



COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas  
College of Music

Student Recital | Saturday, April 6, 2024 | 8:00 pm | MEIT (M1001)

**Alden Bostwick, composer and singer  
album release *Somewhere Wild***

A Life That's Mine (2023) .....Alden Bostwick (b. 1998)  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello, Colin Stokes

Annie Lee (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Colin Stokes

The Double Down (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Agustín Alonso, Colin Stokes

July Moon (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello, Colin Stokes,  
Rebecca Lang, Heather Pryse, Kara Bonordan

Abide (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Agustín Alonso, Colin Stokes

The Land by Piney River (2024) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello, Colin Stokes

Still Quiet Moments (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello, Colin Stokes

The Old Man and the Sea (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello

We're On Our Way to a National Park (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello

Somewhere Wild, Way Back and  
Tucked Away (2023) .....Alden Bostwick  
arr. Jeffrey Hepker  
Alden Bostwick, Jeffrey Hepker, Justin Friello, Colin Stokes

**Seven hundred seventy-third program of the 2023–2024 season  
Photography and videography are prohibited**

### **A Life That's Mine**

I can picture it right now,  
Runnin' an artist studio  
Piano lessons, pottery  
Just a few minutes down the road  
From the town tucked amidst the  
prairie  
Where the goldfinches sing  
An ocean of tall grass  
Ripples slowly through the windy  
plains  
On Sundays I'd go fishin'  
After choir and church minglin'  
Then I'd say hello to grammy  
And mom and Uncle Steve  
Invite them to a potluck,  
Then wander home to read,  
The peace and quiet makin'  
perfect company

I could buy that house on  
Oak Street

I could make my life seem fine,  
I should sacrifice for family  
I should settle down and realize  
My years are better spent  
Tracing these preconceived  
straight lines

But hidden deep down I know,  
That life wouldn't be mine

Home is where the heart is, but  
what if

My home's somewhere else?  
What am I willing to give  
To not be angry with myself?  
There's a life laid out right down  
the road

And I could stay here  
And be stagnant, but known  
I'm scared of never growing wise  
And at the same time growing old

I could rent that house on  
Oak Street  
That might buy me extra time  
To figure out my family  
What I want before I die  
My years may well be better spent  
Living a peaceful, pretty lie  
But hidden deep down I know  
I wanna build a life that's mine

### **Annie Lee**

In a town down by the sea,  
Lived a young girl fair and free  
With eyes as bright as the stars  
She waited every day  
for the man who said he'd be  
Takin' her out west to be wed

Oh, Annie Lee, little Annie Lee  
Cowboys can rarely be trusted  
Western roads lead to places  
Wild and unfree  
Where a man's heart  
must be confronted

But young Annie was convinced  
And she let him lead her west  
To the land of red rock and pines  
But it wasn't long until  
He had Annie's spirit tamed  
By his tricks and his fist and his lies

Oh Annie Lee, Oh Annie Lee  
Cowboys can rarely be trusted  
Western rivers may run clear  
And her sunrises revered  
But her beauty hides devils within

Now our girl Annie had a choice  
To suck it up or find her voice  
She had to get back to the sea  
And with some planning and  
some luck  
Found desert thorn and cooked it up  
And her cowboy disappeared in  
the breeze

Oh Annie Lee, that good good  
Annie Lee  
I wish she had given that ring up to  
the sea  
But fate intervened  
And now she gets to be  
As free as a sparrow in the wind

Today Ol' Annie sits  
In her cottage by the sea  
Waitin' for the boats to come in  
Her true honey never came  
But she found love all the same  
In her songs and the stars and her  
gin

### The Double Down

There were no winners in your war  
Lonely nights and egos sore  
She always thought she was a  
fighter  
Until you became a liar  
Now she's not so sure  
A family man who clowned around  
Most of your circus acts were never  
found  
A priest advised she repent  
For the strip clubs you would  
frequent  
A double life that doubled down  
She didn't need a knight in shinin'  
armor  
A wrangler on his steed  
A smooth-talkin' yuppie  
Or a man who cared for every  
need  
That girl deserved somethin'  
You could never fully offer  
She only wanted you to love her  
Their hometown thought they'd  
be someones  
Hail holy Marys under Kansas sun  
She cried for you so often  
Her dry hopes were exhausted  
Prairie ships had run aground  
A box of your clothes still sits in her  
basement  
She sifts through them from time to  
time  
Wondering how the plan fell  
through  
Cuz your children's children will  
never know you  
Your children's children will never  
know you  
She didn't need a knight in shinin'  
armor  
A wrangler on his steed  
A smooth-talkin' yuppie  
Or a man who cared for every  
need  
That girl deserved somethin'  
You could never fully offer  
She only wanted you to love her  
A family man who clowned around  
Some strange part of her  
Still wants to make you proud  
She won't forget your secrets  
With memories so frequent  
Her double life has doubled down  
The double down, the double down

