which the rest of the piece cannot wrest itself. *Consolation in Moscow* is an imaginary meeting between Liszt, the composer of *Consolations*, and Rachmaninoff, the composer/pianist from Moscow. Each composer is represented by his distinctive harmonic or pianist style. The two composers are favorites of Brenton Dunnington, by whom *Short Stories* was commissioned.

**Plainsound Glissando Modulation Region I by Wolfgang von Schweinitz**

The composer has written, “How can a viable completely microtonal music be made (and function in some graceful way) in which as many different pitches of the glissando continuum as possible are distinguished and tuned harmonically to each other? – How can this vast microtonal pitch repertoire successfully be made accessible by a refined and rigorous application of nontempered just intonation, so that a wealth of complex harmonic sounds will emerge: surprising new consonances and new dissonances that will immediately make sense to the ear, even if they may have never been heard before? – How can the old performance practice of just intonation be revitalized in a concerted effort of composers and performers to explore and demonstrate its striking brilliance and sonority (that excites us so much in the performance of classical Indian music), so that it may perhaps find new friends within the realm of Western music as well? – How can some efficacious tuning and ensemble playing techniques be developed and practiced that will enable us to familiarize ourselves with the specific timbres (‘periodic signatures’) of the various microtonal just intervals, so that these sounds may indeed become readily retrievable with an astounding degree of precision? – Which aesthetic and structural concepts can be derived directly from these new virtuoform tuning and performance techniques? – How can the counterpoint and its instrumentation be optimized in order to support the intonation in each instance? – And how can a continuous melodic flow of sound progressions be generated by meaningful microtonal modulations between these expressive new harmonies incorporating natural sevenths, tuned quartetones and other just intervals with frequency ratios based on the higher partials, like 13, 17, 19, or perhaps even 23? These are some of the basic questions I kept asking myself while composing the highly demanding intonation studies.”

**Folk Songs by Luciano Berio**

The composer has written: “I have always sensed a profound uneasiness while listening to popular songs performed with piano accompaniment. This is one of the reasons why, in 1964, I wrote *Folk Songs* - a tribute to the artistry and the vocal intelligence of Cathy Berberian. This work exists in two versions: one for voice and seven players (flute/ piccolo, clarinet, two percussionists, harp, viola, cello), the other for voice and orchestra (1973). It is an anthology of eleven folk songs of various origins (United States, Armenia, France, Sicily, Sardinia, etc.), chosen from old records, printed anthologies, or heard sung from folk musicians and friends. I have given the songs a new rhythmic and harmonic interpretation: in a way, I have recomposed them. The instrumental part has an important function: it is meant to underline and comment on the expressive and cultural roots of each song. Such roots signify not only the ethnic origins of the songs but also the history of the authentic uses that have been made of them. Two of the eleven songs (“La donna ideale” and “Ballo”) are only intentionally popular: I composed them myself in 1947 to anonymous Genoese and Sicilian texts.”—notes by Christopher Poovey
PROGRAM (cont’d)

Plainsound Glissando Modulation
Region 1 (2007) ........................................ Wolfgang von Schweinitz (b. 1953)

Terra Warger, violin • Josh Lambert, double bass

Folk Songs (1964) ........................................................Luciano Berio (1925-2003)
1. Black is the color... (United States)
2. I wonder as I wander (United States)
3. Loosin yelav... (Armenia)
4. Rossignolet du bois (France)
5. A la femminisca (Sicily)
6. La donna ideale (Italy)
7. Ballo (Italy)
8. Motettu de tristura (Sardinia)
9. Malurous qu’ uno fenno (Auvergne)
10. Lo fiolairé (Auvergne)
11. Azerbaijan love song (Azerbaijan)

Morgan Horning, soprano • Martin Godoy, flute and piccolo
Aileen Razey, clarinet • Kathleen Crabtree, viola
Kourtney Newton, cello • Urszula Rucka, harp
Nicholas Bolchoz and Anthony Chan, percussion

Ji Yim, conductor

PROGRAM NOTES

Á bout ‘de Bras by Georges Aperghis
Written in 1989, Á bout de Bras, which translates to “at arm’s length” explores the extremes of both the oboe and clarinet. In the piece, tension is created through loud high-pitched quartertone intervals which seem to slide in and out of focus as the oboe and clarinet voices cross each other. This and other of his works are characterized by a questioning about languages and meaning. His compositions explore the borders of the intelligible; he likes to create a new twist. Aperghis' music is not strictly linked to any dominant musical aesthetics of the contemporary musical creation, but follows on from an open world of intellectual and social fields.

