

BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS

JEANETTE ODELL, CLARINET

IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
BACHELOR OF MUSIC, MUSIC EDUCATION DEGREE REQUIREMENTS

ASSISTED BY TERRIE ROBINSON

DAVID EICHMANN, BARITONE

IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
BACHELOR OF ARTS, MUSIC DEGREE REQUIREMENTS

ASSISTED BY ALAN LUDWIG

FRIDAY
APRIL 5, 1974

8:15 P.M.
RECITAL HALL

*****PROGRAM*****

Difesa Non Ha.....Alessandro Scarlatti

Homeward Bound.....C. V. Stanford
from "Songs of the Sea"

Assisted by

Glen Grant, Tenor Don Walkup, Baritone
Mike Peters, Tenor Jim Dobson, Bass

Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves!..... G. F. Handel
from "Scorpio"

DAVID EICHMANN

Fantasy Pieces for Clarinet and Piano.....Robert Schumann

1. *Zart und mit Ausdruck*
2. *Lebhaft, leicht*

Assisted by

Terrie Robinson, Piano

JEANETTE ODELL

An die ferne GeliebteL. Von Beethoven

1. *Opus 98*

Assisted by

Alan Ludwig

DAVID EICHMANN

Sonate for Clarinet and Piano.....Paul Hindemith

1. *Massig bewegt*
2. *Lebhaft*
3. *Sehr langsam*
4. *Kleines Rondo, gemachlich*

Assisted by

Terrie Robinson, Piano

JEANNETTE ODELL

If My Complaints Could Passions Move.....John Dowland

Assisted by

Lonnie Mardis, Guitar

Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Charles Ives

Nevermore Shall Prayer.....Howard Hanson
from "Merry Mount"

Assisted by

Alan Ludwig

DAVID EICHMANN

Sonata for Clarinet and Piano in B^b.....Francis Poulenc

1. *Allegro Tristamente*

JEANNETTE ODELL

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

- April 6-7 Federated Music Clubs College Auditions
Music Auditorium
- 8 Senior Recital - Kevin Kircher, Violin
MD-111 8:15 p.m.
- 9 Senior Recital - Debbie and Ken Peckham, Clarinet,
Bassoon
- 11 Senior Recital - Laura Von der Heide, Violin
Nancy Moon, Voice
- 13 Community Concert Boise High School 8:15 p.m.
- 16 Percussion Ensemble Music Auditorium 8:15 p.m.
- 19 Orchestra Concert Music Auditorium 8:15 p.m.
- 20 BSU Scholarship Auditions All day
- 21 Concert Band/College Singers Music Aud. 8:15p.m.
- 23 Philharmonic Capital High School 8:15 p.m.
- 24 Darlene Meyer, Piano Music Auditorium
Patty Berg, Voice 8:15 p.m.
- 26 Senior Recital - Lissa Nishitani, Piano
Music Auditorium 8:15 p.m.
- 27 Martin Buff - Recital, Recital Hall 3:00 p.m.
- 28 Gary Kautenburg Senior Recital, Percussion
2:00 p.m. Music Auditorium
- 29 Senior Composition Recital - Kevin Kircher
Music Auditorium 8:15 p.m.

An die ferne Geliebte
(To the distant Beloved)

Alois Jeitteles

1.

On the hill I sit, staring
into the blue, misty land,
looking for the distant pastures
where I found you, my beloved.

I am far away from you,
between us lie hill and valley,
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our torment.

Ah, you cannot see my eyes
searching so ardently for you,
and my sighs dispersed
in the space that separates us.

Will then nothing any longer reach you,
nothing be a messenger of love?
I will sing you songs
complaining of my agony!

For song effaces
all space and all time,
and a loving heart attains
that to which a loving heart consecrates itself.

Where the blue mountains
 look down **from the misty gray,**
 Where the sun ceases to glow,
 Where the cloud encircles,
 there would I be!

There in the restful valley
 pain and affliction are still,
 Wherever among the stones
 silently the primrose meditates,
 Wherever the winds stir so lightly,
 There would I be!

To the dreaming forest love's power urges me on,
 sickness of heart,
 Ah, I would not stir from here if, dear,
 I could be forever with you!

3.

Light clouds above,
 and you, brooklet, small and narrow,
 should my love espy you
 greet her for me many thousand times.

Ye clouds, if you see her walking
 thoughtfully in the silent valley,
 let my image arise before her
 in the airy hall of heaven.
 Should she stand by the bushes,
 now withered and lifeless in the autumn,
 lament to her of what has happened to me,
 complain to her, little bird, of my torment!

Silent west wind, as you drift
 yonder to my heart's chosen one,
 bear my sighs, which die
 like the last rays of the sun.

These clouds above,
 these birds in happy passage,
 will see you, my goddess.
 Take me with you in gentle flight!

This west wind will drift
 playfully about your cheek and bosom,
 blow through your silken hair!
 Oh, that I could share this pleasure!

Away from that hill to you
 eagerly this brooklet hurries.
 If her image should be reflected in you,
 flow back then without delay!

May comes again, the meadows are in bloom,
 The breezes stir so gently, so warmly,
 Chattering, the brooks are now running.
 The swallow returns to the hospitable roof,
 She builds so eagerly her bridal chamber--
 love must dwell in it.

She brings busily from all directions
 many a piece to warm the little ones.
 Now the couple live so faithfully together,
 what winter has parted, May binds together;
 whatever is in love, he can unite.

May comes again, the meadows are in bloom,
 the breezes stir so gently, so warmly,
 only I can not go away from here.
 Though all things in love are united by spring,
 to our love alone no spring appears,
 and tears are its only reward.

Take them, then, beloved, these songs
which I have sung to you.
Sing them again in the evening,
to the sweet sound of the lute!

When the red of twilight moves
toward the still blue lake,
and its last ray dies out
over yonder mountaintop.

And you sing what I have sung,
what from my full breast
has artlessly sounded,
conscious only of its longing,

Then these songs will cause to yield
that which has kept us so far apart
and a loving heart attains
that to which a loving heart consecrates itself.