



Dawn to Dusk

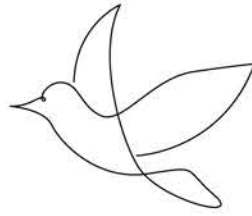
**Sunday, February 23rd 7:00pm
The Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU**

**Sarah Gould, conductor
Cecilia Lo-Chien Kao, collaborative pianist**

Featuring TCU Concert Chorale

PROGRAM

Please hold your applause until the end of each set



Consors paterni luminis

St. Ambrose

Kai Daimond, Kaylyn Davis, soloists

Hear my prayer, O Lord

Henry Purcell

.....

Der Tanz

Franz Schubert

.....

Cantique de Jean Racine

Gabriel Fauré

Alex Jaime, cello

Little Birds

Eric Whitacre

.....

Vespertilians

Jocelyn Hagen

.....

This Little Light of Mine

arr. Moses Hogan

Will Moeller, Dory McDonald,

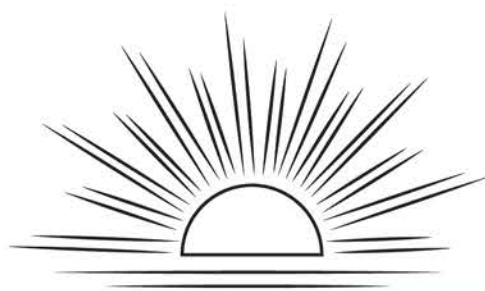
Debbie Seitter, Owen Harvey, soloists

DAWN TO DUSK

A Day in Music



Through this program, I hope one will experience a myriad of emotions, the same way one might throughout a typical day. The program begins with *Consors paterni luminis* and *Hear my prayer, O Lord*, two pieces that represent a metaphorical day's beginning: our dawn and rise. From the Purcell, we will move to *Der Tanz* which serves as that sudden burst of energy one may experience in the dawning of a new day. Moving forward, *Cantique de Jean Racine* recalls the same text as the genesis of the program, but in a completely different space of mind: we have settled into our day. We have found our center (as this piece is our fourth of seven works on the program). *Little Birds* will immediately follow, not only because of its melodic tribute to Fauré, but also because of its text, which takes us from Noon, to Later, to Full Sun. In our metaphorical day, our work is over, but the sun is not gone. We bask in this timeless moment, gazing into the fullness of the sky. As the sun begins to set, and dusk appears, we may witness bats and other creatures or, *Vespertilians*. The darkness of the evening is coming. Finally, we arrive to the end of the day, we turn out our lights, we reflect on the light and joy we experienced in our day with *This Little Light of Mine*. Thank you for joining us on our journey from dawn to dusk. I am immensely grateful you are here!



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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CONSORS PATERNI LUMINIS

Attributed to fourth century bishop Milan St. Ambrose (340-397), this Ambrosian plainchant, presented with antiquated music notation, provides an eerily stunning melody. Ambrose is credited with developing Ambrosian chant, a form of antiphonal chant used in this piece. We are presenting *Consors paterni luminis* in a style that would have been heard in a traditional Roman Catholic liturgical service: call and response. The hymn, presented in the fourth church mode, would have traditionally been sung at the Tuesday Matins service, also known as Holy Tuesday in Holy Week. This hymn is still performed in Tuesday services, both because of its liturgical and religious significance, but also because of its simple, elegant melody.

CONSORS PATERNI LUMINIS

.....

TEXT

*Consors paterni luminis,
lux ipse lucis et dies,
noctem canendo
rumpimus:
assiste postulantibus.*

O light of light,
O Dayspring bright,
coequal in Thy Father's light:
assist us, as with prayer and psalm
Thy servants break the nightly
calm.

*Aufer tenebras mentium,
fuga catervas daemonum,
expelle somnolentiam
ne pigritantes obruat.*

All darkness from our minds
dispel,
and turn to flight the hosts of Hell:
bid sleepfulness our eyelids fly,
lest overwhelmed in sloth we lie.

*Sic, Christe, nobis
omnibus
indulgeas credentibus,
ut prosit exorantibus
quod praecinentes
psallimus.*

Jesu, Thy pardon, kind and free,
bestow on us who trust in Thee:
and us Thy praises we declare,
O with acceptance hear our
prayer.