### July Moon

Oh the July Moon and I  
Sang sweet songs all through the  
night  
Deciding how we'd like to live our  
lives  
If we could do it all again  
The July moon and I  
Made a pact to meet the wind  
Winding roads concealed for miles  
Rocky Mountain-flowered cabins  
Up on top the mountain  
We would pray for all our sins  
We would find old Johnny Denver  
And ask him to sing again  
And when the day was through  
I'd admit that I missed you  
To my July moon, July moon  
Oh my July moon and I found  
Clear blue rivers down the way  
And an old saloon called "Dirty  
Sheila's"  
Callin' out our names  
Sheila sure made 'em strong,  
Cowboys cowboied all day long  
But I fought 'em off with songs of  
Sad heart-broken maidens  
Up on top bar tables,  
I prayed for all our sins  
That we would find old Johnny  
Denver  
So he could sing again  
And when the songs were through  
I did admit I still missed you  
To my July moon, and the cowboys  
and my  
July moon  
Now it's almost August  
Autumn's just around the bend  
Rocky Mountain-snow cabins  
The aspen leaves are turnin'  
We'll just have to wait for next  
summer...

## **Abide**

You were a child and I was a child in the land by the sea  
You're still so wild and I'm still too mild  
Deep down the salt is sorry  
A whisper blows through the willows at night,  
Reminding me of your eyes in pale light  
And I worry those years were just stories

There's been tall tales you've traveled  
'Round all seven seas  
Have a fancy new job in a fancy new city  
I don't want to tie you to little old me  
But on your last visit, you didn't seem happy  
I don't want to tie you to little old me  
But for the record, I'd ask you to abide by me

Abide by me, I'm asking you to stay  
The red years fell apart, but we don't have to end that way  
Fast falls the tide, will you and I abide?

On the mornings I disappear to sing of you  
A goliath-sized longing runs right through  
My instincts were wrong, empty hands don't belong  
To the tides we once knew, I long that life with you

I'm done bidding my time to get back to your street  
In our sleepy beach town where you'll never find peace  
I don't want to tie you to little old me  
You know well good people leave

Abide by me, I'm asking you to stay  
I long that life someday

Fast falls the tide, will you and I abide?

## **The Land by Piney River**

Down by Piney River is a little plot of land  
Perfect for a house with French pane windows and roses  
If I could I would've bought it fifteen years ago  
Before the world became one damn corrupted quid pro quo  
But we've almost just enough, love, to build our house among the pines  
A few more months of savin', we'll leave these lean years behind  
Someday we'll go to a place we call home  
Where the dirt under our feet is ours and ours alone  
We can build a life where dust dreams become worn  
Where dark finds the dawn, where we won't feel numb  
That day will come (hmm)  
Our little plot by Piney will sell by the end of May  
To a billionaire from Dallas who'll never walk its clay  
Their rodeo portfolios I can't seem to climb  
A country filled with acres, but not a one that I can buy  
I can't afford my whiskey, hell, I can't afford to die  
But we try and we try and we try  
If there's no place left, maybe they'll let us buy the sky

My hands are tied  
My hands are tied  
I go past Piney River every now and then  
Only now it's filled with concrete and luxury apartments  
Those pretty purple asters that dot the wild grass  
Turned into a river of cold, heartless cash  
What will we have to pay to get our dignity back?

### **Still Quiet Moments**

As the night gets quiet  
And my heart turns to stone  
Your easy presence biases  
My spirit, worn and old  
I find new ways to love you  
When the dark grows cold  
As the night goes quiet  
You meet me at my soul

I'd search every backroad  
And drive through every storm  
If it meant a few more hours  
With you home safe and warm  
I'd sell my priceless treasures  
I'd welcome every fear  
Darlin' I'd do whatever  
To keep you with me here

In these still quiet moments  
I love so deeply I couldn't  
Imagine a world without you  
In your arms I am finally  
Home right where I want to be  
The search up the mountain is  
through

In these still quiet moments  
I can't remember your absence  
My bones ache for more and more  
I've waited all these years  
To tether to someone sincere  
A ship pulled back to the shore

In these still quiet moments  
I love so deeply I couldn't  
Imagine a world without you  
In your arms I am finally  
Home right where I want to be  
The search up the mountain is  
through  
My search up the mountain is  
through

A simple peace comes over me  
When I see you in the rain  
It reminds me that this love  
Will never wash away  
I think I've always known you  
That we've always sung this song  
Our fates are so entangled  
They'll go on and on and on

## **The Old Man and the Sea**

There was blood on his hands when he jumped the ship. He left so fast, I barely felt it. Mama cried, brother said goodbye, and I was left with pieces of a life he had created, alone, with no true home.