Child Song by Chinary Ung
This fall, many ensembles - including NOVA - are performing works by Chinary Ung to celebrate his 75th birthday. Child Song was commissioned to celebrate Jerome Apfel’s 56th birthday in 1985, and was written when the composer’s wife was pregnant. The piece exists in multiple versions. Violist Susan Ung has written about the trio version of the piece: “Child Song was the first piece Chinary Ung composed after a long hiatus from 1974-1985, with the exception of Khse Buon (1980) for solo cello/viola. During that period, for the most part, Chinary Ung was preoccupied with catastrophic events in Cambodia. He taught himself to play the roneat-ek, the Cambodian xylophone of the pinpeat tradition, and was quite active performing. This was a time when many Cambodian artists and refugees were concerned about preserving this music, especially after the loss of so many of their master artists during the holocaust there. It could be said that of any of the works Ung has written, Child Song most reflects certain aspects and mannerisms of his native musical elements including the roneat-ek and the pinpeat tradition. The work utilizes various modes from different parts of Asia, although at times, these are mingled with various Western contemporary idioms, and clusters of derivative materials are introduced simultaneously. Ung has also paraphrased a Cambodian children’s song, which is heard in the middle section.”

Bones by Stuart Saunders Smith
Bones, written for two or three melody instruments, piano, and percussion features indeterminate elements beyond the choice of instrumentation. While he supplies “parts” for the players, Smith describes a formal scheme which includes various guidelines. The music is written in rhythmic notation and contains little improvisation, though the performers (individually and collectively) must decide upon division of materials, tempi, articulation, rests, and expression. Smith considers himself a confessional composer. With each piece, he proclaims and reconsiders his core beliefs, sound by sound, in the context of decades of music-making. Smith holds that each sound is intelligent, and when listened to, can direct the course of events in the composition. So, Smith listens to each sound to tell him what sound should come next, until the piece is finished.

Short Stories by Bruce Broughton
The Zahir is from a story by Borges; the zahir is an object that is unforgettable. In the Borges story, the zahir was a coin. In this piece, the zahir is the opening four chords, from

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Photography and videography are prohibited.

Three hundred sixth program of the 2017-2018 season.
**Lo fiolairé**
Ton qu’èrè pitchounèlo
Gordavè loui moutous,
Lirou lirou lirou …
Lirou la diri tou la lara.
Obio n’o connoulhèto
E n’ai prèz un poistrou.
Lirou lirou, etc.
Per fa lo biroduetó
 Mé domond’ un poutou.
Lirou lirou, etc.
E ieu sou pas ingrato:
En liè d’un nin fau dous!
Lirou lirou, etc.

**Azerbaijan love song**
Da maedsen bil de maenæs
di dilamnanai ai nanina
go shadaemae hey ma naenæs yar
go shadaemae hey ma naenæs
sen ordan chaxeman boordan
tcholoxæ mae dish ma naenæs yar
tcholoxæ mae dish ma naenæs
ekæzbe li nintché dirai nintché
lebleri gontchaæ derai gontchaæ
ekæzbe linini je deri nintché
lebleri gontcha de le gontcha
na plitie korshis sva doi
ax kroo gomshoo nyaka mae shi
ax pastoi xanaem pastoi
jar doo shi ma nie patooshi
go shadaemae hey ma naenæs yar
go shadaemae hey ma naenæs
sen ordan chaxeman boordan
tcholoxæ mae dish ma naenæs yar
tcholoxæ mae dish ma naenæs
ekæzbe li nintché dirai nintché
lebleri gontchaæ derai gontchaæ
nie didj dom ik diridit
boost ni dietz stayoo zaxadit
ootch to boodit ai palam
syora die limtchést snova papalam

**Azerbaijan love song**

**The spinner**
When I was a little girl
I tended the sheep.
Lirou lirou lirou …
Lirou la diri tou la lara.
I had a little staff
and I called a shepherd to me.
Lirou lirou, etc.
For looking after my sheep
he asked me for a kiss.
Lirou lirou, etc.
And I, not one to be mean,
Gave him two instead of one.
Lirou lirou, etc.

**The moon has risen**
When I was a little girl
I tended the sheep.
Lirou lirou lirou …
Lirou la diri tou la lara.
I had a little staff
and I called a shepherd to me.
Lirou lirou, etc.
For looking after my sheep
he asked me for a kiss.
Lirou lirou, etc.
And I, not one to be mean,
Gave him two instead of one.
Lirou lirou, etc.

**Black is the color...**
Black is the color
Of my true love’s hair,
His lips are something rosy fair,
The sweetest smile
And the kindest hands;
I love ... love the grass where on he goes;
If he no more on earth will be,‘Twill surely be the end of me.
Black is the color, etc.

**I wonder as I wander**
I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus our Savior did come for to die
For poor orn’ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.
When Mary birthed Jesus ‘twas in a cow stall
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,
But high from the Heavens a star’s light did fall
The promise of ages it then did recall.
If Jesus had wanted of any weee thing
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God’s angels in Heavn’ for to sing
He surely could have had it ’cause he was the king.

**Loosin yelav...**
Loosin yelav ensareetz
Saree partzòr gadareetz
Shegleeg megleeg yeresov
Pòrvetz kedneen loosni dzov.
Jan a loosin
Jan ko loosin
Jan ko gòlor sheg yeresen
Xavarn arten tchòkatzav
Oo el kedneen tchògatzav
Loosni loosov halatvazd.
Moot amberi metch mônadz.
Jan a loosin, etc.

