

An hourglass with golden sand falling from the top bulb to the bottom bulb, set against a light, hazy background.

TCU

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

Time

featuring

UNIVERSITY SINGERS

a recital prepared and conducted by the
out-going senior class

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 2023 | 7:00PM
VAN CLIBURN CONCERT HALL AT TCU



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

Time

UNIVERSITY SINGERS

Wednesday, December 6, 2023 | 7:00PM
Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

program

Catch and Release.

Jocelyn Hagen
(b. 1980)

Ms. Alyssa Lewis, *conductor*

“Soneto de la Noche”
From, *Nocturnes*

Morten Lauridsen
(b. 1943)

Ms. Courtney Parnitke, *conductor*

In the Middle

Dale Trumbore
(b. 1987)

Mr. Ryan Sawicki, *conductor*

There Was a Time

Elaine Hagenberg
(b. 1979)

Ms. Amber Bowen, *conductor*

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is
prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.

Catch and Release

Jocelyn Hagen

(b. 1980)

Jocelyn Hagen is a modern composer working at North Dakota State University. She is most known for her McKnight Artist Fellowship Award, and received a grant from the American Composers Forum in 2011. Popular compositions include *amass*, *The Notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci*, and *The Song Poet*. She is inspiring as a person and a composer for me. I chose this piece to relate to the changing times we experience. Some moments are bittersweet to let go of, but we can still remember and cherish the time we had in that moment. This relates to the 4 of us who are entering a new chapter of our lives. It's bittersweet and hopeful.

Catch and Release

You gave me sunlight
when all I could see was darkness
you lifted me up
so I could see the beauty in the distance
a skyline built from all my longing
of what I could be
what could I be?

I was wandering
didn't want to believe that I was lost
I was going to swim that way no matter the
cost but now the water's so much bluer

I felt the sunlight
I broke free out of the darkness
and I saw the beauty in the distance
a skyline seems to beckon me
a yearning to be free
do I want to be free?
yes, I want to be free

then I got hooked on your positivity
you reeled me in watched my colors
change when you held me up to the sun
my future was so much brighter

and I'll take a part of you with me
so in some small way I'll never leave I feel
your tempo in my heartbeat

yes, I'll take a part of you with me
so in some small way I'll never leave thank
you for the catch and release

Text by Jocelyn Hagen

“Soneto de la Noche”

From, *Nocturnes*

Morten Lauridsen

(b.1943)

“Soneto de la Noche” is the second of four movements in Morten Lauridsen’s song cycle *Nocturnes*. Lauridsen is the composer of many beloved vocal works, an esteemed teacher, and a recipient of a National Medal of Arts. I chose this piece because it speaks to the way that time is infinite, and how, in a way, so are we. The poet’s love, and through it his spirit, lives on in the ones he loved while he was alive. While life may move forward and people may leave us, we can memorialize them forever with the way we love.

Soneto de la Noche

Cuando yo muero quiero tus manos en mis ojos:
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas
pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.

Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido, te espero,
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,
que huelas el aroma del mar que amamos juntos
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas,
por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,

para que alcances todo lo que mi amor te ordena,
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto.

When I die, I want your hands upon my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands
to pass their freshness over me one more time:
I want to feel the gentleness that changed my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want your ears to still hear the wind,
I want you to smell the scent of the sea we both loved,
and to continue walking on the sand we walked on.

I want all that I love to keep on living,
and you whom I loved and sang above all things
to keep flowering into full bloom,

so that you can touch all that my love provides you,
so that my shadow may pass over your hair,
so that all may know the reason for my song.

Text by Pablo Neruda

Translation by Nicholas Lauridsen

In the Middle

Dale Trumbore

(b. 1987)

Dale Trumbore is a contemporary composer known for her ability to write uniquely beautiful and deeply emotional pieces while maintaining its simplicity and accessibility. The text of this piece comes from Barbara Crooker's book of poetry, *Radiance*, and is a masterful imagery-rich story of how we often forget to slow down and enjoy the beautiful moments of life. This piece recognizes the fleeting nature of time and how there never seems to be enough, while also urging us to get lost in the beautiful things. Sure, time always seems to fly by, but we have to constantly remind ourselves to love and appreciate the beautiful moments we have, because before we know it, they'll have passed, and we'll be reflecting in a bittersweet nostalgia if we naïvely took them for granted.

In the Middle From, *Radiance*

of a life that's as complicated as everyone else's,
struggling for balance, juggling time.
The mantle clock that was my grandfather's
has stopped at 9:20; we haven't had time
to get it repaired. The brass pendulum is still,
the chimes don't ring. One day you look out the window,
green summer, the next, and the leaves have already fallen,
and a grey sky lowers the horizon. Our children almost grown,
our parents gone, it happened so fast. Each day, we must learn
again how to love, between morning's quick coffee
and evening's slow return. Steam from a pot of soup rises,
mixing with the yeasty smell of baking bread. Our bodies
twine, and the big black dog pushes his great head between;
his tail is a metronome, 3/4 time. We'll never get there,
Time is always ahead of us, running down the beach, urging
us on faster, faster, but sometimes we take off our watches,
sometimes we lie in the hammock, caught between the mesh
of rope and the net of stars, suspended, tangled up
in love, running out of time.

Text by Barbara Crooker

There Was a Time

Elaine Hagenberg

(b. 1979)

Elaine Hagenberg is a prolific contemporary American composer and arranger of choral music, often writing pieces to offer love, light, and hope to the world. I chose “There Was a Time” for this concert as it describes that, yes, all things come to an end. Still, we can have hope and find strength in what remains with us, leading into each new journey. This theme feels especially impactful for the four of us conducting tonight as we prepare for student teaching and each of our new journeys in a few short weeks, however, I would like to encourage all to enjoy the beauty of each moment, as well as the beauty of each new start.

There Was a Time

Ode: Intimations of Immortality

from *Recollections of Early Childhood*

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory of a dream.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

Text by William Wordsworth
