

Claire Stephenson
composition

Bachelor of Music Recital, 2024
Student of Michael Gandolfi

Sunday, May 5, 2024
12:00 noon
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Claire Stephenson

Wind Quartet No. 1

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.

Isabel Evernham, flute
Alexander Lenser, oboe
Sarah Cho, clarinet
Adam Chen, bassoon

String Quartet No. 1

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.

Caroline Smoak, Tara Hagle, violin
Philip Rawlinson, viola
Miruna Eynon, cello

Wind Quintet No. 1

Isabel Evernham, flute
Alexander Lenser, oboe
Sarah Cho, clarinet
Connor Strauss, French horn
Adam Chen, bassoon

Three Scottish Dances

Strathspey

Reel

Jig

Isabel Evernham, flute

Alexander Lenser, oboe

Sarah Cho, clarinet

Connor Strauss, French horn

Adam Chen, bassoon

Intermission

Highland Mary

Corinne Luebke-Brown, soprano

Pualina Lim Mei En, piano

The Song of Wandering Aengus

Sianna Monti, mezzo-soprano

Isabel Evernham, Anna Ridenour, flute

Sarah Cho, clarinet

Shaylen Joos, harp

The Harp of Dagda

Golltraighe (the Grief Strain)

Genntraighe (the Joyful Strain)

Suantraighe (the Strain of Sleep)

Shaylen Joos, harp

To Sappho

Aislin Alancheril, Corinne Luebke-Brown,
soprano

Shaylen Joos, harp

Wind Quartet No. 1

This is a wind quartet inspired by the quartets of the classical era. It is the first piece I completed within my bachelor's degree. I have chosen this to open the concert in order to highlight where my journey began.

String Quartet No. 1

This string quartet explores the form and ideas of a traditional classical string quartet. The first movement is a sonata movement with a slow introduction that explores modality and counterpoint within this framework. The second movement is a theme and variation that explores both modality and tonality. The third movement subverts the traditional minuet and trio; instead being an Argentine style tango. The final movement explores folk styles within a traditional rondo form, harkening back to the first subject of the opening movement.

Wind Quintet No. 1

This wind quintet was built around the opening counterpoint, which I found produced a reflective feeling. The piece moves between sections of reflection and gentle sadness and more energetic sections. It paints a picture of the feeling of missing what once was.

Three Scottish Dances

This is a set of three short Scottish dances for wind quintet. The first movement is a Strathspey, which is a 4-time dance that traditionally mimics the rhythms of Scottish Gaelic songs. The second movement is a Reel, which traditionally follows from Strathspey as a faster duple follow up. The final movement is a traditional jig.

Highland Mary

This is a setting of Robert Burns' poem *Highland Mary*, the third of his poems to be dedicated to Mary Campbell. The verses capture both the affection Burns has for her and the melancholy brought about by her death. This piece highlights these feelings as well as bringing a Scottish quality to showcase Burns as the best-known poet of Scotland.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry:
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But Oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns

The Song of Wandering Aengus

This is a setting of William Butler Yeats' poem *The Song of the Wandering Aengus*. In this setting I wanted to create a peaceful mood that reflects the tranquillity and pastoral elements of the poem.

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

William Butler Yeats

The Harp of Dagda

Dagda is a figure within Irish mythology who was a sun god and father deity. His harp, Uaithne, also known as "the Four Angled Music", was a richly ornamented magic harp made of oak, which, when the Dagda played it, put the seasons in their correct order. This piece depicts the three strains that Dagda played after his harp was stolen by the Fomorians after the Tuatha de Danann (the gods and goddesses of Irish mythology) defeated them in battle. Upon retrieving his harp, Dagda first played the Golltraighe, or grief strain, which caused the women in the hall to weep uncontrollably. Then he played the Genntraighe, or joyful strain, which caused many among them to be incapacitated with merriment. Finally, he played the Suantraighe, or the strain of sleep, which caused the men to fall deeply asleep, allowing Dagda to escape with his harp.

To Sappho

Historians will call them best friends.

Tisseuse de violettes, chaste Psappha au sourire de miel, des paroles me montent aux lèvres, mais une pudeur me retient.

Si tu avais eu le désir des choses nobles ou belles, et si ta langue n'avait proféré une phrase vile, la pudeur n'aurait point fait baisser tes yeux, mais tu aurais parlé selon la justice.

Demeure mon ami, debout et face à face... et dévoile la bienveillance qui est dans tes yeux.

J'aime la délicatesse, et pour moi l'éclat et la beauté du soleil, c'est l'amour.

Toi et l'Erôs, mon serviteur...

Telle une douce pomme rougit à l'extrémité de la branche, à l'extrémité lointaine : les cueilleurs de fruits l'ont oubliée ou, plutôt, ils ne l'ont pas oubliée, mais ils n'ont pu l'atteindre.

Et toi, ô Dika ! ceins de guirlandes ta chevelure aimable, tresse les tiges du fenouil de tes tendres mains, car les vierges aux belles fleurs sont de beaucoup les premières dans la faveur des Bienheureuses : celles-ci se détournent des jeunes filles qui ne sont point couronnées.

Weaver of violets, chaste Sappha with a honeyed smile, words rise to my lips, but a modesty holds me back.

If you had desired noble or beautiful things, and if your tongue had not uttered a vile phrase, modesty would not have lowered your eyes, but you would have spoken with justice.

Remain my friend, upright and face to face... and reveal the benevolence which is in your eyes.

I love delicacy, and for me the radiance and beauty of the sun is love.

You and Eros, my servant...

Like a sweet apple blushes at the end of the branch, at the far end: the fruit pickers have forgotten it, or rather they have not forgotten it, but they could not reach it.

And you, O Dika! gird with garlands your lovely hair, braid the fennel stems with your tender hands, for the virgins with beautiful flowers are by far the first in the favour of the Blessed Ones: these turn away from young girls who are not crowned.

De tous les astres le plus beau les grandes chênes.

*L'Erôs a ployé mon âme, comme un vent,
Des montagnes tord et brise
Se souviendra dans l'avenir de nous.*

*Poetry fragments by Alcaeus of Mytilene and
Sappho, translated into French by Renée Vivien*

Of all the stars the evening is the most
beautiful,

Eros has bent my soul, like a wind,
Mountains twist and break
Someone will remember us.
I say even in another time

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