

Presents

Sigma Alpha Iota
Theta Beta Chapter
Fall Musicales and MIT Recital

Tuesday, November 13, 2012 ♦ 7:30 PM
Performance Center ♦ Mason Hall



**Sigma Alpha Iota – Theta Beta chapter
Fall Musicale and MIT Recital**

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Nocturne et Allegro Scherzando P. Gaubert
(1879-1941)

Olivia Brown, flute

Widmung..... R. Schumann
(1810-1856)

Lacy Taylor, soprano
Meg Griffin, accompanist

Three Intermezzi for clarinet and piano Op.13 No.2C.V. Stanford
(1852-1924)

Katrina Self, Clarinet

Rose Petals..... Margaret Winings Cook

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Piangero la Sorte Mia..... G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Ellen Abney, soprano
Meg Griffin, accompanist

Midnight Euphonium G. Richards
(1944-2011)

Lauralee Peek, euphonium
Tom Burnett, accompanist

Let's Play a Love SceneS. Margoshes
from *Fame*

Brianna Garret, alto
Meg Griffin, accompanist

~Ruby Sword of Honor Ceremony~

Mazurka in B minor Op. 30, No.2 F. Chopin
(1810-1849)

Christina Booker, piano

Morceau de Concours..... G. Faure
(1845-1924)

Ashlee Prater, flute

Ouvre ton Coeur G. Bizet
(1838-1875)

Kaitlyn Graves, soprano
Meg Griffin, accompanist

To Music..... Dorothy Weber Melin

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When I have Sung my Songs..... E. Charles
(1895-1984)

Bekah James, soprano
Meg Griffin, accompanist

Natsukage J. Maeda
I. movement (b. 1975)

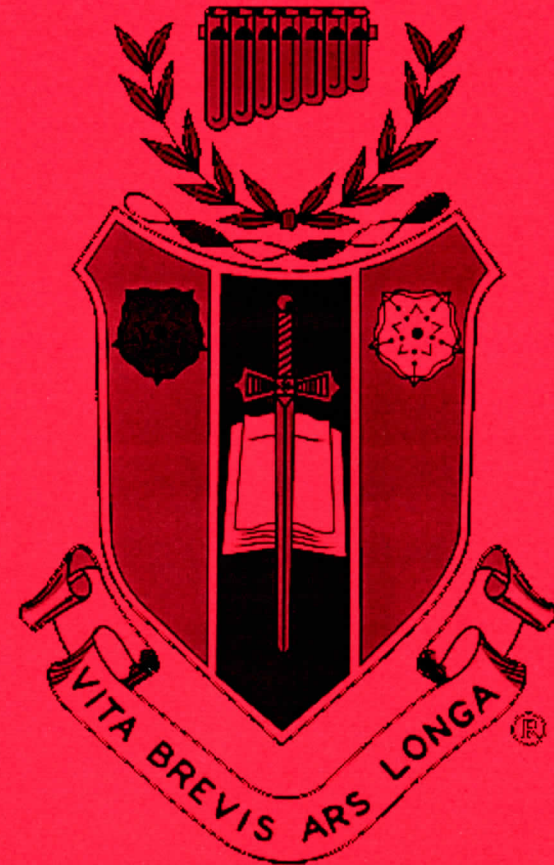
Mandy Clayton, flute
Lindsey Cochran, clarinet

Improvisation No. 7 in C Major F. Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Meg Griffin, piano

So that a dream may enchant your sleep.
I wish to reclaim my soul,
As a flower turns to the sun!

Program Notes



Congratulations to the Fall 2012 MIT Class

Ashlee Prater
Big: Cassie Peusch

Brianna Garret
Big: Meg Griffin

Katrina Self
Big: Katie Harris

Bekah James
Big: Kaitlyn Graves

Translations

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,
o you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.
You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
your gaze transfigures me;
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

Piangero la Sorte Mia

Thus, in a single day,
Must I lose ceremony and greatness? Alas, wicked fate!
Caesar, my godlike beloved, is probably dead, Cornelia and
Sextus are defenseless and cannot come to my aid. O gods!
There is no hope left to my life
I shall lament my fate, so cruel and pitiless, as long as I have
breath in my breast. But when I am dead my ghost will,
wherever he may be, torment the tyrant by night and by day

Ouvre ton Coeur

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for the day.
Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, o young angel, to my flame