*Sit, Christe, rex piissime,
tibi Patrique gloria
cum Spiritu Paraclito
in sempiterna saecula.*

O Father, that we ask be done,
through Jesus Christ, Thine only
Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and
Thee,
doth live and reign eternally.

Amen.

HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD

.....

Hear my prayer, O Lord was composed in c. 1682 by Henry Purcell (1659-1695) during his time working for Westminster Abbey in London. Purcell was well known for his diverse catalog of Baroque songs composed for the church and the court. This eight-part sacred (traditionally) a cappella choral anthem is a gorgeous setting of the first verse of Psalm 102, with numerous overlapping melodies appearing in the piece. In the original autograph of *Hear my prayer* there were blank pages at the end of the manuscript, suggesting its initial intention was to be part of a longer piece. The piece is set in C minor and does not properly change keys. Although there are small hints of the relative E major in a few of the phrases, there is no direct modulation or key change. Purcell was being rather provocative with some of his compositional choices in this piece, especially for the Baroque period. *Hear my prayer* does not find a clear and intended resolution, with all of the voices joined together in homophony, until the final chord. As a listener, one feels the dissonance and lack of resolution engaging the ear until the very end, when the resolution triumphantly resounds.

❖

TEXT

Hear my prayer, O Lord.
And let my crying come unto thee.
-Psalm 102-

DER TANZ

.....

Although less than one minute in length, *Der Tanz*, composed by Franz Schubert (1797-1828), makes you want to move and dance from the very opening chordal movement in the piano accompaniment. Composed in 1825, this famous lied, with its buoyancy and charm, exudes joy! *Der Tanz* would have initially been performed at one of Schubert's famous musical parties called "Schubertiade." The text, written by Columban Schnitzer (1795-1854), presents the perspective of an older person warning youth of what dangers having too much fun can bring. Musicologists suspect *Der Tanz* is connected to two other pieces: the first is Schiller's poem *Hoffnung* and Schubert's cantata *Al par del ruscelletto*.

DER TANZ

.....

TEXT

Der Tanz

*Es redet und träumet
die Jugend so viel,
Von Tanzen,
Galoppen, Gelagen,*

*Auf einmal erreicht
sie ein trügliches
Ziel,
Du hört man sie
seufzen und klagen.*

*Bald schmerzet der
Hals, und bald
schmerzet die Brust,
Verschwunden ist
alle die himmlische
Lust.*

*“Nur diesmal noch
kehr’ mir Gesundheit
zurück!”
So flehet: vom
Himmel der hoffende
Blick!*

The Dance

Youth talks and
dreams so much
of dancing, capering
and carousing;

Then all of a sudden
it reaches its
illusory goal,
and we hear it
sighing and
complaining.

Now the pain is in
the throat, now it's
in the chest;
vanished are all
heavenly joys.

“Give me back my
health just this
once!”

The imploring gaze
beseeches heaven!

CANTIQUE DE JEAN RACINE

.....

Composed for choir and organ in 1866, *Cantique de Jean Racine* is one of Gabriel Fauré's (1845-1924) most recognizable choral pieces, and for good reason. Its sweeping legato lines and fluidity between large intervals evokes the feeling of a warm hug. Listen for this melody in the cello entrance, and for the piano's seamless arpeggiations.

The text comes from 17th-century French poet, Jean Racine, who translated a Latin hymn text into French. The Latin hymn is the same hymn that opens our program, *Consorts paterni luminis*. Fauré began his notoriety as a strong sacred choral composer with this piece, composing it when he was only 20 years old for a competition at École Niedermeyer, the Parisian music school where he trained. The story goes that the judges (one of whom was Faure's lifelong friend, Camille Saint-Saëns) were hesitant to give Fauré first prize because he skirted the rule that the text had to be a traditional Latin text, but eventually decided it was too gorgeous a piece to not be properly accoladed.

CANTIQUE DE JEAN RACINE

.....

TEXT

*Verbe égal au TrèsHaut notre
unique espérance,*

*Jour éternel de la terre et des
cieux,*

*De la paisible nuit nous
rompons le silence,
Divin Sauveur, jette sur nous
les yeux!*

*Répands sur nous le feu de ta
grâce puissante,
que tout l'enfer fuie au son
de ta voix*

*Dissipe le sommeil d'une
ame languissante,
qui la conduit à l'oubli de tes
lois!*

*Ô Christ sois favorable à ce
peuple fidèle
pour te bénire maintenant
rassemblé,*

*Reçois les chants qu'il offre, à
ta gloire immortelle,
et de tes dons qu'il retourne
comblé!*

Word equal to God,
the Almighty, our
only hope,

Eternal day of the
earth and heavens;

We break the silence
of the peaceful night,
Divine Saviour, look
upon us!

