

Deanna Swoboda and Friends

Deanna Swoboda, tuba
Hannah Creviston, piano
Jason Caslor, conductor

Ben Hedquist, bass
Danielle Moreau, percussion
Robert Spring, bass clarinet
Low Frequency Tuba Euphonium Quartet
Capitol Quartet

Faculty Recital
Katzin Concert Hall | November 12, 2016 | 2:30 p.m.

Program

Gigue Jean-Marie Leclair (1697-1764)

Growing Block View (2013) Laura M. Kramer
Enchained
Anticyclone
Square One

*World Premiere

My Mountain Top (2012) Andy Scott
Words – Lemn Sissay

Bridge (2014) Mike Forbes
II. Spirit
III. Invitation

Low Frequency Tuba Euphonium Quartet
Amanda Cariati, Ben Marquardt – euphonium
Rob Margolis, Marc Placencia – tuba

Jazz Quintet (1995) Roland Szentpali (b. 1977)
Prelude and Fugue in BeBop
Kiss and Dance
When She Comes

Danielle Moreau, percussion
Capitol Quartet
Christopher Creviston, soprano saxophone (Arizona State)
Joseph Lulloff, alto saxophone (Michigan State)
David Stambler, tenor saxophone (Penn State)
Henning Schroeder, baritone saxophone (Northern Ohio University)

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

My Mountaintop – words by Lemn Sissay

I carried on for the reason
That I would leach here one day
When...

When darkness enveloped me
When the sun had gone away
When lost in leach filled deserts
When I stood alone in storms
I carried on for a reason,
That I was born.

When I swam oiled filled...
When I was thrown from this bitter earth
When I saw a mothers crying face, dying face...
When I walked through icy fields
When I slept on beds of snow
When I felt the legend hailstorm
When I swam against the iced...
I carried on for a reason

When thoughts were crucifixes,
When nightmares grew from the ground,
When screams were entwined in every word,
Every sound
When wounds opened and cried salted tears
When every day passed away
Like it was a year
I carried on for a reason

And I would see angels,
Playing twister
And by the cool sky stream
I would see layers of my own tears drift past
Like floating packs of dreams
And I would see glistening hope in every
Single teardrop of pain
And I would hear the sound of music in all this falling rain.
I carried on for a reason
That I would reach here, one day
One day
One day
My Mountain Top