# Commencement Concert

*A selection of performances that were recorded during the 2020–2021 academic year*

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<th>Composers</th>
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<td>Antonín Dvořák</td>
<td><strong>Piano Quartet No. 2 in E-flat major, Op. 87</strong>&lt;br&gt;III. Allegro moderato, grazioso</td>
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<td>Johannes Brahms</td>
<td><strong>Clarinet Sonata in E-flat major, Op. 120, No. 2</strong>&lt;br&gt;III. Andante con moto – Allegro non troppo</td>
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<td>1833–1897</td>
<td>Hae Sol Amy Hur ’20MM ’21MMA, <em>clarinet</em>&lt;br&gt;Hyojin Shin ’22MM, <em>piano</em></td>
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<td>Jonathan Dove</td>
<td>Selections from <em>Out of Winter (2003)</em>&lt;br&gt;Robert Tear&lt;br&gt;IV. Song IV&lt;br&gt;V. Song VI</td>
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<td>b. 1959</td>
<td>Ryan Matthew Capozzo ’21MMA, <em>tenor</em>&lt;br&gt;Gerald Martin Moore, <em>collaborative pianist</em></td>
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<td>Ludwig van Beethoven</td>
<td><strong>Piano Sonata No. 32 in C minor, Op. 111</strong>&lt;br&gt;I. Maestoso</td>
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<td>1770–1827</td>
<td>Yi-Chen Feng ’21MM, <em>piano</em></td>
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<td>Gabriel Fauré</td>
<td><em>Elegy, Op. 24</em></td>
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<td>1845–1924</td>
<td>Emma Wernig ’21MM, <em>viola</em></td>
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<td>arr. Wernig</td>
<td>Seho Young ’21MM, <em>piano</em></td>
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<td>Florence Price</td>
<td>Selections from <em>44 Art Songs and Spirituals</em>&lt;br&gt;“The Glory Of The Day Was In Her Face”&lt;br&gt;“Resignation”</td>
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<td>1887–1953</td>
<td>Olivia Josephine Martinez ’21MM, <em>horn</em>&lt;br&gt;Nenad Ivovic ’19MMA, <em>collaborative pianist</em></td>
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<td>James Weldon Johnson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Composer</td>
<td>Work</td>
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Marvin Ren ’21MM, guitar |
Minji Nam, collaborative pianist |
| Maurice Duruflé  | *Suite for organ, Op. 5* III. *Toccata* | Carolyn Craig ’21MM, organ |

*Faculty*
Texts

_Out of Winter_
_Texts by Robert Tear_

_Song IV_

From that moment the vicar declined.  
He’d seen a vision; it wasn’t for him.  
His turkey-cock trot became a stoop,  
He was no longer for the heavenly coop.  
Those angels, how they sang, but not for him,  
_Crooning ‘Ephraim, Ephraim’, again and again_  
In organum, plainsong, polyphonous quatrains,  
‘Ephraim, Ephraim, Ephraim!’  
But not for him, but not for him.  
He’d never had a talent for God, and they knew,  
_Nor for the spirit nor kindness, and they knew._  
For LOVE, no idea above the celluloid collar.  
In his soul there was nothing but choler, and they knew.  
He thought frost was frost and dusk was dusk  
No idea of the numinous, the Great God in the dust.  
When he died, they buried his husk.  
No cherubim nor seraphim turned up for the task.

_Song VI_

And yet how Zadok and the Higher Ridge combine.  
The car drives on and we do not wipe our eyes  
And those other eyes in which we are reflected  
And those other souls by whom we feel neglected.  
How blessed may we be in such epiphany,  
When we can see, when we can truly see?

_Selection from 44 Art Songs and Spirituals_  

_“The Glory Of The Day Was In Her Face”_  
_Poem by James Weldon Johnson_

The glory of the day was in her face,  
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.  
And over all her loveliness, the grace  
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.  
And in her voice, the calling of the dove;  
Like music of a sweet, melodious part.  
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;  
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.  
And now the glorious day, the beauteous night,  
The birds that signal to their mates at dawn,  
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight  
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.
“Resignation”  
Words by Florence Price

My life is a pathway of sorrow;  
I’ve struggled and toiled in the sun  
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow  
would break on a work that is done.  
My Master has pointed the way,  
he taught me in prayer to say:  
“Lord, give us this day and our daily bread.”  
I hunger, yet I shall be fed.  
My feet, they are wounded and dragging;  
My body is tortured with pain;  
My heart, it is shattered and flagging,  
What matter, if, Heaven I gain.  
Of happiness once I have tasted;  
‘Twas only an instant it paused  
tho’ brief was the hour that I wasted  
For ever the woe that it caused  
I’m tired and want to go home.  
My mother and sister are there;  
They’re waiting for me to come  
Where mansions are bright and fair.