TCU COLLEGE of FINE ARTS

School of Music

presents

"Tides of Time"
A Senior Recital

Ethan McGregor, tenor
Elijah Ong, piano

November 15, 2026 | 5:30 PM | PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Liederkreis, op. 39 — Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
I. In der Fremde
II. Intermezzo
V. Mondnacht
VI. Schöne Fremde

Total Eclipse! — George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
from *Samson*

All The Things You Are — Jerome Kern (1885–1945)
from *Very Warm For May*

The Kite — Clark Gesner (1938–2002)
from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

Brief Pause

Fleur jetée — Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Chanson de l'adieu — Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916)

L'ora è tarda

Addio, fanciulla

Ebb Tide — Robert Maxwell (1921–2012)

Miguel Pesce, tenor
Owen Harvey, baritone
Elliot Banks, bass-baritone

Tides of Time — Coen Janssen (b. 1981)
Arr. Ethan McGregor

Nikita Simonenko, keyboard
Erik Steeves, guitar
Kaleb Comstock, bass
Israel Ledezma, percussion
Nick Shea & Seth York, trombone

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education. Mr. Ethan McGregor is a student of Dr. Gwendolyn Alfred.

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Program Notes

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856) was a German Romantic composer, pianist, and influential music critic. His piano character pieces and Lieder are intimately expressive and showcase the bipolarism he led his life with. After crippling his hands, he switched from composing piano works to primarily Lieder. Much of the poetry he selected was autobiographical in nature or had references to his wife Clara Schumann (1819-1896).[1]

LIEDERKREIS OP. 39 *(Song Cycle op. 39)* does not follow an explicit narrative or an implicit narrative for that matter. The twelve poems' continuity lies in their evocative description of nature and human experience. The selections elicit a wide array of both dark and light emotive ties to nature, with seven of the twelve describing depression and alienation. At the same time, the other five provide a stark contrast, telling of passion, wonder, beauty, and flirtation.[2] Clara participated in his poem selection process during his "Liederjahre," in 1840 (the year of their wedding). Therefore, it is no surprise the duo selected twelve poems from **Joseph von Eichendorff's** (1788–1857) 1837 *Gedichte (Poems)* for *Liederkreis op. 39*, since these poems were among their favorites.

I. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

II. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

I. In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

II. Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
Deep within my heart,
It gazes at me every hour
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
An old and beautiful song
That soars into the sky
And swiftly wings its way to you.

[1] Library of Congress, "Robert Schumann: A Guide to Resources at the Library of Congress," accessed October 24, 2026, https://guides.loc.gov/robert-schumann.

[2] Donald C. Sanders, "Experiencing Schumann: A Listener's Companion," Rowman & Littlefield, 2016.

V. Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

VI. Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

V. Moonlit Night

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

VI. A Beautiful Foreign Land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secret twilit splendor,
What are you saying, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

Translations by Richard Stokes [3]

[3] Richard Stokes, ed. and trans., The Book of Lieder (London: Faber and Faber, 2005).

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685–1759) was a German-born Baroque composer whose career brought him through Italy to London, where he became a British citizen. He achieved success in Italian opera before turning increasingly to English oratorio. Of course, he's best known for larger works such as *Messiah*, however, he was very prolific, having composed 42 operas, 24 Oratorios, over 120 cantatas, and the list continues. [4]

"TOTAL ECLIPSE!" comes from the Oratorio *Samson*, first performed at Covent Garden in 1743. Newburgh Hamilton adapted its libretto from John Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. Blinded and imprisoned after Dalila's betrayal, *Samson* describes the loss of daylight as a darkness that continues even at noon. In this lament, the once-powerful hero confronts helplessness, humiliation, and separation from the world he knew.[5]

Total Eclipse!

Total eclipse! No sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
Oh, glorious light! No cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!

Libretto by Newburgh Hamilton, after John Milton.[6]

JEROME KERN (1885–1945) and **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II** (1895–1960) helped shape the American musical through their partnership as composer and lyricist. Their four creations together included *Show Boat*, *Sweet Adeline, Music in the Air,* and *Very Warm for May*. Kern's lyrical melodies and Hammerstein's expressive language gave their songs a life beyond the productions for which they were written.[7]

"ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE" appeared in *Very Warm for May* (1939). Although the musical ran for only fifty-nine performances, this song became a lasting part of the American songbook, adapted as a jazz standard. Originally presented as a quartet sung for a play-within-a-play, it is now often heard as a solo across many different contexts, from recordings of Dizzy Gillespie to Jessye Norman with the Boston Pops orchestra, to Michael Jackson. With smooth and intimate imagery, this piece is an ushy-gushy love song at its finest.[8]

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[4] Handel Hendrix House, "Learn about Handel," accessed October 24, 2026, https://handelhendrix.org/discover/learn-about-handel.