Fan the fire of your
powerful grace upon
us,

So that all Hell may
flee at the sound of
your voice;
Shake off the sleep of
a languishing soul,
Who has forgotten
your laws!

O Christ, be kind to
these faithful people
Who have now
gathered in thanks.

Listen to the chants
they offer to your
immortal glory,
And may they come
away fulfilled with
your gifts!

LITTLE BIRDS

.....

Eric Whitacre (1970-) is a celebrated modern choral composer whose work is known for its dissonant harmonies, stunning melodic contour, and experimental techniques such as aleatoric and indeterminate sections. *Little Birds* is no exception, beginning and ending with bird calls and noises. Whitacre has said that with “its running piano part and fluid sensual melodies,” *Little Birds* is an homage to the work of Fauré. The text derives from a poem written by Mexican writer Octavio Paz (1914-1998) which portrays Noon, Later, and Full Sun as its three verses (which come from his larger work, *En Uxmal*). Originally commissioned as a work for treble voices, the mixed arrangement seamlessly blends voices across registers to give listeners an ethereal experience.

LITTLE BIRDS

.....

TEXT

Noon

*La luz no parpadea
el tiempo se vacía de
minutos,
se ha detenido un pájaro en
el aire.*

Light unblinking,
time empty of minutes,
a bird stopped short in air.

Later

*Se despeña la luz,
despiertan las columnas
y, sin moverse bailan*

Light flung down,
the pillars awake
and, without moving,
dance.

*La hora es transparente:
vemos si es invisible el
pájaro,
el color de su canto.*

Full Sun

The time is transparent:
even if the bird is invisible,
let us see the color of his
song.



VESPERTILIANS

.....

Jocelyn Hagen (1980-) is a pioneer in modern choral music known for her magical melodies and experimental musical choices. Perhaps the most obscure piece on the program, *Vespertilians* is unique in its mode, meter, and melody. Hagen invented a mode (scale) for this a cappella piece that she calls “d natural minor” with the raised fourth scale degree. The tempo and meter change numerous times, and the use of dissonance, slides, and whispers evoke a spooky feeling. *Vespertilians* was composed in 2013, yet uses an ancient poem. The text comes from a Latin narrative poem by Roman poet, Ovid (43 BC-17/18 AD), called *Metamorphoses* from the “Book of Transformations.” The listener should read the poetic translation, both to better experience the music, and because Hagen considers this poem “one of the most important texts of Western imagination.”

VESPERTILIANS

.....

TEXT

*Quod tu nec tenebras possis dicere lucem
sed cum luce tamen dubiae confinia notis:
tectae repente quati pinguesque ardere videntur
lampades et rutilis conlucere ignibus aedes
falsae saevarum simulacra ululare ferarum,
fumida iamdudum latitant per tecta sorores
diversaeque locis ignes ac lumina vitant,
dumque petunt tenebras, parvos membrana per
artus
porrigitur tenuique includunt brachia penna:
nec, qua perdiderint veterem ratione figuram,
scire sinunt tenebrae. Non illas pluma levavit,
susinuere tamen se perlucentibus alis
conataeque loqui minimam et pro corpore vocem
emittunt peraguntque leves stridore querellas
tectaque, non silvas celebrant lucemque perosae
nocte volant seroque tenent a vespere nomen.*

The day was ended and that time had come which you could say was neither light nor dark, uncertain night, when yet some day remains. It seemed as though the house suddenly shuddered, and unaccountably the oil lamps flared and blazing torches lit up every room, and howling all around them everywhere were the false images of savage beasts.

Meanwhile, the sisters have been seeking refuge in various places from the glaring flames, and as they try to slip into the shadows, a slender membrane glides over their limbs and meager wings enclosed their withered arms; darkness conceals from them the true extent of the great changes now come over them; not downy feathers, but translucent wings sustain their flight, and when they try to speak, their much diminished bodies now emit only the very tiniest of voices, telling their woes in little high-pitched squeaks.

Shunning the woods, they congregate in houses, nocturnal fliers fearful of the day, creatures named for the time they first appear:

vespertilians. [Or as we say, bats.]

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

.....