Through the years I found my way, and met some men that took away. And though they were no good for me, at least they stayed. At least they stayed. We needed time. We needed bricks, to build back the years we left unfixed. But bricks drown in the ocean, years don't happen in slow motion and some people change like red oaks in the fall.

He didn't know me at all.

After some years they found the man. He was old and worn and not the captain I remembered from the silver days. Turns out he searched for years around the big old blue, but we were searching different seas for strangers who both knew that time would catch them someday soon.

Oh a lot of things went unresolved between my old man and me, but I suppose it doesn't matter now cuz he's forever lost at sea. Maybe in another life we'll get the time we need. But I suppose it doesn't matter now cuz he's forever lost at sea.

## **We're on Our Way to a National Park**

I've been to the Tetons  
Still got White Sand in my boots  
I've seen Joshua Trees and Tortuga  
seas

With my trusty Subaru  
Got some nasty blisters in the  
Everglades  
Was blown away by Wind Cave  
Delicate Arch in Moab's  
Certainly Worth the Climb  
Whether you're campin' or day  
hikin',  
Balayin' or bikin'  
I'd invite you to explore the land  
That's your land and mine

If you're a hikin'-boot wearin'  
Star-gazin', regular Old Faithful  
I'd love to have you join me on  
the road  
Grab a canteen and a compass  
And your wanderin' heart  
We're on our way to a national  
park

Don't wake the sleepin' bear  
'Till the sunrise hits Acadia  
Before we reach the Appalachians  
Let's pitstop at REI  
We'll go from east to west  
Decide which parks are the best  
And we have to stop at Capitol  
Reef

To taste test the cherry pie  
We'll climb up Mount Rainier  
Soak in Hot Springs, persevere  
Get locked away like Birdman in  
ol' Alcatraz  
It won't hurt my feelins if you tire  
on the way  
The giant redwoods'll still be waitin'  
Prayin' you'll visit them someday

There ain't nothin quite like clouds  
Rollin' over northern pines  
I'd invite you to support the land  
That's your land and mine

If you're a hikin'-boot wearin'  
Star-gazin', regular Old Faithful  
I'd love to have you join me on  
the road  
Grab a canteen and a compass  
And your wanderin' heart  
We're on our way to a national park  
We're on our way to a national park!

### **Somewhere Wild, Way Back, and tucked Away**

I've been workin' all day with no windows and pay  
That's barely enough for the bills  
Workin' hard ain't hardly workin'  
Cuz I'm drownin' in this world  
If I had the chance to leave  
I'd hop on the next flight to Italy  
Where I'd finally have some time for me  
Aperol and aperitifs, thank you mam' and  
Si grazi, that'd be me  
I often feel a disconnection  
Between my life now and younger dreams  
Mama keeps askin' when I'll marry, but I don't  
Need more trouble followin' me  
Any roots planted here won't grow too deep  
But if I could leave this town, I'd leave  
Oh if I could leave this town I'd leave  
And where I'll go I'll stay  
Somewhere wild, way back, and tucked away  
Where blue mountains break daylight  
And the neighbors know your name  
Somewhere wild, way back, and tucked away  
I'd buy an old cabin and fix it up nice  
Add a yellow front door and some Queen Anne's lace  
A place to write poems, and read, and seek  
The time I don't have, and funds I can't find  
I work hard every day and it ain't worth a dime  
For a sliver of this world  
A little slice of heaven is all I really need  
I swear someday I'll go searchin' for  
The life I'm meant to lead  
And where I'll go I'll stay  
Somewhere wild, way back, and tucked away  
Where blue mountains break daylight  
And the neighbors know your name  
Somewhere wild, way back, and tucked away

There are some songs that echo in our cold, tired hearts long after the music has ended. With words that sound like honey, these songs are givers. They give, and they give, and they give as we, the takers, start to feel our thick, unmoving, restless souls loosen. And soon we are wandering the oceans, hiking up clear forests to swim in mountain lakes, laughing like old friends and giving much more than we take. We realize that we're tired of being mild. Tired of holding on to anger and swallowing the bile. And suddenly we know, with the blind hope of a child, that where we really need to be... is somewhere wild.

**Agustín Alonso, piano/percussion**

**Kara Bonorden, vocals**

**Justin Friello, guitar/vocals**

**Jeffrey Hepker, piano/percussion/professor**

**Rebecca Lang, bass**

**Heather Pryse, vocals**

**Colin Stokes, cello**

**special thanks to Kirsten Haddox and Reagan Maginn**