[5] Opera Scotland, "Samson," accessed October 26, 2026, https://operascotland.org/opera/160/Samson.

[6] Newburgh Hamilton, Samson: An Oratorio, words taken from John Milton, music by George Frideric Handel (London, 1743), catalog record, Folger Shakespeare Library, https://catalog.folger.edu/record/764421.

[7] Lyric Opera of Chicago, "All the Things You Are" from Very Warm for May, accessed October 26, 2026, https://www.lyricopera.org/shows/upcoming/2020-21/for-the-love-of-lyric-concert/program-notes/all-the-things-you-are-from-very-warm-for-may/.

[8] Lyric Opera of Chicago, "All the Things You Are."

All The Things You Are

You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song

You are the angel glow that lights a star
The dearest things I know are what you are
Someday my happy arms will hold you
And someday I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine

You are the angel glow that lights a star
The dearest things I know are what you are
Someday my happy arms will hold you
And someday I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine

Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

CLARK GESNER (1938–2002) was an American composer, lyricist, author, and actor best known for *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*. His work also included television writing for *Captain Kangaroo* and *Sesame Street*, as well as other stage musicals. His songs bring theatrical wit and emotional directness to everyday experiences.[9]

"THE KITE" is a solo from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, which opened off Broadway in 1967. Based on Charles M. Schulz's *Peanuts* comic strip, the musical presents childhood through songs and short scenes. Here, Charlie Brown's effort to fly a kite becomes a comic struggle with frustration and self-doubt. His breathless instructions and sudden bursts of hope make a small childhood task feel like a test of his entire character.[10]

[9] Concord Theatricals, "Clark Gesner," accessed October 26, 2026, https://www.concordtheatricals.com/a/2286/clark-gesner.

[10] Concord Theatricals, "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown (Original)," accessed October 26, 2026, https://www.concordtheatricals.com/p/44705/youre-a-good-man-charlie-brown-original.

The Kite

Little more speed, little more rope
Little more wind, little more hope
Gotta get this stupid kite to fly
Gotta make sure it doesn't snag
Doesn't droop, doesn't drag
Gotta watch out for ev'ry little- whoops!

Little less speed, little more tack
Little less rise, little more slack
Gotta keep my wits about me now
Gotta make sure it doesn't get the nest of me
Till I get it in the air somehow

Millions of little kids do it ev'ry day
They make a kite and- poof, it's in the sky
Leave it to me to have the one fool kite
Who likes to see a little kid cry

Little less talk, little more skill
Little less luck, little more will
Gotta face this fella eye to eye
Now that I've seen you chasing moles
Climbing trees, digging holes
Catching your string on everything passing by
Why not fly?

Wait a minute
What's it doing?
It isn't on the ground
It isn't in a tree
It's in the air!
Look at at that
It's caught the breeze now
It's past the trees now
With room to spare

Oh-
What a beautiful sight
And I'm not such a clumsy guy
If I really try
I can really
Fly a ki-

Lyrics by Clark Gesner

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845–1924) was a French composer, organist, pianist, and teacher whose career bridges the late Romantic era and the early twentieth century. His *Requiem*, piano works, and mélodies are central to his reputation. His songs reveal a sensitive response to poetry, ranging from quiet intimacy to striking emotional intensity as heard in ***"Fleur jetée."*** [11]

The next four selections take the listener through the stages of grief over heartbreak. *Fleur jetée* portrays the denial and anger one feels as the character's lover leaves. At this point, the character is speaking to a flower in grief as their lover walks away for good, fading from view.

[11] Oxford Song, "Gabriel Fauré," accessed October 26, 2026, https://oxfordsong.org/composer/gabriel-faur%C3%A9.