Throughout history, this beloved tune has been known as a traditional spiritual, favored children's tune, and Civil Rights Anthem. Its true origins are not fully known, as some argue Harry Dixon Loes composed the tune in 1920, while others trace its origin back to when African Americans were enslaved. Moses Hogan (1957-2003), one of the most poignant, celebrated African American composers of the 20th century, arranged this piece for the 2002 St. Olaf Choir directed by Anton Armstrong. His arrangement seamlessly blends jazz and spiritual styles. Listen for the harmonies presented especially at the end: Hogan provides the listener a chance to hear shimmering light come to life through sound.



TEXT

This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
All through the night,
I'm gonna let it shine.
My God gave it to me,
Oh, children,
I'm gonna let it shine, children.
Hallelujah, children.
In my home,
All over the world,
let it shine.

TCU

SCHOOL OF MUSIC PRESENTS

SÄSONGSRUNDA

A Choral Cycle by Till Meyn

performed by the

TCU CONCERT CHORALE

Christopher Aspaas, *conductor*

7:00 PM SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD
THE VAN CLIBURN CONCERT HALL AT TCU

Program

Säsongsrunda

by Till Meyn

world premiere

For the TCU Concert Chorale, Dr. Christopher Aspaas, Director

Sommardansen (The Summer Dance)

Tillägnan (Dedication)

Om Våren (About Spring)

Valborgsnatt (Walpurgis Night)

Christopher Aspaas, *conductor*

Cecilia Lo-Chien Kao, *collaborative pianist*

Säsongsrunda Program Notes

After an inspiring choir tour to Scandinavia, composer Till Meyn wrote *Säsongsrunda* (Season's Cycle), drawing from Swedish music, poetry, and new friendships to complete the choral set.

Although the collection can be performed in any order, the concept is for the listener to experience a journey through the Nordic seasons.

Sommardansen is delivered from the perspective of a person who is celebrating all the dancing they have done—but at the end, the long summer of dancing is over and the speaker suddenly realizes that they are old. *Månen** (Moon) intertwines the concepts of death and love in the late autumn night when the moon “spins its wonderful web.” When winter arrives, it is a cold Swedish night on the plains; *Tilläggnen* (Dedication) draws on the traditions of an ancient people, a winter complete with ice, wolves, and stars. The end of winter is celebrated in *Om Våren* (Spring), where whimsical melodies abound, and the tears from broken hearts are dried by the sun. As the cycle comes to a close, *Valborgsnatt* (Walpurgis Night) revels in the twilight at the foot of the mystical mountain of the fates, where darkness and fear mix with fantastical shadows and creatures, and the future is heavy with an existential decision.

—TMM

* not performed this evening

Sommardansen (The Summer Dance)

Erik Axel Karlfeldt

Jag dansade en sommar,
det var en vacker sommar,
och aldrig har det dansats
i denna nejd som då.

*I danced one summer,
it was a beautiful summer,
and never has it been danced
in this land as then.*

Det spelade om kvällen
från gårdar och från ställen.
Vi gick så långa vägar
i marscher två och två.

*It played again in the evening
from farms and from places.
We went such a long way
in marches two and two.*

På röjningen i skogen,
på banan och på logen,
på alla har jag dansat,
då jag var nitton år.

*On the clearing in the forest,
on the court and in the lodge,
I have danced on all of them,
when I was nineteen years old.*

Och alltid fick jag höra
jag var så lätt att föra,
och aldrig fick jag sitta,
och aldrig fick jag gå.

*And I was always told
I was so easy to lead,
and I never got to sit,
and I never got to go.*

Det var från Valbromässa,
och intill Mickelsmässa,
och ingen helgdagsafton
så kom jag i min säng.

*It was from Valbro Mass,
and next to Michaelmas,
and no holiday eve
then I got into my bed.*

För alla ljusa mornar
och alla mulna mornar
jag gick direkt från dansen
till åker och till äng!

*For all bright mornings
and all cloudy mornings
I went straight from the dance
to field and to meadow!*

Men mulet eller soligt
så var det lika roligt
att hålla i och släpa
den långa veckan ut.

*But cloudy or sunny
so it was just as much fun
to hold and drag
the long week out.*

Och alltid fick
jag höra jag var så lätt att föra,
och aldrig fick jag sitta,
och aldrig fick jag gå.

