JON FREDERICKSON, Horn

in a
SENIOR RECITAL

Friday, May 24, 1974

Kane 210, 8:00 P.M.

Assisted by
Roupen Shakarian, Tenor
Elizabeth Dziekonski, Violin
Claire Sokol, Cello
Michael Bridgham, Piano
Howard Hoff, Piano

and

Violin
Tina Lowe
Linda Scott
Joan Kunkel

Viola
Janet Lynch
Judith Nelson
Doris Lederer

Cello
Rebecca Parker
Sara Lickey

Bass
Marlys Erickson

Program

Franz Strauss (1822-1905)
Prelude, Theme and Variations, Opus 13
Howard Hoff, Piano

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
Divertimento a tre for Violin, Horn and Cello
Theme and variations
Finale: Allegro

Intermission
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Performance</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Work</th>
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<tr>
<td>13:02</td>
<td>Sonata for Horn and Piano, Opus 17</td>
<td>LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)</td>
<td>Allegro moderato</td>
<td>12:59</td>
<td>Michael Bridgham, Piano</td>
<td>Poco adagio, quasi andante \ Rondo: Allegro moderato</td>
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<td>22:40</td>
<td>Serenade for Tenor Solo, Horn and Strings, Opus 31</td>
<td>BENJAMIN BRITTEN (b.1913)</td>
<td>Prologue \ Pastoral (Cotton) \ Nocturne (Tennyson) \ Elegy (Blake) \ Dirge (Anon, 15th century) \ Hymn (Ben Johnson) \ Sonnet (Keats) \ Epilogue</td>
<td>22:40</td>
<td>Jon Frederickson is a student of Christopher Leuba. This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music.</td>
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BRITTEN
(b. 1913)

Serenade for Tenor Solo, Horn and Strings, Opus 31

1. Prologue  Horn alone, to be played on natural harmonics

2. Pastoral  (Cotton

The day's grown old; the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run
And yet his Steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.
The shadows now so long do grow
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Mole hills seem like mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.
3. Nocturne (Tennyson)

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long night shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying.

4. Elegy (Blake)

O Rose, thou art sick
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark, secret love
Dears thy life destroy
5. Dirge (Anon., 15th century)

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnies shall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st pass
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o'Dread thou com'st at last
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o'Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

6. Hymn (Ben Johnson)

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep.
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep;  
Masperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made,  
Heav'n to clear when day did close:  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

7. Sonnet (Keats)

O soft embalmer of the still midnight  
Shutting with careful fingers and benign  
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, enowder'd from the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:  
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close  
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,  
Or wait the "Amen" ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities.  
Then save me, or the passed day will shine  
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,  
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;  
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,  
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

8. Epilogue: Horn alone, off stage (natural harmonics)