Fleur jetée	**Discarded flower**
Emporte ma folie Au gré du vent, Fleur en chantant cueillie Et jetée en rêvant. Emporte ma folie Au gré du vent!	Bear away my folly At the whim of the wind, Flower, plucked while singing And discarded while dreaming. Bear away my folly At the whim of the wind!
Comme la fleur fauchée Périt l'amour. La main qui t'a touchée Fuit ma main sans retour. Comme la fleur fauchée, Périt l'amour!	Like a scythed flower Love perishes. The hand that touched you Shuns my hand for ever. Like a scythed flower Love perishes!
Que le vent qui te sèche, Ô pauvre fleur, Tout à l'heure si fraîche Et demain sans couleur! Que le vent qui te sèche, Sèche mon cœur!	May the wind that withers you, O poor flower, So fresh just now But tomorrow faded, May the wind that withers you, Wither my heart!
Poetry by Armand Silvestre	*Translation by Richard Stokes* [12]

FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI (1846–1916) was an Italian, and later British composer whose late Romantic songs combine graceful melodic lines with direct emotional appeal. His catalog contains more than 350 songs, championed by celebrated singers from Enrico Caruso to later generations. He's most known for his art songs, notably in the salon music tradition, in which the pieces were designed for performance in private homes and social gatherings.[13]

The Tosti selections in this set continue along the stages of grief. *Chanson de l'adieu* takes the anger from "Fleur jetée" and flows into bargaining; "To leave is to die a little." *L'ora è tarda* captures the non-linearity of grief as the character wavers between depression and bargaining. Finally, *Addio, fanciulla* brings upon acceptance. Metaphorically, the character has learned the lesson "that love can cause such pain" and gives a final "farewell, Maiden." Although, taken literally, the poem's text tells a different story...one where the cycle of heartbreak repeats as the character is now the one doing the leaving.

[12] Graham Johnson and Richard Stokes, A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press, 2002).

[13] Horner, Keith. "Tosti, Sir (Francesco) Paolo." Grove Music Online. 2001; Accessed 27 Oct. 2026. https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000028203.

Chanson de l'adieu

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime :
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un vœu,
Le dernier vers d'un poème ;
Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême
C'est son âme que l'on sème,
Que l'on sème en chaque adieu:
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.

Song of farewell

To part is to die a little
To die to what we love
One leaves a little of one's self
In every hour and in every place

It is always the mourning of a wish
The last verse of a poem
To part is to die a little
To die to what we love

And one leaves, and it's a game
And until the final farewell
With one's soul one makes
One's mark at each goodbye
To part is to die a little

Poetry by Edmond Haraucourt *Translation by Edmund Hodges* [14]

L'ora è tarda

L'ora è tarda; deserto il mar si frange,
e il gregge a 'l pian calò:
una tristezza grave in cor mi piange,
e sovra il lito io sto.

Io mi struggo d'amore e di desío,
ma tu non pensi a me:
tu sei partito senza dirmi addio:
perché, dimmi, perché?

The hour is late

It's late, deserted is the agitated sea,
And the flock rests on the plain:
Great sadness eats at my heart,
And I feel petrified.

I perish from love and desire,
While you don't waste a thought about me...
You went away without farewell:
Why, tell me why?

Poetry by Gabriele D'Annunzio *Translation by Linda Godry* [15]

[14] Edmond Haraucourt, "Chanson de l'adieu," trans. Edmund Hodges, LiederNet, accessed October 26, 2026, https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=7174; Gabriele D'Annunzio, "L'ora è tarda; deserto il mar si frange," trans. Linda Godry, LiederNet, accessed October 24, 2026, https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=28127.

[15] Ibid.

Addio, fanciulla

Addio, fanciulla addio,
Doman ritorno al mar.
Lasciami ti diss'io,
Tu mi volesti amar.

Or piangi, ed al tuo pianto
Sento strapparmi il cor;
Io non sapea che tanto
Desse di pene amor!

Ricordati: una sera
Insiem vagando in mar,
Ti dissi: a primavera
Io ti dovrò lasciar.

Tu il capo allor chinasti
Con trepid'ansietà,
Ma il dì che paventasti
Domani spunterà!

Farewell, maiden

Farewell, maiden, farewell,
tomorrow I return to the sea.
Leave me, I said to you,
you wanted to love me.

Now you are crying, and at your tears,
I feel my heart breaking;
I did not know
that love could cause such pain.

Remember: one evening
walking together by the sea,
I said to you: in spring
I must leave you.

Then you bowed your head
with fear and apprehension,
but the day you dreaded
will dawn tomorrow.

Traditional Italian text *Translation from Ricordi's 30 Songs; translator uncredited* [16]

ROBERT MAXWELL (1921–2012) was an American harpist and composer who brought classical training into popular music, jazz, and television. His recordings and broadcast appearances helped establish the harp as a voice beyond the concert hall. Among his successful compositions were "Ebb Tide" and "Shangri-La."[17]

"EBB TIDE" was published in 1953 with music by Maxwell and lyrics by Carl Sigman. Another ushy-gushy love ballad, this barbershop classic with satisfyingly crunchy harmonies is the piece that brought me, Owen Harvey, Elliot Banks, and Miguel Pesce to form the quartet "Flux Harmony" a little over a year ago. It's very special debuting this piece on stage and bringing our dream to life.