*And I was always told
I was so easy to lead,
and I never got to sit,
and I never got to go.*

Jag dansade en sommar,
det var min enda sommar,
och sen så var jag gammal,
och sen så var det slut.

*I danced one summer,
it was my only summer,
and then I was old,
and then it was over.*

Tillägnan (Dedication)

Karin Boye

Här på de ödsliga Uppsalaslätterna
har vi ofta vankat i vinternätterna.

Tysta gick vi. Slätten låg vid.

Stjärnorna flammade sen evig tid.
Stjärnorna flammade, stumma och
skrämmande. Sida vid sida gick vi
främmande, skilda till strävan, skilda
till syn. Kära för oss båda var slätten
och skyn.

En gång restes forntidshärdarna här i
skimret av de fjärran världarna.

Eld vid eld i hedenhös samlade sin
flock,
medan jorden frös.

Här plöjdes mark av de första
plogarna, plöjdes, medan ulvarna tjöt
i skogarna.

Här på de heliga härdarnas
glöd bakades av kornet
ett grovt, hårt bröd.

Här stod hovet, där skarorna blotade,
fulla av fasa, när fimbulvintern
hotade, fulla av kvidan under
flämtande valv, när runt kring jorden
en världsnatt skalv.

Se, hur ljusen tindrar på slätterna,
kämpande mot mörkret i
vinternätterna! Natten är oändlig och
jorden ett flarn. Räck mig din hand!
Vi är härdarnas barn.

*Here on Uppsala's plains, remote and cold,
in the winter nights we have often strolled.*

Silent we walked. The plain lay nearby.

*The stars had flamed since eternity. The
stars flamed, frightening, mute, Side by
side we went, strangers, on foot, divided in
striving, divided in eye, Dear to us both
were the plain and the sky.*

*Once folk the ancient hearths did raise here
in the far-off worlds' shimmering gaze.*

*Fire against fire in time no one knows
gathered their flocks while the earth froze.*

*Here fields were ploughed by the first to
plough, ploughed while in forests the
wolves did howl. Here on the sacred
hearths glowing red from the corn was
baked a coarse, hard bread.*

*Here stood the court, where crowds made
sacrifice, full of dread in the threat of a
long winter's ice, full of wailing under
vaults with light a-shake, when round
earth universal night did quake.*

*See how the lights on the plains twinkle
cold, fighting the dark that the winter
nights hold! The night is unending, blown
bark, the earth's. Give me your hand!
We're the brood of the hearths.*

Om Våren (About Spring)

Erik Axel Karlfeldt and Karin Boye

Om våren, säg om våren
allt stolt och ungt du känt.

*About spring, say about spring
everything proud and young
you knew.*

Ett vårord går som kåren
mot sol och firmament.

*A spring word goes like the corps
toward the sun and firmament.*

I vårtid, i groddtid,
då brister frönas skal,
och råg blir råg
och tall blir tall
i frihet utan val.

*In springtime, in sprouting time,
the seeds burst through their shells,
and rye becomes rye
and pine becomes pine
in freedom without choice.*

En ilning av vällust
går genom själ och kropp --
att jag är jag, nödvändigt jag --
en brodd, som hittat opp,

*A thrill of delight
passes through soul and body --
that I am I, necessarily I --
a sprout that has found its way up,*

Om våren, sjung om våren
var nyckfull melodi;
som fläkt och drill i snåren
den löper saklöst fri.

*Of spring, sing of spring
its whimsical melody;
like a breeze and trill in the thicket
it runs freely and aimlessly.*

Ett vårskott, vars växtkraft
jag knappast anar än -
men stammens sav med bitter smak
med lust jag känner den.

*A spring shoot whose growing power
I scarcely envision yet -
but the stem's sap of bitter taste,
with pleasure I know it.*

Så bort, all min feghet!
Jag hör min framtid till.
Jag tar mig rätt att växa nu
som rotens krafter vill.

*Then begone, all my cowardice!
To my future I belong.
I take the right to grow now
as my roots will, and as strong.*

Om våren, gråt om våren
ditt hjärtas svärmeri,
ty solen torkar tåren,
det finns ej kval däri.

*In the spring, cry in the spring
your heart's sorrow,
for the sun dries the tears,
there is no pain in them.*

En skur på gröna knoppar
som springa efteråt,
ett salt av honungsdroppar
är hjärtats ungdomsgråt.

