



COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas
College of Music

Faculty & Student Recital | Friday, October 13, 2023 | 8:00 pm | Voertman Hall

WORKS BY STEVEN HARLOS (B. 1953)

Songs of Innocence..... 1982

1. Introduction
2. Infant Joy
3. The Lamb

Jessica Glenn, soprano • Jiaqi Li, flute/piccolo
Jiaqi Chen, piano

Sonata Rubata 2002

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante sostenuto
- III. Theme and Variations

Hyeyeon Kim, flute/alto flute/piccolo • Hongling Liang, piano

Sonata No. 2, "Billiana" 2020; rev. 2022

- I. Prelude
- II. Fields of Joy
- III. Through a Glass, Darkly
- IV. A Song of the Heart
- V. Postlude

Kimberly Cole Luevano, clarinet • Steven Harlos, piano

Song Transcriptions

Après un rêve 2021

Nicole Qingfangdong Ying, piano

Frühlingsglaube Etude 2023

Steven Harlos, piano

Avenue C Stomp.....2017

Chris McGuire, clarinet • Trenton Barnes, cornet
Ryan Parker, trombone • Steven Harlos, piano
Drew Phelps, bass • Ron Fink, drumset

Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.

'Piper, pipe that song again.'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

Infant Joy

'I have no name;
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!
--William Blake (1757–1827)

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaït ton
image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,

Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix
pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé
par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre

Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieus pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,

Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes
mensonges;

Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!
--Romain Bussine (1830–1899);
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden
mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:

Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.
--Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862);
Franz Schubert (1797–1828), D. 686;
Franz Liszt (1811–1886), S. 558

After a dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision
of you

I dreamed of happiness, fervent
illusion,

Your eyes were softer, your voice
pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by
the dawn;

You called me and I departed the
earth

To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds
for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours,
celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from
dreams!

I summon you, O night, give me
back your delusions;

Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

--trans. Richard Stokes

Faith In Spring

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.

O fresh scents, O new sounds!

Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.

Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;

the flowering knows no end.

The deepest, most distant valley is in
flower.

Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

--trans. Richard Wigmore