 Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,
 Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,
 Louaient, de Dieu la main bénie;
 Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours
 Et dans la pieuse famille,
 Le jeune homme et la jeune fille
 Exchangeaient leurs chastes amours.
 D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la
 vieillesse, -
 Heureux dans leurs enfants,
 Ils voient couler les ans,
 Sans regret comme sans tristesse...
 Aux coeurs inconsolés que les temps
 sont pesants!...
 Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?

LIA'S RECITATIVE AND ARIA

*Year after year passes in vain!
 At each returning season
 Their games and diversions sadden me
 against my will:
 They reopen my wound and my sorrow
 deepens...
 I seek the solitary shore...
 Involuntary grief!
 Idle exertions!
 Lia ever laments the child she has no
 more!...
 Azael! Azael! Why have you forsaken
 me?...
 Your image has remained in my maternal
 heart.
 Azael! Azael! Why have you forsaken
 me?...
 How calm the evenings were
 On the elm-studded plain,
 When, burdened with the harvest,
 The large red oxen were guided home.
 When the toil was over,
 Children, old people and servants,
 Workers in the fields or shepherds,
 Praised the blessed hand of the Lord;
 And so the days followed each other,
 And in the devout family,
 The youth and the maiden
 Exchanged vows of chaste love.
 Others do not feel the weight of
 old age, -
 Finding happiness in their children,
 They watch the years pass by,
 Without regret and without sadness...
 How heavily time weighs on disconsolate
 hearts!
 Azael! Why have you forsaken me?*