*A shower of green buds
that spring forth afterwards,
a salt of honey drops
is the youthful cry of the heart.*

Valborgsnatt (Walpurgis Night)

Karin Boye

Sent omsider står jag
vid ödenas berg.
Runtomkring som ovädersmoln
skockar sig formlösa väsen,
skymningsdjur, svartvingade,
fosforögda.

Stannar jag? Går jag?
Vägen ligger mörk.
Stannar jag fredlig här
vid foten av berget,
då rör mig ingen.

Lugn kan jag se deras kamp som
en dimmans lek i luften, själv
blott ett vilset öga.

Men går jag, går jag,
då vet jag ingenting mer.
För den som tar de stegen blir
livet saga.

Själv eld skall jag rida på
ringlande eldormar.

Själv vind skall jag flyga på
vingade vinddrakar.

Själv intet,
själv förlorad i stormen
slungas jag död eller levande
fram, ett öde framtidstungt

*At last I stand near
the mountain of the fates.
All around like stormclouds crowd
formless beings, creatures of the
twilight, black-winged,
phosphorous-eyed.*

*Shall I stay? Shall I go?
The road lies dark.
If I stay peacefully here
at the foot of the mountain,
then no one will touch me.*

*Calmly I can see their struggle like
a play of the mist in the air, myself
merely a lost eye.*

*But if I go, if I go,
then I shall know nothing more.
For the one who takes those steps
life becomes legend.*

*Myself fire I shall ride on coiling
snakes of fire.*

*Myself wind I shall fly on winged
wind-dragons.*

*Myself nothing,
myself lost in the storm
I shall fling myself forth dead or
living, a fate future-heavy.*

Till MacIvor Meyn

Professor of Music Theory and Composition

Till Meyn is Professor of Theory and Composition at Texas Christian University. He earned degrees from the University of Southern California, Indiana University, and the University of California San Diego. Till's music has had many performances in Europe and beyond; U.S. performances include those at Carnegie Hall, Bass Performance Hall, the Manhattan School of Music, ClarinetFest, the Biennial Saxophone Congress, the International Trombone Festival, the National Flute Association Convention, and the Intercollegiate Men's Choruses National Seminar at Harvard, among others.

His recent choral commission *Oculi in Astra* was premiered by the Singing Girls of Texas in Stockholm, Sweden in 2024. Till is often commissioned to compose new works, including a season-opening composition for the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra. Till's music is published by Alliance Music Publications, ALRY Publications, C. Alan Publications, ECS Publishing, GIA Publications, Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Walton Music, and self-published by Muse Worthy Music. For further information about commissioning and scores, please visit tillmeyn.com.

Concert Chorale Spring 2025

Christopher Aspaas, conductor

Sarah Gould and Debbie Seitter, assistant conductors

Cecilia Lo-Chien Kao, collaborative pianist

Mary Grace Abney

Adam Arntsen

Elliot Banks

Lindsay Bastian

Anna Borges

Casey Caldwell

Kolby Carpenter

Sofia Dahm

Kaylyn Davis

Kai Diamond

Catherine DiGrazia

Ahmed Elghazali

Brennan Fisher

Karolina Flores

Sarah Gould

Eduardo Guerrero

Owen Harvey

Samantha Irvin

Kaylyn Langham

Sara Lwin

Golda Marcello

Adrian Martinez

Tim McCracken

David McDaniel

Dory McDonald

Casey McEvoy

Ethan McGregor

Kelsey Miguel

Will Moeller

Charlie Nelson

Michelle Pearce

Alyssa Perrin

Miguel Pesce

Carson Scott

Debbie Seitter

Elijah Sones

Sarah Squires

Lydia Taylor

Jaydn Thompson

Cassie Westlund

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- Bachelor of Arts (BA)
- Master of Music in performance (MM)
- Master of Music in pedagogy (MM)
- Master of Music in choral conducting (MM)
- Doctor of Musical Arts in voice (DMA)
- Doctor of Musical Arts in conducting (DMA)

Full-Time Faculty

- Gwendolyn Alfred, Asst. Professor of Voice
- Christopher Aspaas, Director of Choral Activities
- Myles Pinder, Visiting Asst. Professor of Voice
- Amy Pummill-Stewart, Director of Vocal Jazz
- Marla Ringel, Choir and Music Education
- Twyla Robinson, Professional Practice in Voice
- James Rodriguez, Voice and Voice Pedagogy
- Corey Trahan, Director of Opera Theatre



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