[16] Francesco Paolo Tosti, *30 Songs*, high voice (Ricordi, n.d.), 5, ISBN 9780634040368, translation excerpt provided by Hal Leonard, https://www.halleonard.com/viewcloserlook.action?itemId=50484320. The accessible excerpt does not identify the English translator.

[17] American Harp Society, "Jazz Harp Pioneers," section "Robert Maxwell," accessed October 26, 2026, https://www.harpsociety.org/jazzharp.

Ebb Tide

First the tide rushes in
Plants a kiss on the shore
Then rolls out to sea
And the sea is very still once more

So I rush to your side
Like the oncoming tide
With one burning fire
Will your arms open wide

At last, we're face-to-face
And as we kiss
Through an embrace
I can tell, I can feel
You are love, you are real
Really mine
In the wind, in the rain
In the sun

Like the tide at its ebb
I'm at peace in the web
Of your love

Lyrics by Carl Sigman

COEN JANSSEN (b. 1981) is a Dutch keyboardist and composer associated with the symphonic metal band **EPICA**, which he joined in 2002. His instruments include synthesizers and grand piano. The band's combination of heavy metal, orchestral and choral/operatic textures, filled with subtle jazz harmonies encompasses the full extent of music I'm passionate about.[18]

"TIDES OF TIME" appears on Epica's album *Design Your Universe* (2009). Janssen wrote the music shortly before recording began. Lead vocalist Simone Simons recalled that a death close to the band shaped the song's emotional atmosphere, and that it was later played at her grandmother's funeral. The piece describes all the cathartic emotions one feels after role models pass away. It serves as a call to pay forward the love and service our mentors have shared with us. My arrangement of the piece and performance tonight is dedicated to those mentors.[19]

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[18] Epica, "Coen Janssen," accessed October 26, 2026, https://www.epica.nl/members/coen-janssen/; Simone Simons, interview by Sara Letourneau, "Epica Interview 2009," *Sonic Cathedral*, accessed October 27, 2026, https://www.soniccathedral.com/zine/index.php/band-interviews/346-Epica%20Interview%202009.

[19] Epica, "Design Your Universe," accessed October 27, 2026, https://www.epica.nl/discography/design-your-universe/; Simons, interview by Letourneau, "Epica Interview 2009."

Tides of Time

You were always there to hold my hand
When times were hard to understand
But now the tides of time have turned
They keep changing

Seasons range, but you remain the same
A steady heart, a sun to rain
You'll be the light that's shining bright
High above me

Autumn gold losing hold
We are leaves meant to fall
There's a meaning to all that fades

Freezing winds were stayed by warming words
To touch your healing to the hurt
I'll treasure every lesson learned to the embers

Fire fails, blushes pale
We will answer the call
There's a meaning to all our

Seeds of eulogy to sow along with dreams
Fill the need that can leave us grieving alone

Frail is our beauty in the end
But all we count is sentiment
A memory stays to guide the way, and whisper

Don't lose sight, don't deny
We are leaves meant to fall
There's a meaning to all our

Seeds of eulogy to sow along with dreams
Fill the need that can leave us grieving alone
A symphony resounding in our minds
Guides us through
What we knew would come all a long

Sometimes I feel I don't have the words
Sometimes I feel I'm not being heard
And then I fear I'm feeling nothing more

Sometimes I feel I don't want this change
I think we all have to rearrange
And now I feel there's no one losing more

Seeds of eulogy to sow along with dreams
Fill the need that can leave us grieving alone
A symphony resounding in our minds

Guides us through
(As you hear me)
As you do
(As you need me)
Making true
What we knew would come all along

Music by Coen Janssen Lyrics by Simone Simons and Amanda Somerville [20]

Arrangement by Ethan McGregor

[20] Simone Simons, interview, "Interview c Epica," Darkside, accessed October 27, 2026, https://www.darkside.ru/interviews/interview.phtml?dlang=en&id=498. Simons identifies herself and Amanda Somerville as the lyricists.

Special Thanks

A special thanks goes out to my parents, family, and quartet. Y'all have been my number one supporter. I love you so much and can never thank you enough.
Thank you to my professors at TCU, Dr. Alfred, Dr. Ringel, Dr. Aspaas, and Professor Christ for guiding me to where I am today.
Lastly, thank you to my friends and collaborators who worked very hard to make this vision come to life. I hold you all very dear to my heart and could not have done this without you. Much love, thank you.