**The spinner**

**Loosin yelav...**

**The moon has risen**

**Black is the color...**

**I wonder as I wander**
Rossignol du bois
Je m’en vais vous le dire, Faut chanter des aubades. Deux heures après minuit, Faut lui chanter : ‘La belle, C’est pour vous réjouir’.
On m’avait dit, la belle, Que vous avez des pommes, Des pommes de renettes Qui sont dans vos’’ jardin.
Permettez-moi, la belle, Que j’y mette la main.
Non, je ne permettrai pas Que vous touchiez mes pommes,
Prennez d’abord la lune Et le soleil en main,
Puis vous aurez les pommes Qui sont dans mon jardin.

A la femminisca
E Signuruzzu miù faciti bon tempu
Ha iu l’amanti miù’mmezzu lu mari
L’arvuli d’oru e li ntinni d’argentu
La Marunnuzza mi ... pozzanu arrivòri ‘nsarvamentu
E comu arriva ‘na littra
Ma fari ci ha mittiri du duci paroli
Comu ti l’ha passatu mari, mari.

Little nightingale
Little nightingale of the woods, little wild nightingale, teach me your secret language, teach me how to speak like you, show me the way to love aright.
The way to love aright I can tell you straight away, you must sing serenades two hours after midnight, you must sing to her: ‘My pretty one. This is for your delight.’
They told me, my pretty one, that you have some apples, some rennet apples, growing in your garden.
Allow me, my pretty one, to touch them. No, I shall not allow you to touch my apples.
First, hold the moon and the sun in your hands, then you may have the apples that grow in my garden.

La donna ideale
L’omo chi mojer vor piar,
De quattro cosse de’e spiar.
La primiera è com’el è naa,
L’altra è se l’è ben accostumaa,
L’altra è como el è forma,
La quarta è de quanto el è dotaa.
Se queste cosse ghe comprendi
A lo nome di Dio la prendi.

La donna ideale
L’omo chi mojer vor piar,
De quattro cosse de’e spiar.
La primiera è com’el è naa,
L’altra è se l’è ben accostumaa,
L’altra è como el è forma,
La quarta è de quanto el è dotaa.
Se queste cosse ghe comprendi
A lo nome di Dio la prendi.

Ballo
La la la la la ... Amor fa disviare li più saggi
E chi più l’ama meno ha in sé misura
Più folle è quello che più s’innamura.
La la la ... Amor non cura di fare suoi dannaggi
Co li suoi raggi mette tal cafura
Che non può raffreddare per freddura.

Motetto de tristura
Tristu passirillanti
Comenti massimbillas.
Tristu passirillanti
E putta mi consillas.
A prongi po s’amanti.
Tristu passirillanti
Fai la cantada.
Tristu passirillanti
Cand’ happess interrada.

Malurous qu’o uno fenno
Malurous qu’o uno fenno,
Maluros qué n’o cat!
Qué n’o cat n’en bou uno
Qué n’o uno n’en bou pas!
Tradèra laderida rero, etc.
Urouzo lo fenno
Qu’o l’ome qué li cau!
Urouz inquéro maito
O quello qué n’o cat!

La donna ideale
L’omo chi mojer vor piar,
De quattro cosse de’e spiar.
La primiera è com’el è naa,
L’altra è se l’è ben accostumaa,
L’altra è como el è forma,
La quarta è de quanto el è dotaa.
Se queste cosse ghe comprendi
A lo nome di Dio la prendi.

Ballo
La la la la la ... Amor fa disviare li più saggi
E chi più l’ama meno ha in sé misura
Più folle è quello che più s’innamura.
La la la ... Amor non cura di fare suoi dannaggi
Co li suoi raggi mette tal cafura
Che non può raffreddare per freddura.

Motetto de tristura
Tristu passirillanti
Comenti massimbillas.
Tristu passirillanti
E putta mi consillas.
A prongi po s’amanti.
Tristu passirillanti
Fai la cantada.

Malurous qu’o uno fenno
Malurous qu’o uno fenno,
Maluros qué n’o cat!
Qué n’o cat n’en bou uno
Qué n’o uno n’en bou pas!
Tradèra laderida rero, etc.

The ideal woman
When a man has a mind to take a wife, there are four things he should check: the first is her family, the second is her manners, the third is her figure, the fourth is her dowry.
If she passes muster on these, then, in God’s name, let him marry her!

Dance
La la la la ... Love makes even the wisest mad, and he who loves most has least judgment. The greater love is the greater fool.
La la la la ... Love is careless of the harm he does. His darts cause such a fever that not even coldness can cool it.

Song of sadness
Sorrowful nightingale how like me you are! Sorrowful nightingale, console me if you can as I weep for my lover.
Sorrowful nightingale, when I am buried, sorrowful nightingale, sing this song when I am buried.

Wretched is he
Wretched is he who has a wife, wretched is he who has not!
He who hasn’t got one wants one, he who has not, doesn’t!
Tralala tralala, etc.
Happy the woman who has the man she wants! Happier still is she who has no man at all!
Tralala tralala, etc.